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May 22, 1937

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Collier's

T ON

Experience with Women

A Short Story By **FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENI**

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A necessity in airplanes ... a big help in cars

Follow the lead of major air lines and fill your car's tank at pumps marked "Ethyl." Here you get—

1 More anti-knock fluid (containing lead tetraethyl) at pumps marked "Ethyl" than you get in the best regular-grade gasoline.

2 All-round quality (including quick starting) that is *double-tested*—by the oil company and by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

3 100% performance from your high compression engine.

4 Saving on oil as well as gas by preventing knock and overheating.

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ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

Over 100,000 gasoline dealers say, "Our best grade is marked Ethyl."

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL . . . A BETTER RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

BE ON YOUR GUARD

Against 1937 style Pens with 1907 Mechanisms

We repair all makes — we examine all patents — we know all kinds of pens for 80 years back.

For while they also now offer Visible Ink Supply, between them and the sacless Parker Vacumatic is a difference of 30 years or more

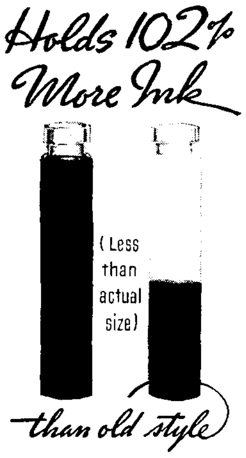
Read why sacless pens failed to "click" until Parker's revolutionary Diaphragm Filler was invented by a University Scientist—know your facts, and you can't be misled

Although the Parker Vacumatic Pen has no rubber ink sac inside the barrel, it is by no means the only Sacless pen. From 1855 to 1932 about 250 sacless pens were invented.

Hence today other pens besides the Parker Vacumatic offer the features which all pen users want—features which no rubber ink sac pen can give—namely, visible ink supply and twice as much ink capacity as old-style. Other makes of pens also come in modern designs—barrels streamlined and balanced.

That is what makes it difficult to tell the difference between modern looking pens having old-style mechanisms, and the revolutionary Parker Vacumatic—unless you recognize Parker's smart laminated Pearl style.

Yet there's a difference of 30 years or more! For the Parker Vacumatic is not only a wholly new STYLE, it is also so utterly new and basically better INSIDE that U.S. and foreign governments have now granted Parker patents.



For unlike earlier self-filling sacless models, the Parker Vacumatic contains no piston pump, no air-bulb filler. There's nothing to fail in service later on. The Vacumatic's filler is based on a simple recoiling Diaphragm. Its working parts sealed in the top where ink can never touch them,—never corrode or disable them. That's why the Parker Vacumatic is GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

Due to this revolutionary sacless invention, millions of pen-wise people—many who would not have a sacless pen before—these millions now receive all the advantages of a sacless pen, with none of the faults.

Haven't you always wanted a pen that shows the ENTIRE ink supply—so you can SEE when to refill—so it won't run dry?

Haven't you wanted a pen that holds twice as much ink as old-style, *without increase in size?*

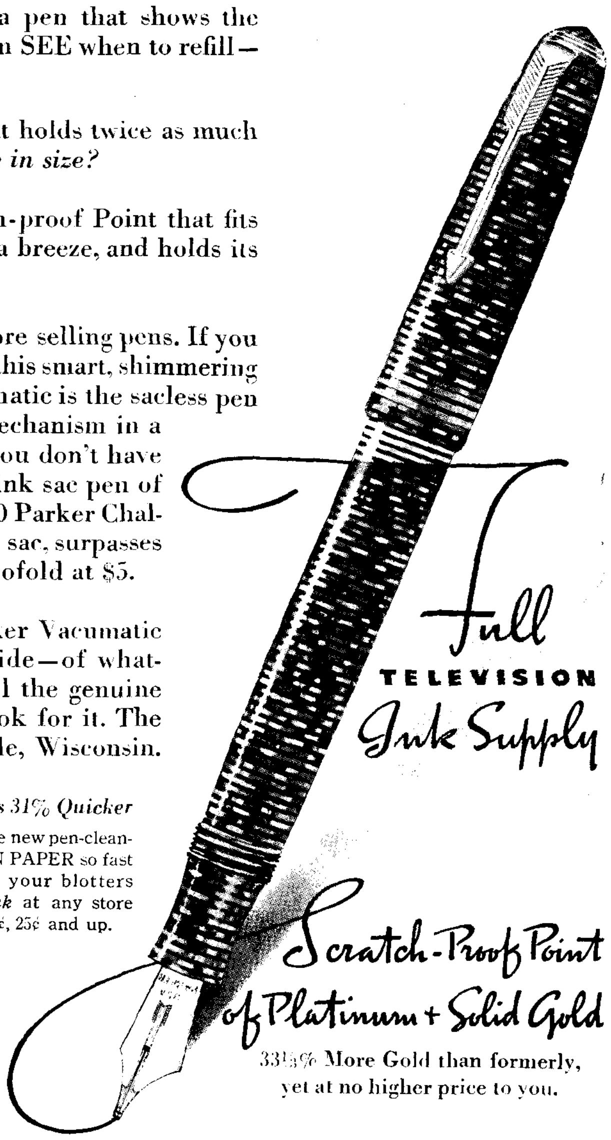
Haven't you wanted a Scratch-proof Point that fits your hand to a "t," writes like a breeze, and holds its shape for life?

Then go today to any good store selling pens. If you can afford a $5, $7.50, or $10 pen, this smart, shimmering laminated Pearl and "Jet" Vacumatic is the sacless pen you want—not some old-time mechanism in a modern barrel. And nowadays you don't have to pay these prices for a rubber ink sac pen of equal size. For example, the $3.50 Parker Challenger De Luxe, with rubber ink sac, surpasses even Parker's celebrated old Duofold at $5.

But if you can pay the Parker Vacumatic price, waive everything else aside—of whatever kind or make. You can tell the genuine by the smart ARROW clip. Look for it. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

New Ink Dries 31% Quicker

Parker Qui*nk*, the new pen-cleaning ink, dries ON PAPER so fast you can throw your blotters away. Get Qui*nk* at any store selling ink, 15¢, 25¢ and up.



33⅓% More Gold than formerly, yet at no higher price to you.

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, $5, Over-Size, $10 — $7.50 — Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5

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IOLA, KANS.

Collier's

May 22, 1937

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OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

ONE of the mysteries of modern literature is how André Malraux found time to become a writer. A string of distinguished novels proves that he has; but a string of important discoveries in French Indo-China, Siam and Arabia proves that he is an archeologist. And a war record in China and Spain, where at present he is commanding an air squadron, proves something else.

In the intervals between bombing and being bombed Mr. Malraux has written a vivid article about life and adventure in war-torn Spain. It appears next week.

AT a very early age it became clear to Gloria Hayward's distressed parents that their daughter possessed a grave social blemish. Gloria persisted in telling the truth. She stated facts in a loud clear tone and let the consequences take care of themselves. By the time she was twenty, people shuddered slightly when she approached. Her cousin Leila, who was marrying for money, had to be restrained from preventive homicide. What Gloria made of the situation is recorded with relish by Hagar Wilde in "Love for Sale."

PERHAPS it was inevitable that bacteria should find out about milk. What was good enough for humans, they figured, was good enough for them. Anyhow, they're very fond of it. And that brings us to the elaborate and ingenious precautions that have been devised to defeat their appetite. The story is told by Dr. Victor G. Heiser.

THE impulse that made Mary Ellen Conroy dash into the city in midsummer had something to do with the weather. But her sudden appearance produced a cross between a storm and a typhoon in the life of her husband. It all began with a lipstick stain that Mr. Conroy did not choose to explain. "Men Are Difficult" is by Burnham Carter.

IT WAS Johnny Gallegher's firm *belief that the way to deal with kidnapers* is directly and harshly. He had his chance when Julie Gardner's little girl was snatched. It is a great satisfaction to us to report that he made full use of it, leaving the kidnapers much the worse for the experience. The story, by Thomas Monroe, is called "Go-Between."

HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER writes the Short Short Story. Ernest Haycox, Jim Marshall, Kyle Crichton, Max Brand, George Creel, May Edgington, Quentin Reynolds and others complete the issue.

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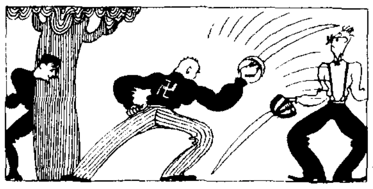
COVER JORJ HARRIS

Any Week

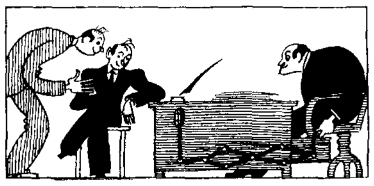
IT IS the fault of Mr. Harold E. May of Madison, Wisconsin, that an end is put to our experiment in conducting a column without the aid of sex. It was just one of our whims. Could one, said we to ourself, ignore sex and get away with it? We thought we could—provided, of course, that our correspondents too paid no attention to what we had always agreed was a much overrated subject. But listen to Mr. May: "A friend and I," writes he, "disagree on whether the baby on the cover of Collier's April 10, 1937, is a girl or a boy. Will you please inform me which it is?" Naturally we didn't know. Moreover, we didn't care whether the brat would one day be a man, a woman or a lady javelin thrower. So we asked Mr. Howard Butler, the artist who drew the jolly little darling. "My good man," said Mr. Butler, "I am entirely too busy and too, too discreet to squander my time inquiring into the sex of strangers."



MR. MAY might, for instance, ponder with Mr. Alex Bougainville of New York City the deviousness of Mr. Adolf Hitler, the German Colossus. Mr. Bougainville has just returned from Berlin, where, says he, "the roars of 'Heil Hitler' by friends greeting each other on the streets are so loud one can't hear oneself *think.*" Says he: "The country went wild with joy when Mr. Hitler nobly restored to the citizenry the right to meet one another on the field of honor. This re-established dueling in Germany. This, my dear fellow, is sheer cunning on der Fuehrer's part. It may happen that some unsuspecting Hans or Heinrich would be suspected of a mildness in his love for der Fuehrer. He is so accused by one of the Nazi's trigger men. His heated denials will be taken as a personal affront. He is challenged. If he doesn't accept he is doomed to the fate of the public coward. If he does accept he is going to be done in by an expert. All together now—three cheers for liberty."

OR HE might join Mrs. Edna S. Ring of Santa Monica, California, and worry about the predicament President Roosevelt may be rigging up for himself—or which is being rigged up for him. "I'm as impartial as anybody can be in this worker-employer controversy," says she. "But I'm *wondering whether we* aren't going to find that rule by labor is apt to be as harassing and freedom-crippling as the old-deal rule by the plutocrats. Personally, I'm still working at being a housewife, ten to fourteen hours a day, no salary and nothing for overtime. I do manage a sit-down now and then, sewing on buttons, darning socks, knitting clothing and paring potatoes. Mr. John L. Lewis hasn't been around shaking his finger at my boss. Wall Street, the C. I. O. and the A. F. L. are all one to me. And now I've added the chore of worrying for Mr. Roosevelt."

MR. MAY ought to be glad he's not a member of the Colorado legislature. Then he'd have something to discuss with his friend. "Out here," *writes* Mrs. F. H. Hernandez, "many gentle old folks are sending threatening letters to our legislators and others in authority. The Democrats promised old-age pensions of forty-five or sixty dollars a month and we haven't got enough money and have no way of getting it. The federal government has told us that we'll have to get out of this trouble as easy as we got into it. Gramp is oiling up the old blunderbuss and Grandma is beating her knitting needles into swords and daggers. Legislators are being wheeled into the statehouse in packing cases and taken out disguised as wastepaper baskets. Or is that a disguise? Anyway, the old folks, aided and egged on by the young folks, who have made their plans to live with Grandma as soon as she gets her pension, are in a state. One eighty-year-old insurrectionist, with fire in his eyes for the first time since Bryan's first campaign, tells me that 'or else' is his motto from now on."



SO THERE'S plenty of material for Mr. May and friend to while away their evenings with. They might have their deliberations recorded for the phonograph. Mr. John F. Nulty of Chicago, Illinois, leads the way: "I have patented a process for recording everything said in my office during a business day. No one knows it is being recorded and nothing trivial or serious is overlooked. Where can I get a fair hearing?"

HE MIGHT try a phonograph.

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Fresh as her Orchids

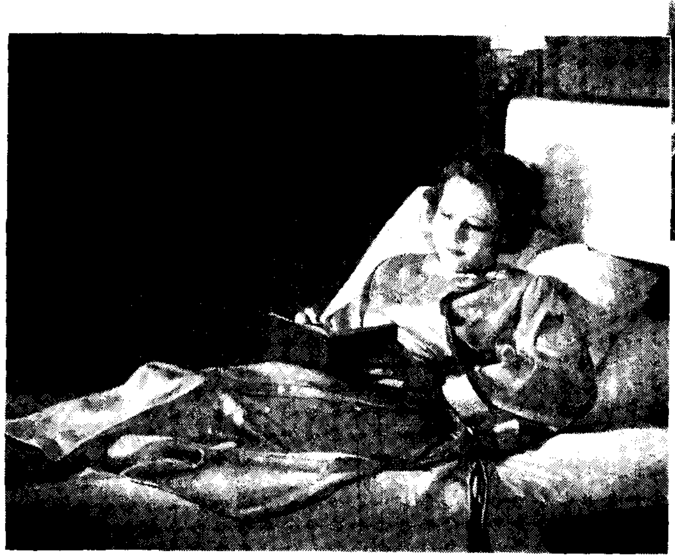
AFTER 24 HOURS IN A Pullman

ANITA LOUISE
dainty and popular star of
Warner Bros. pictures, says:

"Give me twenty-four hours on a Pullman car and I'm so refreshed and relaxed. In the quiet privacy of a Pullman room I feel I am aloof in a world of my own — with perfect personal service at my command whenever I desire it."

Anita Louise

ANITA LOUISE, *lovely star of the Cosmopolitan-Warner picture, "Call It a Day."*



Comfort and Economy—Miss Patsy Shay, popular ballroom dancer, writes: "I always feel so 'safe and sound' in a comfortable Pullman lower. I guess it's because everything's so much like home—clean and quiet and cozy. It costs so little I wonder how the Pullman people do it!"

• • •

William Seabrook Re-Discovers Pullman

"After living abroad for years," writes William Seabrook, author of 'Adventures in Arabia' and 'Mysterious Island', "I was absolutely amazed at the revolutionary improvements The Pullman Company had made in providing comfort for travelers. I have been using Pullmans on a nationwide lecture tour and I am just as comfortable in them as I would be in a good hotel."

YOU'LL find yourself wishing your journey wouldn't end quite so soon – when you go by Pullman. You're frequently reluctant to leave its restfulness, its quietness, its comfort. That's one reason why you find Pullman the travel habit of millions of people in all walks of life; the other reason is its real economy! Pullman's refreshing comfort is something that is unique in the wide world of travel.

There's a deep sense of security, too, when you go by Pullman. And it comes from the fact – which most people know – that Pullman is the *safest* travel in the world! When you realize there was not a single Pullman passenger or employe fatality in the last two and one-half years, you understand why more than 17 million persons buy Pullman tickets every year!

Pullman service is available on railroads throughout the nation, and on various lines in Mexico and Canada. Ask your ticket agent for complete information, or write direct to

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

All testimonial statements in this advertisement were furnished without compensation

Pullman and Rail – The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

VERY LITTLE TO DO THIS TIME – *YOU MUST BE USING LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE*
MORE THAN 1/4 POUND OF TOOTH PASTE IN THE DOUBLE SIZE TUBE 40¢
Regular Size Tube 25¢
Double Size
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Tested and Approved 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine

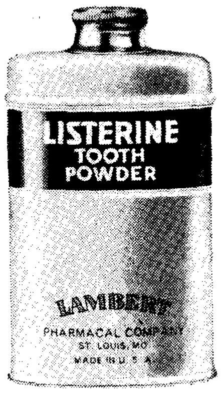
Possibly it is a coincidence that at regular "check-up" periods, systematic users of Listerine Tooth Paste present exceptionally sound and healthy teeth.

That is to be expected; while Listerine Tooth Paste cleanses thoroughly, it also cleanses gently and safely.

You may wish to make a mental note of this fact: Teeth brushed twice a day for the equivalent of ten years with Listerine Tooth Paste, show precious enamel to be absolutely unharmed. Not so much as the slightest mar or scratch.

Not all tooth pastes are so thorough and yet so safe. Choose yours with care.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

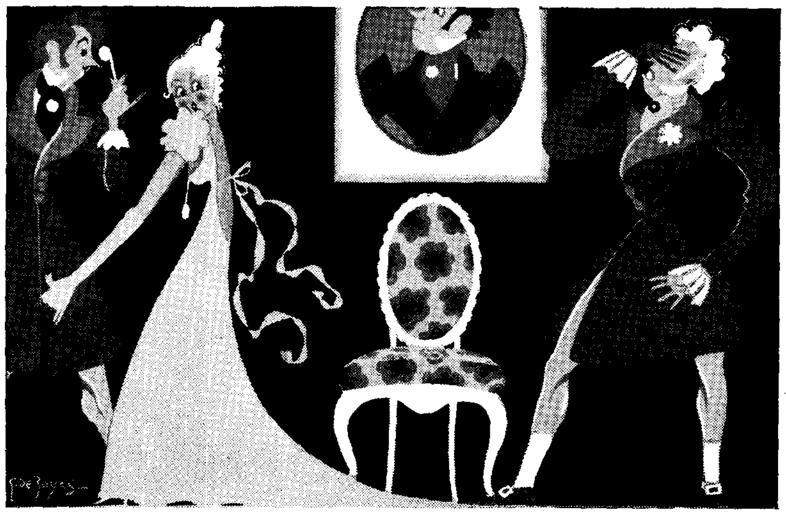


NEW TYPE TOOTH POWDER

Soapless!

Omitting soap permits use of finer, more thorough cleansers

25¢ and 40¢



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Beau Brummell (1778-1840), the master dandy of all time, was so idolized by the aristocracy of London as an arbiter of dress and manners that, eventually, he became unbearably conceited. One night he even ordered a duchess out of his house, during a reception, because her "dress was cut too low in the back." The gentleman's taste was so offended that he had to cover his eyes while she humbly backed out of the ballroom.

Several states of this country still are without laws which require the teaching of the Constitution and the displaying of the American flag in their public schools.

"Bank Night" is illegal in several states, whose courts have recently held that it is a lottery because the scheme contains the three elements of "prize, chance and consideration," the first two of which are acknowledged and the last, "something of value," is the increased patronage.

The countless drawings, pictures and movies that have shown soldiers and others falling backward after being shot are not true to life. The force of a bullet is rarely, if ever, of sufficient force to overcome the natural tendency to fall forward when dead or dying in a standing position.

René Fonck, one of the great French aces in the World War, achieved a record that has never been equaled by any other fighting pilot. Up to April 3, 1918, he had flown for more than 1,000 hours over the battle zones, officially shot down 32 enemy airplanes and engaged in at least 200 combats, yet his machine had not a single bullet hole.

Approximately one quarter of all the domestic cats in the world have a natural kink, knot or "break" in their tails.

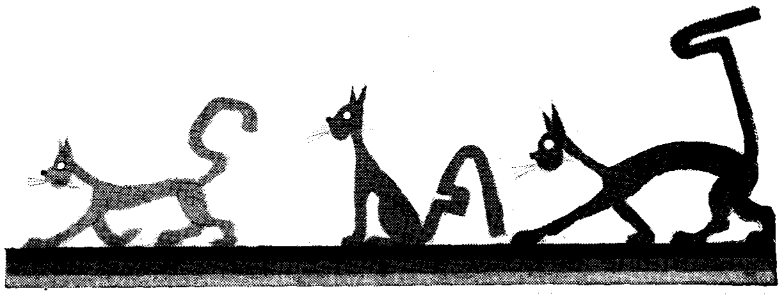
Victims of narcolepsy, a strange nervous disorder characterized by sudden and irresistible attacks of sleep, are now being relieved by a drug. More than a hundred cases have been reported in the United States since 1918 in which the sufferers fell asleep, for example while shopping, swimming, telephoning, and even driving in traffic.—*By Dr. R. L. Gorrell, Clarion, Iowa.*

Salable pearls are never found in edible oysters. Those which have been discovered at rare intervals evidently were placed in the oysters for publicity purposes. Pearls of value come from the inedible "pearl oysters," which never are sold in the food markets of the world.—*By Daniel C. Bradford, Wadhams, New York.*

Berlin has a department store that maintains a parking station for lighted cigars. Inside its front door, there is a metal rack, containing hundreds of small numbered cylinders, in which the men may leave their cigar stubs while they do their shopping. This service, however, has never made much of a hit with gentlemen having fastidious ideas and faulty memories.

Most motorists know that "backfire" is an explosion in the muffler which occurs when unused gas accumulates and ignites in it. But few realize its potential power. In a New Orleans manufacturing plant recently, the muffler on a three-cylinder, 180-horsepower oil engine "back-fired" with such force that it virtually wrecked the building, causing a property damage of nearly $100,000.—*By Charles F. Whitty, New Orleans, Louisiana.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers



GAME WARDEN DRIVES THREE PLYMOUTHS 283,000 MILES

The Car that Stands Up Best—

David Benson, of Far Rockaway, L. I., drove his first Plymouth 129,000 miles—his second 127,000—and has 27,000 on '36 model so far! Here are his amazing economy figures.

And 1937 Plymouth has Even Greater Over-all Economy!

THE MAN: David Benson; 6′ 3″—270 lbs.; N. Y. State Game Protector from Peekskill on the Hudson River to the tip of Long Island.

THE RECORD: 283,000 miles in three Plymouth cars—a 1931, a 1933 and a 1936; *total* mechanical expense, *all three* cars, "about $25"; estimated gas-mileage, *grand average* for *all three* cars, 19 miles to the gallon.

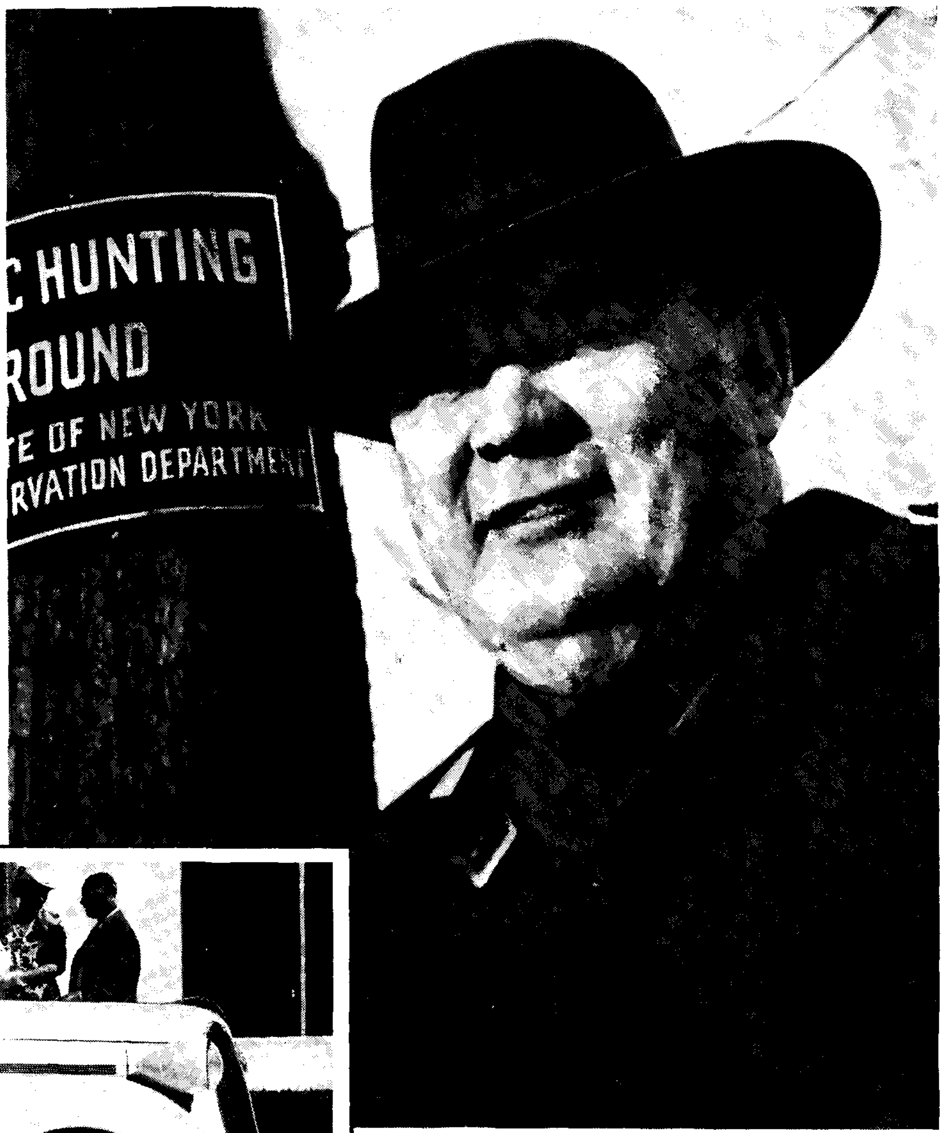
REMARKS: "I bet I give a car a worse beating than any other man in America. Have to drive rough back roads...often have to hit right out across the fields. Drive plenty at night, too. And can Plymouth *take it?*—my record tells the story!"

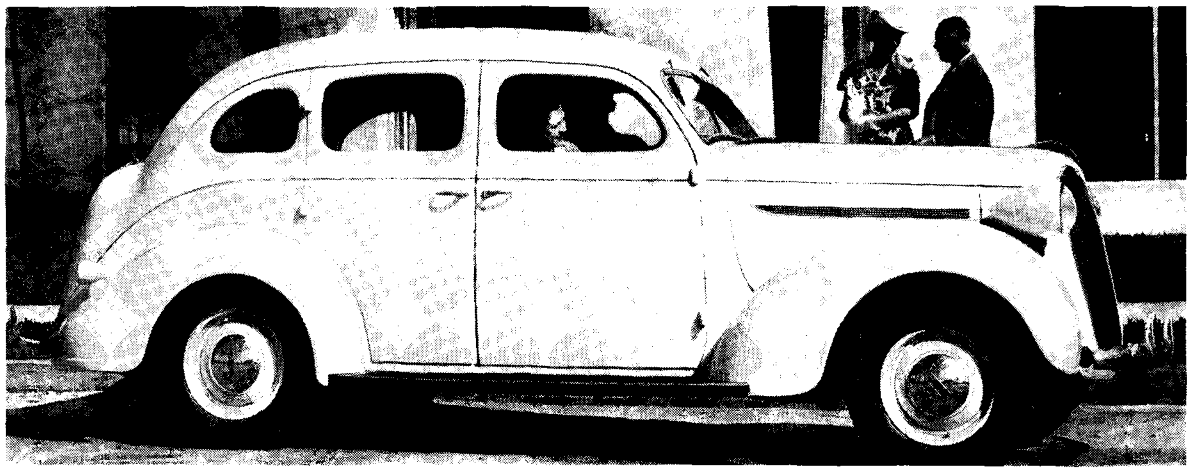
CONCLUSIONS: It will pay you to see the big 1937 Plymouth...before you buy any car today! It's the roomiest, most beautiful Plymouth ever built...with even *more* rugged reliability built into it than any previous Plymouth cars have had.

Find out about the restful comfort of riding in this smart 1937 Plymouth...a "Hushed Ride" with *no bumps, vibration or noise.*

Look into safety! Look at Plymouth's all-steel body...*double-action* hydraulic brakes. Figure *over-all economy*...the 18-24 miles per gallon reported by owners...lowest upkeep of *any* full-powered car!

Just *compare* "All Three" low-priced cars. See your Chrysler, De Soto or Dodge dealers about the beautiful new Plymouth...the car that stands up *best!*—PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



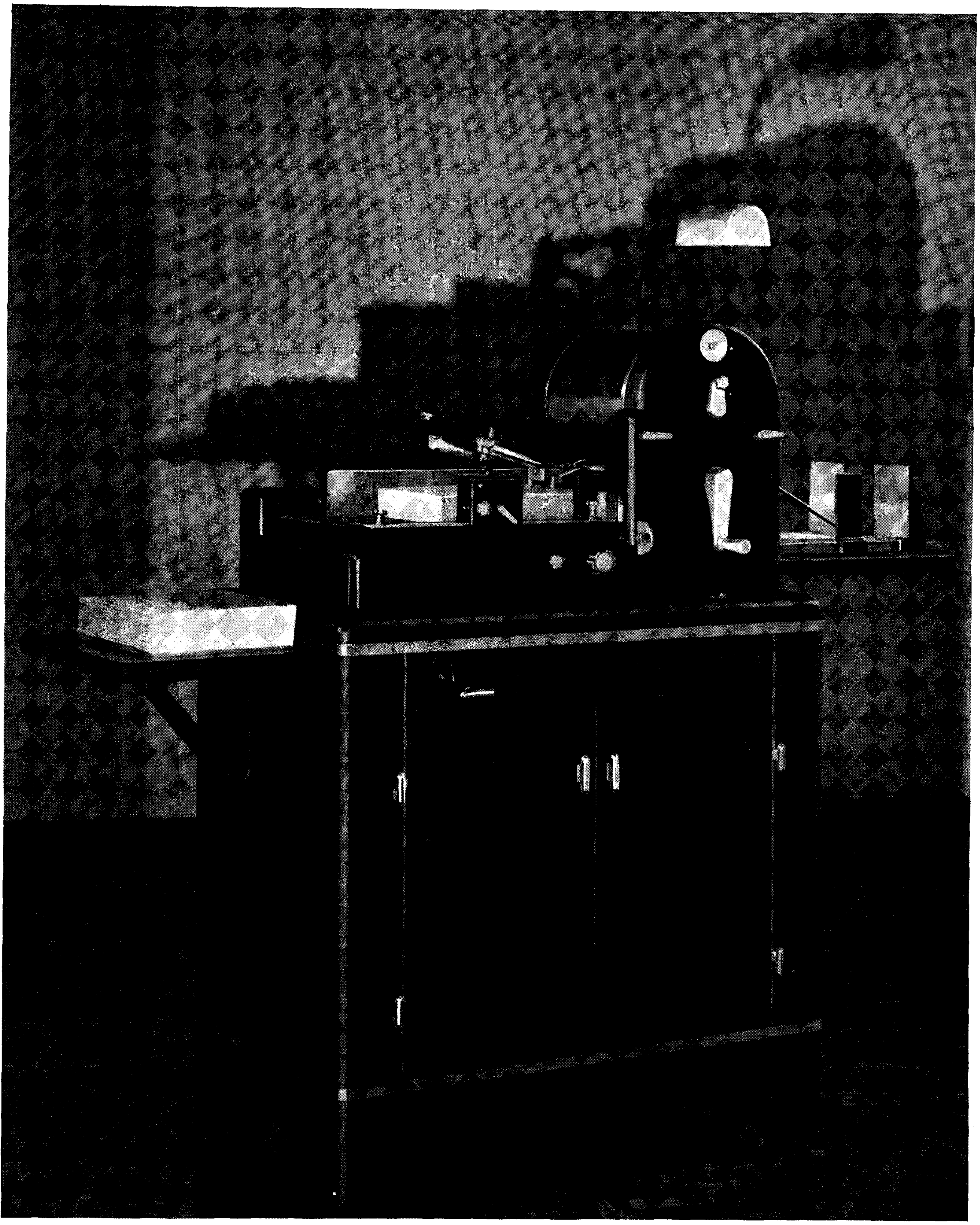


ROOMIEST of "All Three"...1937 Plymouth De Luxe 4-Door Touring Sedan, with spacious built-in trunk.

"ALL THREE" ARE PRICED ABOUT THE SAME

TODAY, you'll find the 1937 Plymouth is priced with the lowest...and offers you very convenient terms. You can buy a beautiful, big, new Plymouth on remarkably low monthly payments. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through all De Soto, Chrysler and Dodge dealers—terms which you will find fit your budget...and make it exceptionally easy to purchase...and enjoy...a new Plymouth *today.*

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

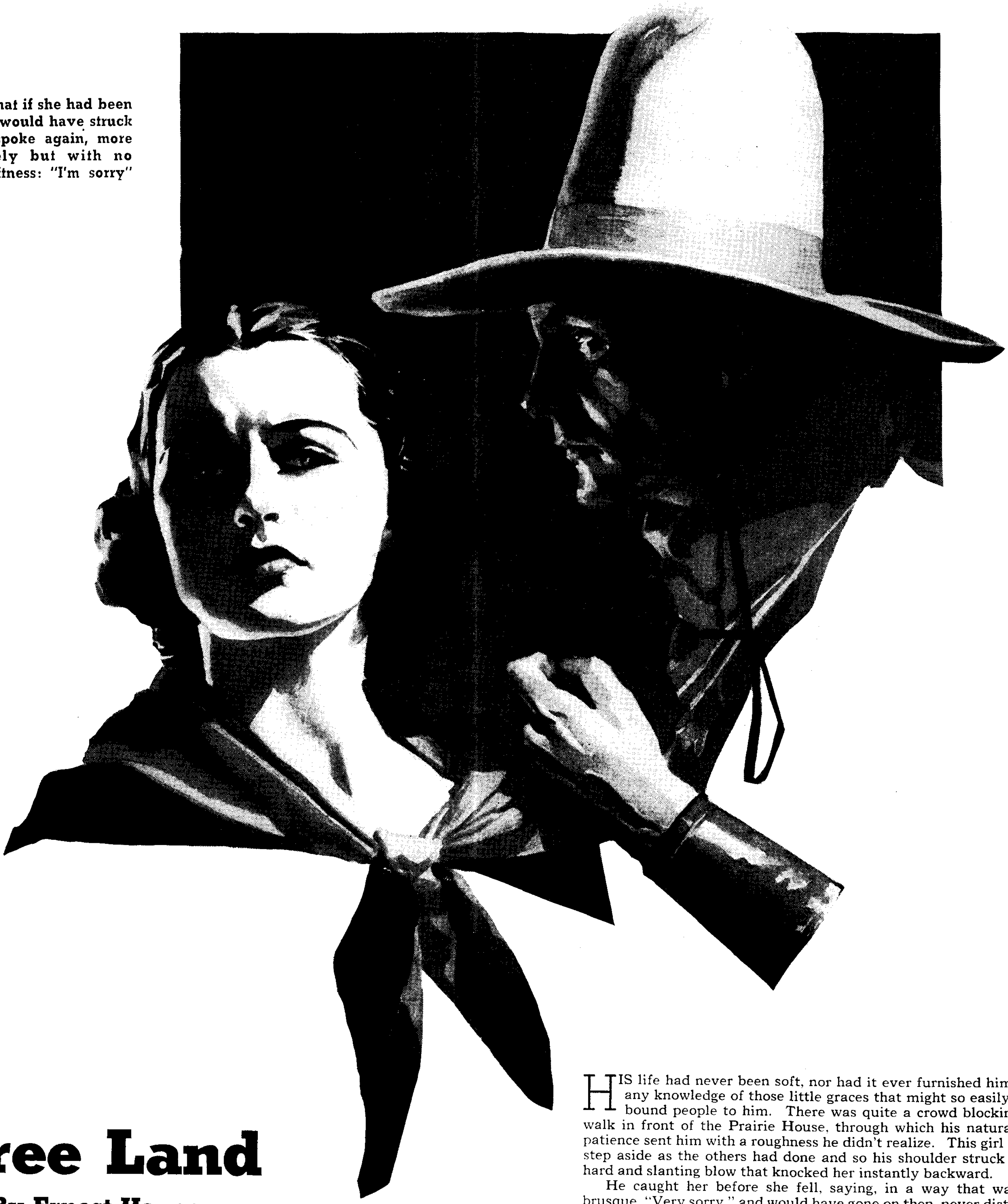


No. 100

It does new things! Geared to the onsweeping progress of today, it's a smarter, simpler, speedier, more capable Mimeograph. See it at our local branch, or write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.

THE NEW MIMEOGRAPH

Collier's The National Weekly for May 22, 1937



He knew that if she had been a man she would have struck him. He spoke again, more deliberately but with no greater softness: "I'm sorry"

Free Land

By Ernest Haycox

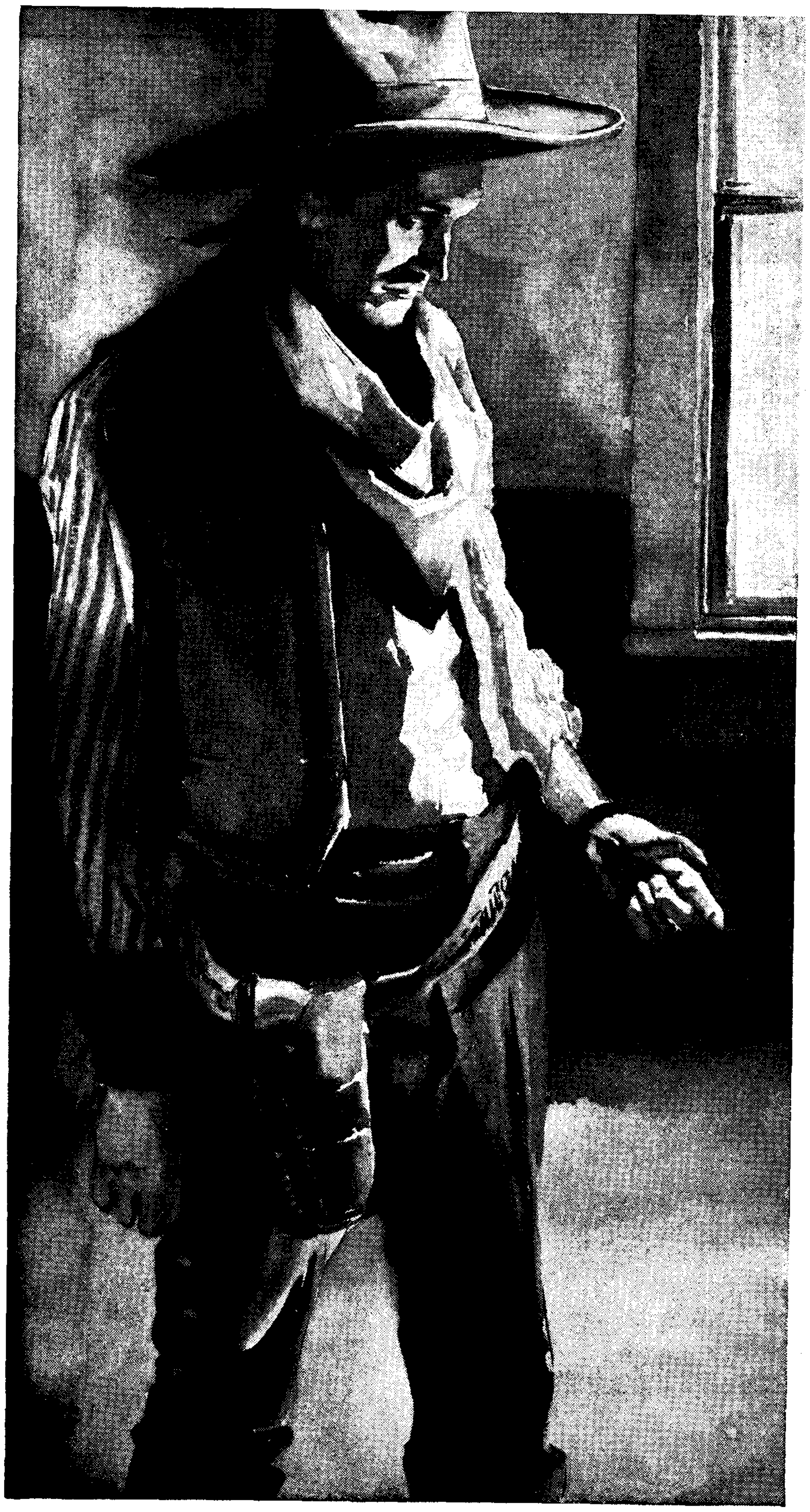
Peace comes to the Silver Bow country, and Hill Mateer hangs up his guns. A tale of the days when trouble rode the grasslands and a man had to fight for what he wanted

HIS life had never been soft, nor had it ever furnished him with any knowledge of those little graces that might so easily have bound people to him. There was quite a crowd blocking the walk in front of the Prairie House, through which his natural impatience sent him with a roughness he didn't realize. This girl didn't step aside as the others had done and so his shoulder struck her a hard and slanting blow that knocked her instantly backward.

He caught her before she fell, saying, in a way that was too brusque, "Very sorry," and would have gone on then, never distinctly seeing her. But she jerked free, throwing his arms aside, and it was the swift intake of her breathing that brought his glance down to her. Whatever else was in his mind went away, leaving him alert and thoroughly on guard, as though a gun had been presented at his face. He knew that feeling from experience; and this was like it.

He had trained himself to see the details of life swiftly and thoroughly, as he had trained himself to so many other things, and so he saw the picture she made at once. She was tall and straight, and standing perfectly still, yet there was about her the strong suggestion of a freedom of motion. Her forehead was rather broad below deep black hair and her lips had length. This much he saw, even while his mind was absorbed by the tremendous anger of her glance. It wasn't the passing resentment of a woman whose sense of propriety had been disturbed; it went deeper as though some permanent antagonism had been fanned alive. That blaze lighted the hazel coloring of her eyes and tightened the rest of her features; and he knew

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



that if she had been a man she would have struck him. That pride and that will were clearly in her.

He spoke again, more deliberately but with no greater softness: "Very sorry." Billy Couch came from the Prairie House and stopped before her, saying: "I'll get a buggy, Miss Tenbrook, and we'll go look at a piece of land I think you'll like." Billy Couch's glance slid to Hill Mateer in a manner that was surreptitious and uncertain and not pleased; and slid away. Hill Mateer went around them.

WHATEVER had been his purpose in driving so impatiently through the crowd, he could not remember it now. His thinking had jumped the straightforward channel of his mind, leaving him restless and more irritable and more alert, as though there were a scent in the wind he had to know about before he went on with other things. He crossed the street to the front of Mike Danahue's saloon and paused there, placing the point of his shoulder against a porch post. Even in this attitude of restfulness his muscles could not be entirely idle and he could not relax the search of his eyes. In a country of tall men, he was as tall as any, with a wide, flat chest and a shape whipped lean by riding. His face was long and imperceptibly thin. The gray of his eyes was deep-layered to the degree of slate and the sun set up a faint flash in them as they restlessly turned. Along the Silver Bow, men were beginning to put aside their gun belts but he still wore one low against his right thigh. Emerett Bulow, who was marshal of the town, came by and looked at him quietly and said: "Hello." Mateer nodded; nothing more.

Dust sparkled in the strong sunlight of the street, and this Prairie City, which had been once a little town wrapped in cow-country's long drowse, was filled with people. The homestead fever, rolling west, had arrived here, and now the country boomed and these folks tramping along the walks were strangers from the East looking for free land. It had been going on for six months, with farmers and retired storekeepers and ex-army officers and schoolteachers and stray widows dropping off every train in search of bonanza in the grasslands. Flat-bed wagons rolled out toward the Silver Bow loaded high with lumber and fence posts and wire, and canvas and hay and trunks and provisions.

THE girl remained by the door of the Prairie House, Billy Couch having gone to the stable for a rig; and so she was another lone woman with an obscure past, who had come out here to make a fresh start. There were many of them in Silver Bow Valley. People swirled around her and talk ran high and pleased, yet of this she took no account, remaining aloof and indifferent and self-willed. He could see how proud she was; it was a kind of steel holding her rigid. Behind him, a man whispered, "There's Bo and Shane." It wasn't meant for Hill Mateer's attention, but he heard it and turned. The Drinkard boys were up in front of Orlo Torvester's stable, a hundred feet away. Hill Mateer's expression showed no change, but a feeling went through him, wild and cold; and he turned into the saloon for a drink.

Standing alone at the bar, though there were many men around him, he thought of Billy Couch, whose reputation was none too good as a locator of government land. Billy had a price he charged all these incoming settlers for finding them a spot of ground; but mostly the ground was no good, without water or fertility. Hill Mateer's head dropped toward the counter, seeking the vague image of himself in the shining surface of the bar, and he was thinking, because his mind was as fair as it was direct, that he owed her a better apology than he had offered. Only, he didn't know how to make it. There had been little time in his life for softness.

He heard old Hugh Dan Lake's voice roll down the bar and turned to see that arrogant old cattleman standing by the doorway with Howard Durbin. Hugh Dan was short and florid, and fifty years of riding the range had laid upon him a sense of power that showed in his pale eyes. He had forty thousand head of stock back on the bench. Howard Durbin had half that many, but Durbin was a younger and a smoother man, though not a softer one.

Durbin said something to old Hugh Dan and both of them looked at Hill Mateer, the set of his face dogged and tough. Durbin was smiling in a cool, ironical way. They were cattlemen, all three. Yet there was no friendliness here. Something unyielding lay between Hill Mateer and those two—and all of them knew it.

HOWARD DURBIN touched Hugh Dan's arm and went away with him, speaking in Hugh Dan's ear as they left the saloon. Hill Mateer paid for his drink and was about to leave when Emerett Bulow put his head into the saloon and discovered Mateer and came over. He said, "The Drinkard boys are in town, which you well know by now. I want no fightin' on the street."

"Tell Howard Durbin that," said Hill Mateer. "He owns their breeches." He left the saloon, still remembering he owed the girl an apology. Billy Couch had brought his rig around to the hotel and the girl was in the seat beside him, ready to go. Mateer left the walk and cut over the dust toward that rig; and as he did so the Drinkard boys, Bo and Shane, stepped from a vacant lot between hotel and courthouse and came directly at him.

Somewhere Emerett Bulow shouted, his voice loud through the heated day. Loose dust squirted around Mateer's boot tops as he walked on and the hard sun bit into the back of his neck. The Drinkard boys, not quite in the middle of the street, had stopped; and then he stopped, realizing from the expressions on their faces that they had stepped into this unaware—as he was stepping into it. There was a wisdom in this town that encompassed such matters, for the silence began to settle around and even the pilgrims, catching the tone of that quiet, moved rapidly out of Hill Mateer's vision. He could see Billy Couch sitting stiffly on the wagon seat; and the girl's face, dark and without expression, turned toward him. Thereafter, nothing in the town seemed to stir or make sound.

Life had always been like this for him, running thin and taut through certain moments that squeezed his nerves and set his muscles like so many triggers waiting release. These were the moments when his eyes had to see what other men could afford to miss. Bo Drinkard was at middle age, gaunt and stooped and bony-wristed. The burnt skin lay tightly across his features, making them narrow and enigmatic. Brother Shane stood abreast the tall one; younger and waiting for his brother to make the move. A scar at the edge of Bo's mouth showed its pale crow track; and his breathing was long and rapid. Hill Mateer saw the glint of greedy speculation flare in Bo's eyes. It was pushing Bo Drinkard upward to a break. Anything could make the break.

But Mateer, watching for that break, saw the calculation waver in Bo Drinkard's glance, as though a doubt had disturbed it. There was a moment—and that moment had passed by. Bo Drinkard turned, walking away without haste, his brother following. It was like wind rushing into the street, the way people suddenly spoke and broke their frozen attitudes. Hill Mateer went coolly on to the rig and looked up at Billy Couch.

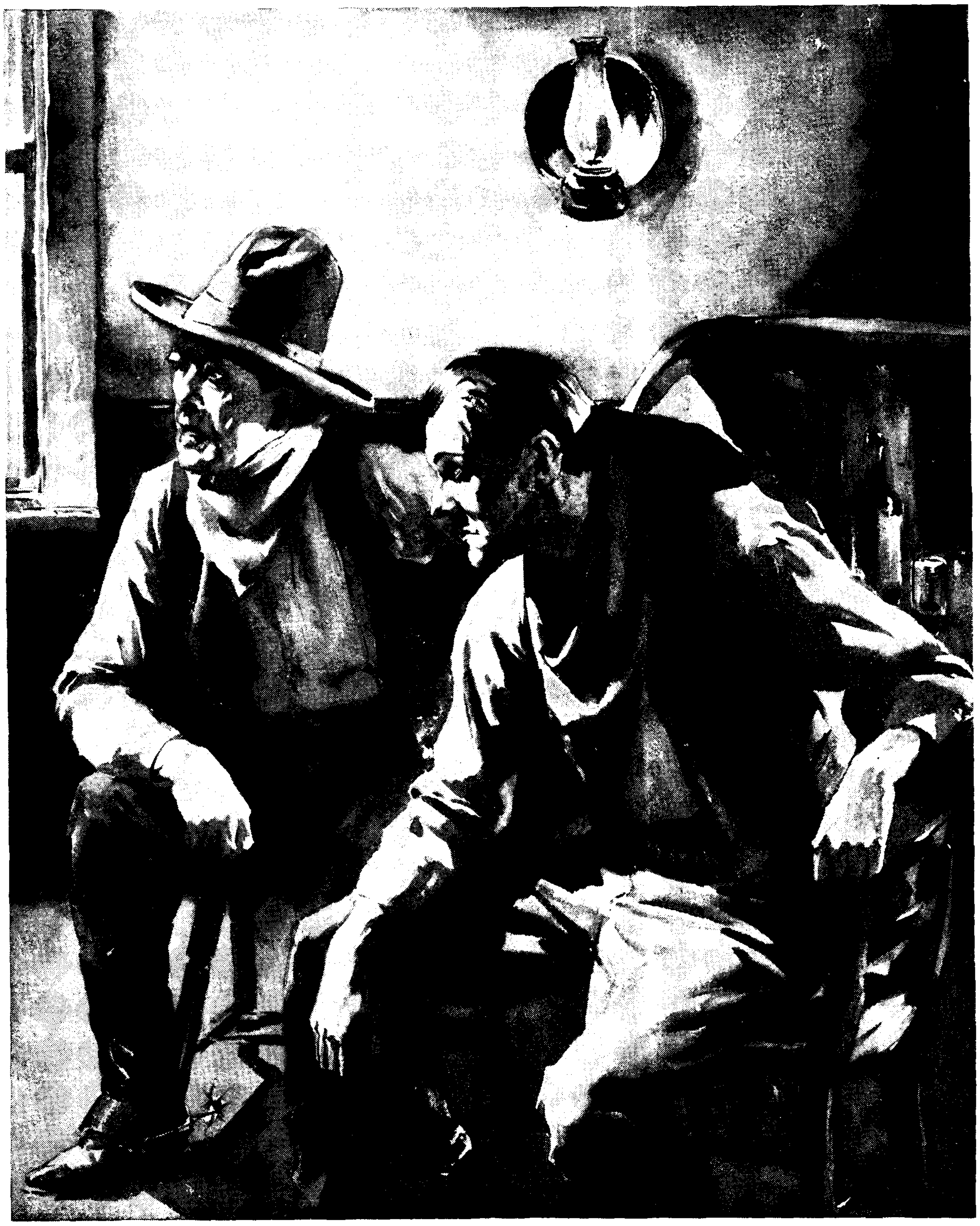
"Billy," he said, "you've been locating some of these folks on pretty poor ground. Wouldn't do that, if I were you." This was what he wanted the girl to hear—his warning for her to be careful of Billy Couch, who was crooked. It was his apology, as near as he could come to it. Yet the stillness of her expression told him she hadn't understood. There was something in this girl that was hard hurt, some injury unforgiven, some pride that, once broken, would never break again. This was what he thought he saw in the half-pale rigidness of her face. Billy Couch lifted the reins and drove directly out of Prairie.

BILLY COUCH always liked to talk to his clients, yet he found no easy way of breaking Caroline Tenbrook's reserve; and, in fact, said nothing until, a full mile from town, she herself broke the silence.

"Who were those two men?"

"Name of Drinkard." Then he added slyly, "Used to be three. One's dead. That other fellow, Hill Mateer, killed him."

She murmured: "I saw the hatred between them." It was the most vivid



"Then you'll lose that range," said Durbin, more and more amused. "I'll take a piece off your graze in the hills to make up for it," said Hill Mateer gently. "That's what I came to tell you." The cattleman quit smiling and his glance was wicked

image she had carried away, of a deadly hatred crouched in the knees and arms of those three men, even while their faces showed nothing. The quietness of that scene appalled her, like a fire raging beneath cover. The tall one—Hill Mateer—had looked at the brothers with no apparent feeling at all. Only, in his eyes, she had seen a watchfulness without trust or mercy.

The Silver Bow Valley stretched away, beneath a full sun, beneath a few still white clouds. Late summer's haze rose from a dry, yellow earth and the formless shanties of the homesteaders broke an otherwise blank horizon. The gorge of the Silver Bow canyon showed a faint crack in the distance; and to the right lay a low bluff that seemed to guard the valley all along. Above that bluff the land rose to distant hills loose-covered with pines.

Toward the bluff they turned and an hour later he brought the team to a halt on its rim. The valley lay below, amber and tawny in the late light. The ground ran away toward the foothills in long, slow grassy undulations; and directly by the team was a nest of junipers, shading a round, shallow pool of water.

"Spring," said Billy Couch. "Should be cleared out and boxed in. If you want it, my location fee is fifty dollars and I'll file the place at the land office for you. I don't know a better spot."

SHE had gotten down from the buggy; she was seeing the far-off shanties in the valley. Cattle ranged this bench country, not far away. "Why hasn't someone else taken this?"

"Folks," he said, "prefer to git together down there in the valley."

"If it's government land, why are those cattle here?" she asked Couch.

"Hill Mateer uses this range." He held the reins in his hands, and he seemed a little restless now. "It's government land, all right. Those cattlemen don't own much. They just use this, hopin' to scare the settler away. If you take this, bring a rifle along—and when one of Mateer's cows comes too close, shoot it. That's language Mateer understands. If you talk it, he'll let you alone."

She said, "I see," and watched him until he looked away. A long while afterward he ventured another glance. She had turned to the edge of the bluff and it struck him as a pretty sight to see her standing so slim and shapely in the low sunlight, but there was something in her mind that disturbed him, though he didn't know why. Presently she got up in the rig again and Billy Couch turned the team townward.

She was speaking: "File this for me, then. I want you to help me buy a tent and supplies—to come out tomorrow."

He said, guardedly: "No gainsayin' it ain't a little lonely. Gov'ment expects you to stick four years—or no bargain."

She said: "I'll be here four years from now." And her next remark was quite low, meant only for herself: "And forty from now."

SCOUTING the higher foothills two nights later, Mateer saw a steady light shining far out where the bluff dropped into the valley and went that way immediately, to discover the reason for strangers on his graze. When presently he saw the tent pitched beside the spring and the shape of a woman standing in the deepening dusk, he understood. She had heard him approaching and had come from the tent to meet him.

The half-light was deepening but he could see the adamant expression of her face. She was on her guard, and he knew then that someone had warned her against him.

"I saw your light," he said. He didn't get down, which was a matter of courtesy; she hadn't invited him to dismount.

Her voice was even, unmoved. "Yes."

There was something here he couldn't understand, with his mind more deeply insisting that he should understand it, because he could leave nothing vague or doubtful behind him. This was the quality that had been responsible for his survival during the tempestuous years. He observed the tent and its outshining light; and the boxes of provisions stacked behind her. He lifted his hat then. "My house," he told her, "is three miles southwest of you, in the pines," and turned away.

She said, "Wait," in a quick voice that turned him immediately around. "There will be lumber out here tomorrow, with a carpenter to build me a house. I have filed on this ground. Do you intend to fight me?"

"No," he said. "No. I intend to leave you alone." And rode away.

He had answered her question as directly as she had asked it. Yet he had not intended it to have that blunt, unfavoring ring. Part of his loneliness came of this inability to clothe the bare words with the heat and the richness of his thoughts. He rode this valley with a reputation for being hard and unsentimental. He knew himself to be another man, but could not express that other man.

Riding his range in the deepening black, he stopped for a moment and, sweeping the valley carefully, saw three riders running in shadowy file forward from the Silver Bow, aimed at the bluff. Turning instantly, he pointed his horse farther south to intercept them as they came up to the bench. The Drinkard boys would be paying him another visit.

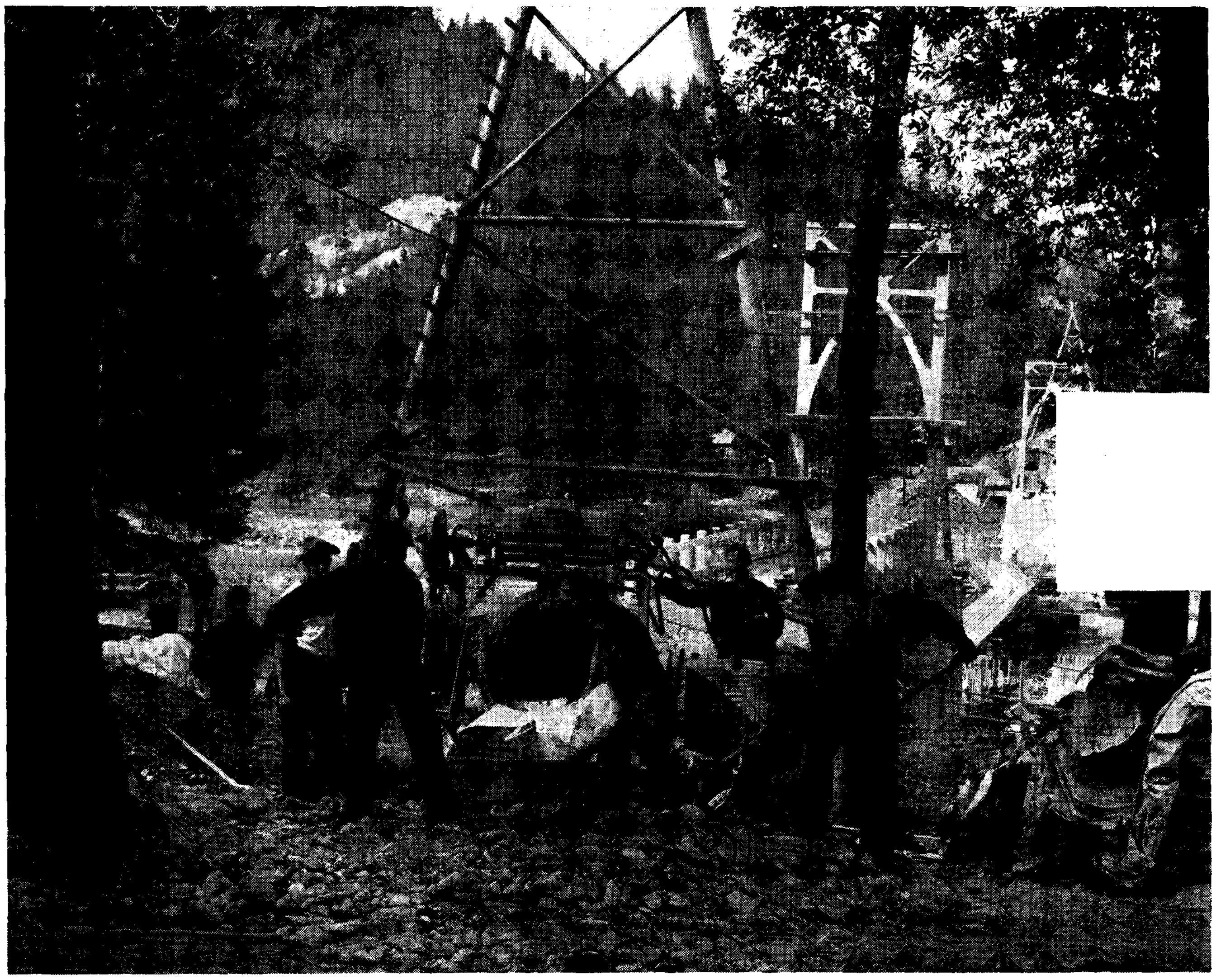
He could understand Howard Durbin's ironic smile now. It was Durbin's idea, Hill Mateer guessed, which had impelled Billy Couch to locate the girl up on the bench. It was Durbin's way of retaliating. Yet this was free range, and how could he fight her? The stars were brilliant in the sky's limitless

(Continued on page 45)

Boys in the Woods

By Walter Davenport

"It's a lot cleaner to be busted in the woods." That's how one city kid explained the virtues of the Civilian Conservation Corps. To various members the CCC has meant various things—a chance for education, a chance to work, a chance to use their muscles, a chance to hope. The least considered of the New Deal agencies is turning out to be a substantial contribution to the future—the physical future of America and the physical and moral future of America's young men



U. S. FOREST SERVICE

This CCC unit is leaving a tangible monument to its usefulness in the form of a bridge over a river in the Shasta National Forest in California

WHEN it started four years ago, anyone in Washington could have told you—and probably did—that the Civilian Conservation Corps wasn't going to amount to anything worth remembering. They'd go farther; they'd tell you that it wasn't supposed to amount to much.

Trainloads of social workers, economists and political Junior Leaguers who had until the moment been unidentified voices crying in the distant wilderness and who were now arriving in the capital daily on the half hour, were glad to demonstrate with charts, graphs and experience books that the idea was unscientific. When presently they had reorganized America, graded the populace with intelligence tests and psychological breakdowns and had reduced us individually to the simple status of filing-cabinet numbers, the CCC would naturally have vanished by absorption. The United States would then have become one great case history scientifically fed, housed, clad and doled, with all raw edges like the CCC neatly trimmed away—everything as neat and compact as a freshly filled hot-water bottle.

As we remember it, nobody paid much attention to the CCC idea further than that. Those were not times to worry about mere boys. The National Recovery Administration was about to standardize commerce, making it virtually impossible for any merchant to be unhappy. The Agricultural Adjustment Administration was on the verge of transforming every farmer into a country gentleman. The Civil Works Administration, which was to die mothering the Public Works Administration into a bettered world, was going to abolish unemployment and darkness. And, among many other universal repairs, something durable was going to be done about international money. These major constituents of a Democratic millennium, among others, were absorbing all the many glistening intelligences then blocking traffic in the District of Columbia. Such knickknacks and fribbles as camps for unemployed young men were mere star dust.

There were other disbelievers. Devoutly respectable citizens of many communities wrote to their congressmen requesting that they see to it that no CCC camp be located near their cities and towns. Things, said they, were sufficiently deplorable without having as new neighbors gangs of strange males gathered off the street corners and out of poolrooms, dance halls and other unlovely depots of sin. Such collections of heaven-knew-who were almost certain to be menaces. Such lads, organized into sanctioned mobs, would most certainly devote their spare moments to pillage, rapine, brigandry and other inconveniencing activities. And if it must be that such camps be established, the government should be required to furnish marines or equally stern protectors to guarantee what was left of law and order. Dark days. Dark days.

And then there were the pacifists to lift silvery voices and wring a hand or two. These camps would be but a tiny stumble from military mobilizations. It was all very well for the White House and Congress to protest that these young men would be armed with picks and shovels instead of rifles and machine guns. And it was all very well to say they were going to learn forestry and road-building instead of squads right. The military discipline would, alas, be there; and discipline is nine tenths of the soldier.

The pacifists were backed up in this by the numerous ladies and gentlemen who had not voted for Mr. Roosevelt and who already were calling him America's Mussolini. These CCC camps were, said they, the beginning of Mr. Roosevelt's black shirts who would one day take command of the polls and dictate government from the galleries of Congress.

Lost in the Shuffle

And yet so many new bureaus, projects, experiments, operations and raids upon the old order were under way and so ear-splitting were the sundry uproars of that not-so-distant day that no one gave much heed to the tut-tuttings of those who read havoc in the CCC authorization. So huge were the innovations launched daily that soon the little CCC became lost to view. And this perhaps was its salvation. Left to stagger along as best it might without the ministrations of apple-cheeked sociologists and surrealist economists who blushed for shame every time anything less than five billion dollars was mentioned and who were offended if anybody suggested dealing with people in anything less than twenty-million lots, the CCC has lived to become one of the outstanding successes of the Roosevelt administration. There are, we suppose, a number of us who still are opposed to it. Doubtless the uncompromising gentleman of whom we hear in Denver refuses to see its worth. One of this gentleman's neighbors bade him a cheerful "good morning" one otherwise beautiful day just after the November elections. And he replied: "Huh. Well, let me tell you something. There were just as fine mornings when Mr. Hoover was President."

In the early days of the CCC only one governmental department took it wholly seriously—the War Department. It was Mr. Roosevelt's project and he must be regarded as its father. But a great many New Deal children were demanding attention—larger, lustier and better-looking ones. So the CCC was turned over to four uncles and an aunt for raising—the War, Agriculture and Interior departments, the Veterans Administration and the Labor Department.

The War Department made a man of it. The Agriculture, Interior and Labor departments made it work for them; the War Department made it work for itself. The first three departments taught it the difference between loam and hardpan, between a road and a ditch, between the forty-hour week and drudgery. The Army taught it the difference between a man and a mug.

Without Benefit of Politics

Unlike the other departments, the Army was not a promotional agency of the New Deal. Except for inevitable internal peanut politics, the Army was as nearly nonpartisan as a government agency might be. No bright young mind had been imported from a college classroom to rewrite the Field Service Regulations nor had the Army been called upon to streamline the masses. Therefore, and to the great fortune of 2,000,000 young men who were well on their way to complete demoralization, the Army was left free to teach them to stand up straight, respect themselves, and to hell with propaganda. And had the 2,000,000 young men learned nothing else, the $1,511,650,509.05 that the CCC cost us up to January 1, 1937, would have been well spent. We've spent much more pampering pipe dreams.

No sooner had Mr. Roosevelt announced that the CCC should be made permanent than each of its guardian uncles and aunts, except perhaps the Veterans Administration, to whom it is scarcely more than a questionable refuge for 28,000 undigestible veterans of the Great War, bethought themselves of dozens of reasons why they should be given sole authority over this ugly duckling which had unexpectedly become a hero. And no more convincing proof of the CCC's desirability could be paid; the rival departments and bureaus have been bruised by too many flops not to hanker for something to show off to visiting skeptics. What they are yearning for is something that can stand up without crutches, something that even a super-Hoover Republican can examine without a dangerous swelling of the neck.

Not that it is difficult to find persons and inspired groups who will show you the CCC's weaknesses, inadequacies, dangers and vulnerabilities. You will hear that its educational policies are unequal to the new policies of the new day — whatever those policies are. Within the next few months a large volume of scholarly criticism of the CCC's training activities will be published. It will scarcely be a best seller. We talked to several ladies and gentlemen who were spending their time deploring the excess of practicableness in the training of the lads—too much accent on hard work and too little on mental activities. We spoke of this to a captain commandant of one of the camps.

He confessed somewhat shamelessly that the camps had turned out almost no incipient St. Pauls, Rousseaus, Thomas Jeffersons, Thorstein Veblens nor, as far as he knew, even a Rexford

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A creek whose periodic rampages threatened to undermine a house is brought into control through a new channel of masonry-lined rock

Below: Washday at Camp Roosevelt in George Washington National Forest

U. S. FOREST SERVICE

Strange Faces

By Henry Anton Steig

The pleasing timidity of Louie Dobin, master of ceremonies, who trembled before strangers. A splendid example of what a girl can do for a frightened man

PEOPLE didn't know what to make of Louie Dobin, at first. They couldn't satisfactorily dispose of him by deciding that he was a ninny, for, if they were honest with themselves, they had to admit that the estimate had been made partly in self-defense; maybe Louie considered *them* less than bright. He gave the impression that nothing anybody said was of any importance and it was almost impossible to hold a serious conversation with him. You'd say something about the sales tax, perhaps. Louie, chin in hand, listening with an obviously mock attentiveness that made you come pretty soon to a halt, would remark, "Yes, it's all very conducive," or, simply, "Forty-eight." Then, while you were debating whether to tweak his long nose, he would offer you a cigarette and ask for "the loan of a match till pay day." After a while you sensed that Louie was embarrassed by discussions of serious matters, that he wasn't laughing at you but at the sales tax and that he wanted you to see that it was funny and to laugh with him. "Conducive" was funny too, as were most words of more than two syllables, and numbers, in themselves, were preposterous. Infection with the spirit of his humor was inevitable, if you got to know him, and you began to wonder how you could ever possibly have been offended by anything he said or did. There wasn't a bit of harm in Louie. He was a lovable clown, a monkey on a string.

IT WAS generally agreed, at Luna Lodge, the adult camp on Luna Lake, that Louie was the funniest guy in the world. He played the drums in the camp band, but drumming was only an incidental accomplishment. He was a very original and highly versatile comedian and had won a large following among campgoers. Where Louie went, they went. The manager of the summer resort, Mr. David Vogel, recognized him as an important business asset and was very well satisfied to allow him to become a permanent seasonal fixture. Louie helped the social director plan and rehearse the frequent camp shows, took major roles in all of them, and the rest of the time he wandered about camp making people happy with his antics.

Many of the guests assumed that he was a musical-comedy star on vacation and when they learned from those who knew him in New York that he merely played odd jobs during the winter with the band, entertaining at club functions, parties and weddings, they thought it a shame that so great a talent was confined to so limited a field. "You ought to do something for yourself, Louie," they said. "You belong on Broadway. Are you going to be a small-timer all your life?" But Louie was afraid of the legitimate stage. The very thought of appearing in a theater before thousands of strange people chilled him. He was inwardly shy, by nature, and it took him some time to warm to his job when he was among unfamiliar faces. He couldn't perform well until he felt he was among friends and he was a success in camp only because the family-circle atmosphere bred by camp spirit was peculiarly helpful to the development and expression of his unique histrionics. He lived mainly for the summers at Luna Lodge. The club work, in between, served only to help the long, dull winters go by. He was content to go on that way forever, and when hard pressed by friends who tried to spur him on to greater things, he insincerely promised "to do something about it some day," just so they'd stop embarrassing him.

The crowd of guests had been dancing in the social hall all evening. It was near closing time and the social director, who liked to end a day's activities on a note of surprise, announced that Louie Dobin was going to do a little act. The curtain was drawn closed on the stage and the musicians packed their instruments and left it while the guests seated themselves on the floor and on the benches along the walls. When the curtain opened again, it disclosed Louie curled up and apparently asleep on the top of the grand piano. He snored, awoke, stretched, and looked around him, rubbing his eyes. Then he turned over on his stomach and looked down at the keyboard. Slowly he advanced one finger toward it and after much hesitation timidly pressed one of the keys. At the sound of the note he turned in enraptured amazement to the audience and grinned idiotically. He began experimenting with the keyboard. Gradually he swung into a recognizable tune and his hands ran up and down quickly over the notes. Louie had never studied the piano—he played entirely by ear and formal instruction would probably have spoiled him. As it was, the fact that he faced the keys from a position opposite to the customary one didn't seem to bother him at all. He hopped off the piano onto the stool and played with his elbows, nose and thumbs. Then he faced the delighted audience, reached his arms back of him and played the piano in that impossible position for a while. Finally he swung around and rendered a medley of quick swing tunes in an original hot style with inimitable gestures. He played until he no longer felt like playing but the audience loudly insisted on more, even when he had slipped off the stool to the floor and had stretched out in feigned exhaustion.

Though not exhausted, he was really tired, and he was relieved to see the curtain unexpectedly close in front of him. Quickly he got to his feet and went into the wings. A very lovely girl was standing there.

Louie smiled warmly and lifted his eyebrows. "Thanks, Irene," he said. "Let's scram." They slipped out, backstage, hand in hand.

Irene was a member of the social staff; taught interpretive dancing to the women guests who felt a need to "express" themselves, and helped with the shows, coaching the choruses in their tap routines. Early in the summer, somewhat to her surprise—and much to Louie's, for he had never dreamed that so attractive a woman could give him serious affection—they had become sweethearts. It had been a glorious summer, especially for them, but now it was ending and they were eager to spend every possible remaining minute of it together, by themselves.

THEY stole down to the dock, boarded a canoe and paddled out to a point about a half mile from shore. There they shipped paddles and, floating on the vast, black, undulating bosom of the lake, let the breeze carry them where it would. They had been quietly drifting for a very short hour, when Irene suddenly uttered a queer, twittering giggle.

"What's funny, Sugar?" Louie asked.

"Oh, I'm just happy, that's all. So happy that I had to make a noise about it."

But that was only partly true. Irene had been comparing Louie to the highly idealized mental image of the man about whom she had for years been dreaming: a sort of viking prince, tall, blond, handsome and dignified. Louie was dark, comparatively short, funny-faced, and a clown. But stature and the color of one's hair were meaningless; Louie's cartoon of a face had become very dear to her. And as far as dignity went, well, Louie had dignity of character, and that was all that counted. But it was odd that she should have fallen in love with one so nearly the opposite of the viking prince and she had had to laugh at the dream man and at the romantic—it seemed even silly, now—side of her personality which had conceived him. Yet, though there was no regret in her meditations, there was anxiety.

"Sure you're a hundred per cent happy?" Louie challenged. "Seemed to me there was a nervous edge on that giggle."

"Was there? Well, I was just wondering."

"About what?"

"About us. What's going to happen to us?"

"Only extra-swell things can happen to us!"

"It seems so now. But this wonderful summer won't last forever."

"Well, we're gawna get married!" Louie said. "You didn't happen to

At the sound of the note he turned in enraptured amazement to the audience and grinned idiotically

change your mind, did you?" he added apprehensively.

"No, of course not. But have you thought much about what marriage means?"

Irene couldn't help considering the small promise in Louie's career. She wanted security and a home but she was too unselfish to make demands of Louie and she asked herself whether it wasn't unfair to prompt him to commit himself to marriage. He didn't seem to be able to appreciate the responsibilities involved, even with the best intentions in the world. He was a carefree, happy-go-lucky soul, hard to picture as a husband. Wasn't it criminal to burden him with a wife?

The canoe scraped against a large rock jutting out from shore. Thoughtfully, Louie picked up a paddle and began making for the pinpoints of light which marked the camp.

IRENE and Louie did not always manage to get away by themselves, nights. Louie's admirers refused to be too long neglected by him, and at two A. M., the morning after Labor Day, which ended the camp season, a gang of them captured him, as they had on several previous occasions, when he was about to run off with Irene.

"We want Louie," the ringleader of the group said to Irene. "We may not see him again till next summer and you can't have him to yourself the last night in camp. If you behave, we'll let you join the party."

Louie helplessly shrugged his shoulders and Irene had to promise, laughingly, that she would behave. The group went to a pine grove at the edge of camp, found a huge old tree with the aid of flashlights, and seated themselves on a thick mat of pine needles at its base. Louie told some funny dialect stories and then began singing hot in what sounded like Russian. The weird combination of foreign syllables earnestly intoned, ad lib, in American swing phrasing, panicked Louie's audience. Irene listened in a merry trance, certain that nothing like it had ever before been heard on earth. Then Louie began developing a new stunt. Mouth opened, like a goldfish, he slapped himself alternately on the cheeks with both hands and produced tones like those of corks being pulled. By changing the size of the oral cavity he could change the pitch of the tones at will. He practiced a scale, first, and then played some little melodies, introducing tricky rhythms learned on the drums.

"Marvelous!" one of the guests exclaimed. "That would go great in a theater."

"Naw, it ain't loud enough," Louie said.

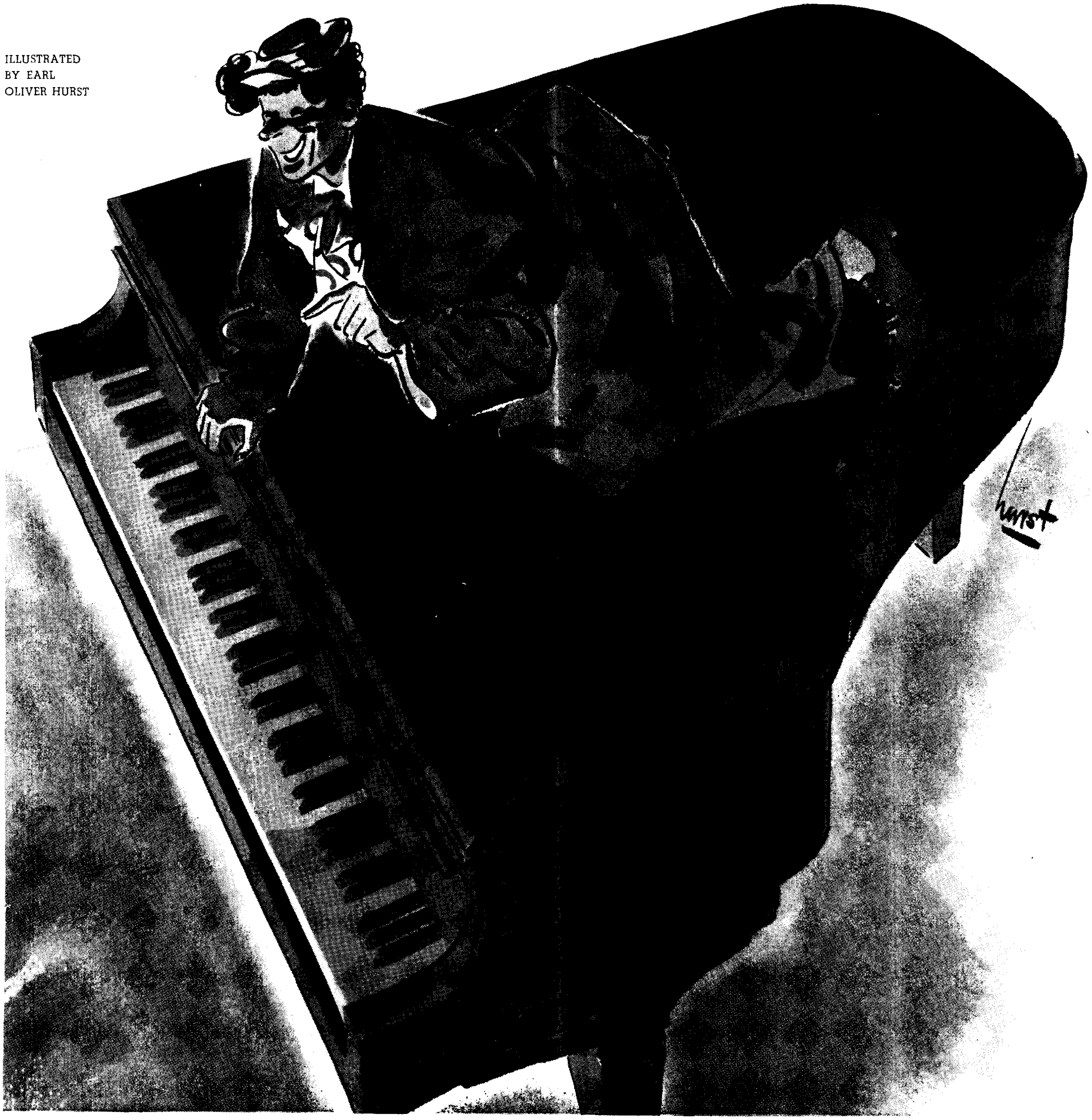
"It doesn't have to be loud. You could do it into a microphone. But anyhow, what about all your other stuff? You belong on the stage. Trouble with you is you don't know how good you are."

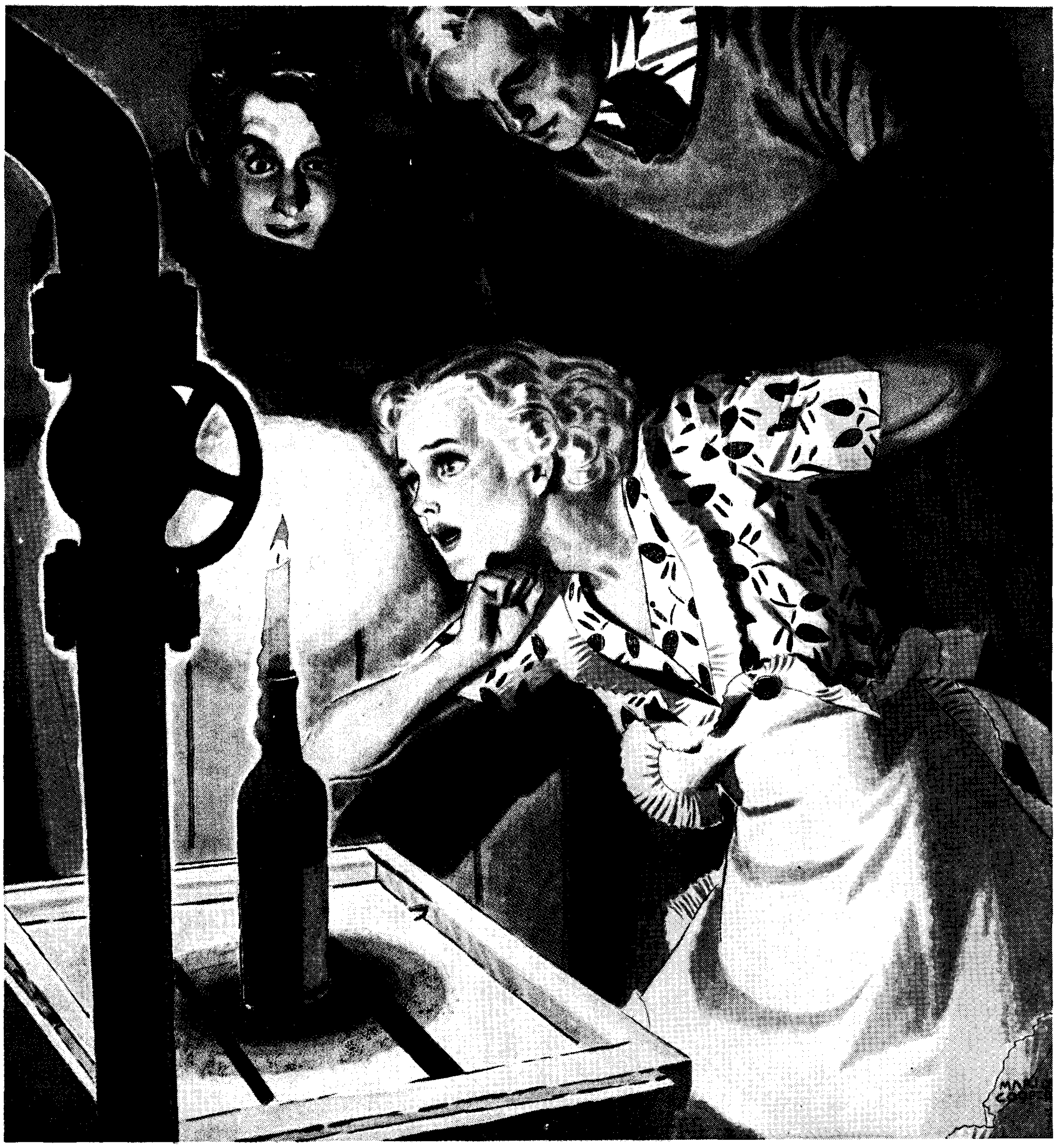
"Well—maybe someday . . ."

"Yeah, that's what you said last summer. You're not a kid any more, you know. Five, ten more years and your

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED
BY EARL
OLIVER HURST





"Stop!" yelled Minnie. "I'll tell the truth!" We were thoroughly humane and I only gave her two or three twists to keep her talking. The truth just poured out of Minnie

Experience with Women

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Mr. Jeeber Fentrice, reputed to have the best dead pan at St. George's, definitely establishing the fact that romantic love is a snare and a delusion for all and sundry

AT ST. GEORGE'S, we do not go in for girls. The fellows at Choate go in for girls and at Hill they go in for girls and funny haircuts. When Brother Alexander, our Superior, heard that even Lower School kids at Groton were being allowed dance nights with girls, he said: "I deplore it." Brother Alexander does not believe a fellow should waste his time thinking about girls until he is twenty-five years old and thirty-five or not at all is better.

Most of the older men at St. George's go in strong for football, rowing, boxing and cross-country, and girls are not in our lives at all. If we have any special emphasis on anything it is on dead pans. You can pretty generally tell a St. George's man by his dead pan. In case a girl should come up and start talking silly or even try to kiss an Upper School man all she would get would be a dead pan. He had better act that way because if he didn't and Brother Barnabas, our athletic coach, heard about it, he would say: "Samson is shorn of his locks," meaning the guy had gone soft.

I guess that is why Jeeber Fentrice and I made our big mistake. We had no experience handling a girl like Minnie Schaub, *who is of the servant class and* does not talk good English or act like girls in books. Jeeber thought all you had to do was to keep a dead pan and talk sensibly to Minnie, using a good vocabulary. But a girl like Minnie has her own goofy ideas about love; she will pretend to take your advice when you try to help her, but all the time she means to do just what she feels like doing. She has no sense of honor and no regard for the truth. Brother Philip, who teaches Manners and Morals to the First Form, certainly had it right when he said: "Romantic love is often a snare and a delusion." This is a true saying and worthy of all men to be believed.

Jeeber Fentrice and I got mixed up with Minnie Schaub through no fault of our own. *Jeeber is president of the* School Council and I am vice-president, we having natural qualities of leadership and being elected on account of our popularity.

The second day of the new term in September, we received a complaint against Delburn, Two, a ten-year-old kid in the Lower School. Dickie Rowland, monitor of Bexley House, reported that Delburn, Two, was going around saying: "Minnie has a baby!"

Minnie was a maid in Bexley House and she lived with Mrs. Anders, the cook, over in the Village.

"This is a serious complaint," Jeeber said.

"I don't get it," I said.

"Minnie's not married," Dickie said.

We all looked at Jeeber, who had the best dead pan in school. We didn't know what to do.

"Send for Delburn, Two," Jeeber said. "He's made an ungentlemanly accusation against Minnie, tending to damage her reputation. Brother Alexander would expel him for this."

"Maybe Minnie *has* got a baby," I said.

"Perhaps she got married during the summer," Woppy Gualdoni said.

Jeeber just kept his dead pan.

"It's our duty to find out the truth," he said.

Delburn, Two, came in with his big brother, Delburn, One. Both kids were scared and Delburn, Two, began to cry the minute he got in the council room. Jeeber asked him why he had accused Minnie of having a baby.

"'Cause she's got one," Delburn Two, said. "I saw her playing with it. On Maw Anders' front porch over in town. With my own eyes. And Bill saw it, too!"

"That's the truth," said Delburn, One, sticking up for his little brother. "What's wrong? What's Alfie done that's wrong?"

I thought Jeeber ought to drop it, then and there. But he asked Delburn, One, how they knew it was Minnie's baby. Did Minnie say it was? Both of them had to admit that Minnie hadn't said anything, one way or the other, and that they hadn't even asked her.

Jeeber reached for the Bible and said: "The Deep Mum is declared in this case. Delburn, Two, you will hear from the council in due time. You may go." Little Delburn, Two, and his brother left, more scared than ever.

We only put the Deep Mum on extra serious cases where we didn't want Brother Alexander to know anything about it until the council made up its mind what to do.

AFTER the meeting, I walked with Jeeber over to the Slop Shop.

"We ought to tell Brother Alexander," I said. "If it's not true, Delburn, Two, will have to be punished No. 1. If it is true, they'll fire Minnie. Either way, it's pretty darn' serious stuff."

I could tell that in spite of Jeeber's dead pan he was worried. But Jeeber had the big ambition to be a member of St. George's Brotherhood himself, after he finished college, and he had made a pretty thorough study of life's problems.

"We've got to talk to Minnie," he said.

"About *that?*" I said.

"Yes. It's the only way to get the truth."

"Let's tell Brother Barnabas and let him do it."

Jeeber shook his head.

"The Deep Mum is on," he said, "and it's no good trying to talk to any of the Brothers. It'd only shock them. They don't know such things exist in real life."

"Let's tell Mrs. Bryan, then," I said. She was the house mother of Bexley.

"We can't duck our responsibility that way," Jeeber maintained. "We're supposed to be the leaders of this school. We've got to protect Delburn, Two, until we're sure he's guilty. And if Minnie has sinned we've got to help her. That's Christianity. Am I right?"

The trouble with arguing with Jeeber was that he was always right according to the rules of Christianity, and even if the rules were pretty darn' dangerous to monkey with Jeeber could prove to you that it was a man's duty to go ahead, anyway.

"Well," I said, "you'll have to do all the talking to Minnie. I'll come with you but I'll just stand around and blush."

That afternoon, when Jeeber and I finally got to Mrs. Anders' house, Jeeber was keeping a good dead pan. But his face was redder than mine. I wanted to back out. I said: "We can't go right in and ask Minnie like this."

Jeeber said: "Stay outside, if you're so afraid."

We heard Minnie singing to a baby, inside. We walked up and rang the doorbell, only it wouldn't ring, so Jeeber knocked. Minnie came to the door, carrying the baby.

"Well, if it ain't Mr. Edward and Mr. Joe," she said. "Maw Anders ain't here, but she'll be back any minute."

"We came to—uh—see you," Jeeber said.

Minnie looked surprised. She did not have any idea why we had come. I saw there wasn't really anything to be scared about—Minnie was just a girl about twenty years old with no education and no background and we had seen her around the Lower School for three years. If a man bothered to think about girls at all he would think Minnie was good-looking for a girl of the servant class.

"Whatcha want to see *me* about?" Minnie asked.

Jeeber poked his finger toward the baby.

"Is this your baby?"

All of a sudden, it was Minnie who was scared and Jeeber and I were not scared very much.

"Who sent you boys here to ask me?" she kind of gasped, holding the baby tight.

I helped Jeeber explain that we didn't mean anything personal; that it was a matter of school discipline and we were acting in official capacity and had to know for a certain good reason.

Minnie acted funny.

"I won't say he is and I won't say he isn't," she informed us. "And it's not none of your business no way. You boys would get in plenty of trouble with the Brothers and your families if they knowed you was asking a girl like I such a question. But I won't say anything if you promise not to say anything either." Then she smiled at Jeeber. "I was stuck on you all last year, Mr. Edward, and I sure think you're a sweet kid and I know you wouldn't want to make no trouble for me!"

Jeeber's dead pan slipped.

"I believe in celibacy," he said, "and I would abhor having relations with you of any kind."

"That's cute. You stick to that, Mr. Edward," Minnie said.

SHE went right on talking and showing us the baby. Jeeber wanted to ask her some more questions, but she didn't give him any chance. Jeeber just stood there looking at Minnie and the baby and feeling sorry for them. Finally, I said: "Well, we got to be reporting for football practice, Jeeber."

Minnie gave us half a chocolate cake.

Walking back toward the campus, I said: "Do you think it's her baby?"

"Yes," Jeeber said.

I said it didn't look much like Minnie, because its hair was darker and it had brown eyes instead of blue. Jeeber said it probably took after its father. I was glad Jeeber had made up his mind that Minnie was guilty because that saved Delburn, Two. Jeeber agreed with me that the council could let Delburn, Two, off with a warning not to do any more talking about Minnie. I thought that settled everything and started to talk about football. But Jeeber said: "Minnie is still an awful problem."

I said: "Gee heck, I don't see why it's any of our hard luck, Jeeber."

Jeeber said: "If the Brothers find out about Minnie's baby they will fire her. How would you like to have a baby to take care of and no job?"

I saw that Jeeber was going to tell me the story of the Good Samaritan and other Christian teachings which would get us in a lot of trouble. Luckily, Mr. Chevvis, the laundryman, was laying for us just out of sight of Minnie's house.

"Howdy, boys," Mr. Chevvis said. "I see you've been paying a call."

I felt like saying something mean, but Mr. Chevvis was a worthy man of the lower middle class and a good friend of St. George's. Brother Alexander always spoke of him as "our lay brother," meaning that Mr. Chevvis gave the school low laundry rates and could always be depended on to chip in for building the new football bleachers or painting the chapel woodwork. Besides, Mr. Chevvis was so

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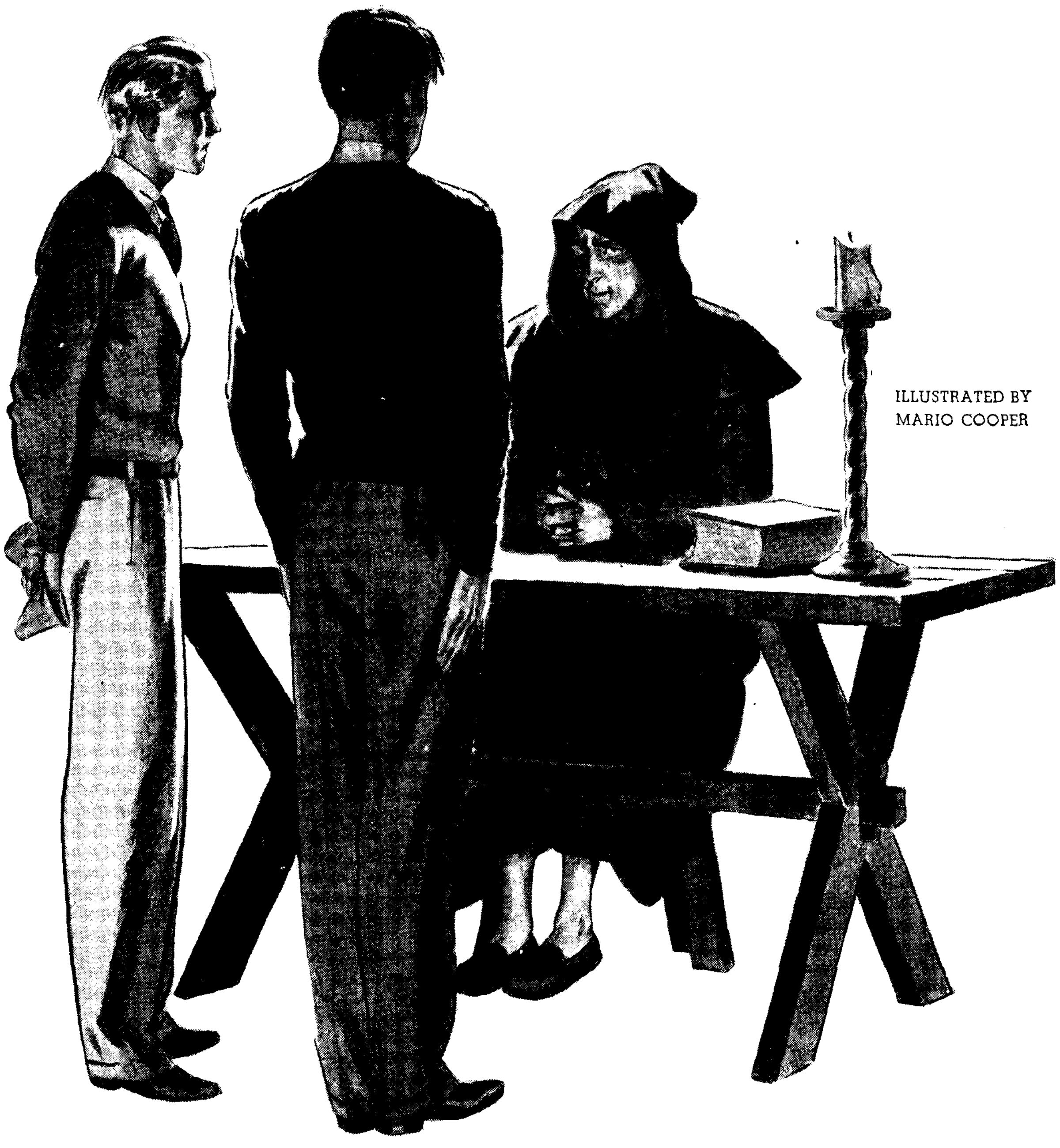

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER

Brother Andrew looked at us like it was the Last Judgment. "I am very sad, my sons," he said. "It would appear that we have not done our duty here"

The t Mrs Baker

Bro n

ATED BY RON AL D OD

George Baker' gi who was afraid of repeating a mistake—if see en oney in it for her

GEORGE BAKER walked through the Park and called himself names until his vocabulary gave out. His average was three names to every fifteen steps and two inhalations of gasoline vapor, and the names were none of them complimentary. He'd plunged into the Park from the dining room of an adjacent hotel at teatime. He'd walked in there to look around and had seen Helen Benham, sitting with her husband, Bart Benham. George talked to them a few minutes and decided he wouldn't have anything after all. "I just came in here to look for Mark Inman," he told them, and broke away. He didn't break away before his heart had started to beat in a sickening manner and before Helen had seen his hand shake when he lighted her cigarette. The smothered muttering behind his teeth testified to that.

The gasoline vapor hung low over the Park and George walked through it to the opening opposite Ritchie Mieth's apartment house. She wouldn't be working at this hour because the light was too bad. He went up to the twenty-ninth floor. "Hello, Georgie," Ritchie said. George hadn't gotten all the way into the room yet and looked as though he might back out again.

"All right," Ritchie said cheerfully. "I won't call you Georgie. Come on in. You can have a cocktail or a cup of tea."

GEORGE said he'd take a cocktail and she mixed it for him. He watched her moodily. "Did you paint any babies today?" he asked her. It was warm and fragrant in here, and not too light. Cloves were steeping in the tea.

"I painted a seven-year-old baby with yellow hair," Ritchie said. She didn't look at him and talked at random. "Perhaps it will be a dirty brown like yours when he gets big enough to thrust himself in on a girl with a grouch like that," she said. "He had blue eyes and lots of fat leg showing from his tight little pants down to his socks. He's a steel baby and a tutor brought him in. He's to be got down in oils quick, before he grows up and has to cover up his legs. Do you want to see him?"

"No."

"I wouldn't let you." Ritchie gave him his cocktail. "He's my baby and he has a sulky mouth. When did she come back?"

"Who? When did who come back?"

"Where did you see her?"

"Where did I see who? I saw her at the hotel. They've just come back."

"Was Bart with her?" Ritchie asked.

"Yes, he was."

"Honeymoons don't last forever, you know."

"I know. I'm all right."

"You're not."

"I am. I'm all right. What stuff is this, Rick?"

"It's all right. You left it here."

"Let me see the baby now."

"No." Ritchie got up and poked the fire. "He doesn't look like a Nebraska baby," she said thoughtfully. "He's a Pittsburgh steel baby."

"What are you talking about Nebraska for?"

"I don't know." The light shone on Ritchie's face. "Sometimes I think about it," she said lightly. "You were Georgie Baker and hadn't written a play, and I hadn't painted any babies yet. Weren't we sweet, George?"

"Hell."

"Why don't you write another play, George?"

"Hell."

"Go back on your paper, then," she said, and looked down at her nails as though this piece of advice didn't matter. "I'd clean this paint off for any other man but you," she said absently. "You'll be seeing them around, you know, Georgie."

"I know. I'll be all right." George got up restlessly and he, too, poked at the fire.

"You won't. You ought to take a trip."

"Perhaps I'll do that. It's getting dark in here, Rick."

"Why did you divorce her, Georgie?"

"She wanted it."

"Anyway, why did you? She'll get tired of it."

"She won't get tired of spacious possessions," George said. He repeated the phrase. "Spacious possessions. She won't come back to a flat like mine."

"But why—"

"Shut up."

"You'll be in the party tonight, though, won't you?" She followed him to the door. "It's a funny show. It'll cheer you up."

"Look here. Mark hasn't asked—"

"Of course not. Why don't you take me to dinner, Georgie?"

"Can you eat with me?"

"Yes, I can. I'll clean up, too. I'll clean every bit of the steel baby's legs off my fingers. Kiss me, Georgie."

"Good girl," George murmured. Absently he kissed her.

"You'll come back, then?"

"I'll come," he promised.

Ritchie coaxed the terrier out of the corner with a peanut-butter biscuit. He liked peanuts and peanut butter. "Why don't you write a play, Finny?" she asked. "'The Girl He Knew Back Home,' you could call it. 'The Girl He Loved,' you could call it, or 'Wife to Another.' It would depend upon the sort of heroine you'd want. If you wanted a heroine with paint on her fingers you could call it 'The Girl He Knew Back Home.' If you wanted a heroine like Helen— You wouldn't make a very good handkerchief, would you, Finny? Anyway, I don't cry. Anyway—" She stood up. "There's the phone and I wouldn't have time to cry."

"HELLO, Mark." She took the phone up and murmured into it. "I can't eat with you, Mark," she said. "George Baker is coming around for me."

"I ran into Helen and Bart," Mark's voice came. "I'm going to eat with them. You and George come, too. The divorce is far enough away. Nobody pays any attention to divorces these days, anyway."

"No, it isn't," Ritchie said. "It isn't far enough away. George was up here. He saw them this afternoon. You didn't—"

"Yes, I did. They were just back in town and on a loose end. Steve and Minna couldn't come and I had the tickets."

"I'll tell George," Ritchie said. "Perhaps he won't want to go. I don't think he will."

"It's too bad." Mark was properly regretful. "If I thought anything, I thought it was one of these mutual-consent affairs. Thinking isn't my forte, anyway."

"It was a matter of more spacious possessions," Ritchie said carefully. "Giving parties is your forte, Mark. It's sure to be swell. Everybody will have a swell time."

"Mark didn't know how things were," she explained to George at dinner. They'd gone to a small place where there was no music and the service was quick. She'd caught a drop of candle wax and was working it between her fingers and a color had come up in her cheeks. Lots of men who hadn't been called Georgie by her eight years ago in Nebraska would have been glad of an opportunity to sit with Ritchie in this semi-privacy, in candlelight. George didn't notice.

"How are things?" he inquired belligerently.

"I just meant that it might be awkward," Ritchie said gently. "It might be embarrassing for you or for Helen."

"You knew it wouldn't be embarrassing for her."

"I—"

"What you mean is you thought it would be embarrassing for me. You think I'm sunk. You probably told Mark so."

"Of course I didn't. I—"

"There isn't any reason why we shouldn't go," he said stiffly. "We'll go."

"He wants to see her," Ritchie discovered. "He wants to see her so bad he's— In spite of—" "That'll be fine, George," she said. "That's just what I want to do. We'll have a swell time."

"Why shouldn't we?" he wanted to know. They didn't talk much in the cab, going to the theater.

"It's nine o'clock," George said once.

"It's a great show," Ritchie said. "It'll make us laugh. People roll off their seats. Wait till I tell you about this steel baby, Georgie. He's seven years old and his mother turned out to be playing offside and his father got him away from her. His father died then and he fixed things so his mother could never put a finger on him again. He's been dead five years but he fixed things and they stay fixed. He's seven years old and he's got millions waiting but he's got no father and no mother. Trustees he's got and detectives and millions waiting. Somebody ought to write a play—"

"Shut up," George said irritably. They got out of their cab and went into the theater.

"SHE'S so lovely you'd have to paint her melting into a wash of light," Ritchie thought. "She's so lovely she's radiant." Faint refractions of light from the stage found Helen Benham in the front of Mark Inman's box. "If the audience knew about it they would be watching her and not the play," Ritchie thought. "She's so lovely it seems she might melt into light, only she never will. There's something holds her together. It's something hard. Perhaps it's her desire for—for things."

Ritchie didn't pay any attention to the play. Bart Benham didn't pay any attention to it, either, but watched his new wife. Another man in the party watched Helen, a man with a brown and lean face. Ritchie didn't know him. George Baker watched neither the play nor Helen, and the care with which he avoided watching Helen was apparent to everybody.

"She knows her show," Ritchie thought. "She was born knowing it and it's a good show. I couldn't paint her."

"I want you to meet the most beautiful girl in the world, Georgie," she'd said to him three years ago. "Her name is Helen Dayton. She's in a show. She's gorgeous."

George had met her and fallen in love and written a play, all in six months. As soon as the play was a success they were married. It had happened in a very short time.

Ritchie could smell the scent that Helen used and no doubt George could smell it, too. A woman should change her scent when she changed her husband, Ritchie thought. George was careful not to watch Helen, and Ritchie was careful not to watch George. The strange man continued to watch Helen, however, with a fixed stare. It was the funniest show of the year and ripples of laughter rose to the edge of the box and broke there. "He's a South American," Ritchie guessed. "Porta. It's Porta. He's that South American George used to talk about."

GEORGE had burst into Ritchie's studio two and a half years ago in a somewhat dazed condition. "We're going to be married in the municipal chapel this afternoon," he'd said. "Helen. Helen and me." He'd kept repeating the name Helen as though this tangible evidence of his happiness might escape from him and he'd be lost.

"That's great, Georgie," she'd said. "It's gorgeous." The funniest situations didn't get into plays, Ritchie considered. George Baker had followed her from Nebraska, where he'd been editor of a weekly paper at twenty-three. She'd met Helen Dayton on a boat coming back from Paris, where she'd been looking at pictures and Helen had been looking in mirrors. "She's the most gorgeous thing in the world, Georgie," she'd said, "and I'm going to let you look at her."

"We're going to be married in the municipal chapel at two," he'd said. "Come and watch us do it. Helen. Helen and me." He'd paced her floor, trying to cover the distance between him and two o'clock.

"Can't you see I've got to get this baby's nose fixed?" she'd asked.

It was intermission. Helen went out in the pale gold velvet that fell to her feet and accented her fragile loveliness. She came in again.

"Look at those two shifting for position on the taffeta," Ritchie said to George. "You can't expect them to get used to the new mode all at once, though," she said. "The older men are better with it, I think. Anyway if she wants to wear it trailing a foot she shouldn't come with two men. What do you think, baby?"

"Yes, it's a great show," George mumbled. He was hunched forward and his arms were folded.

"Did Mark say Porta when he introduced the brown man?"

"Yes, Manuel Porta."

"Not the Croesus you used to tell me about."

"Yes. Was at Yale one year."

Mark had engaged a table at a dancing club for his party and Manuel Porta wanted them to come to his place. They decided they'd go both places.

"He must have something of a place," Ritchie guessed. "He wants to show it to Helen."

"Wait till you see it," Mark Inman said. "What would you expect when his family goes back and forth from Paris in their own string of boats?"

They reached the club and Bart Benham seemed to have lost both his hunger and his thirst. Helen had become conscious of Porta's regard now. She'd dimmed her light to the cathedral glow appropriate to worship.

"He's keen on George," Mark said. "Porta is. He's up here trying to get George to go on some hunting expedition or other with him."

"It's a swell party, Mark," Ritchie said.

"You like it?"

"Everybody's having a swell time."

"Take me home, George," she'd suggested in the cab coming from the

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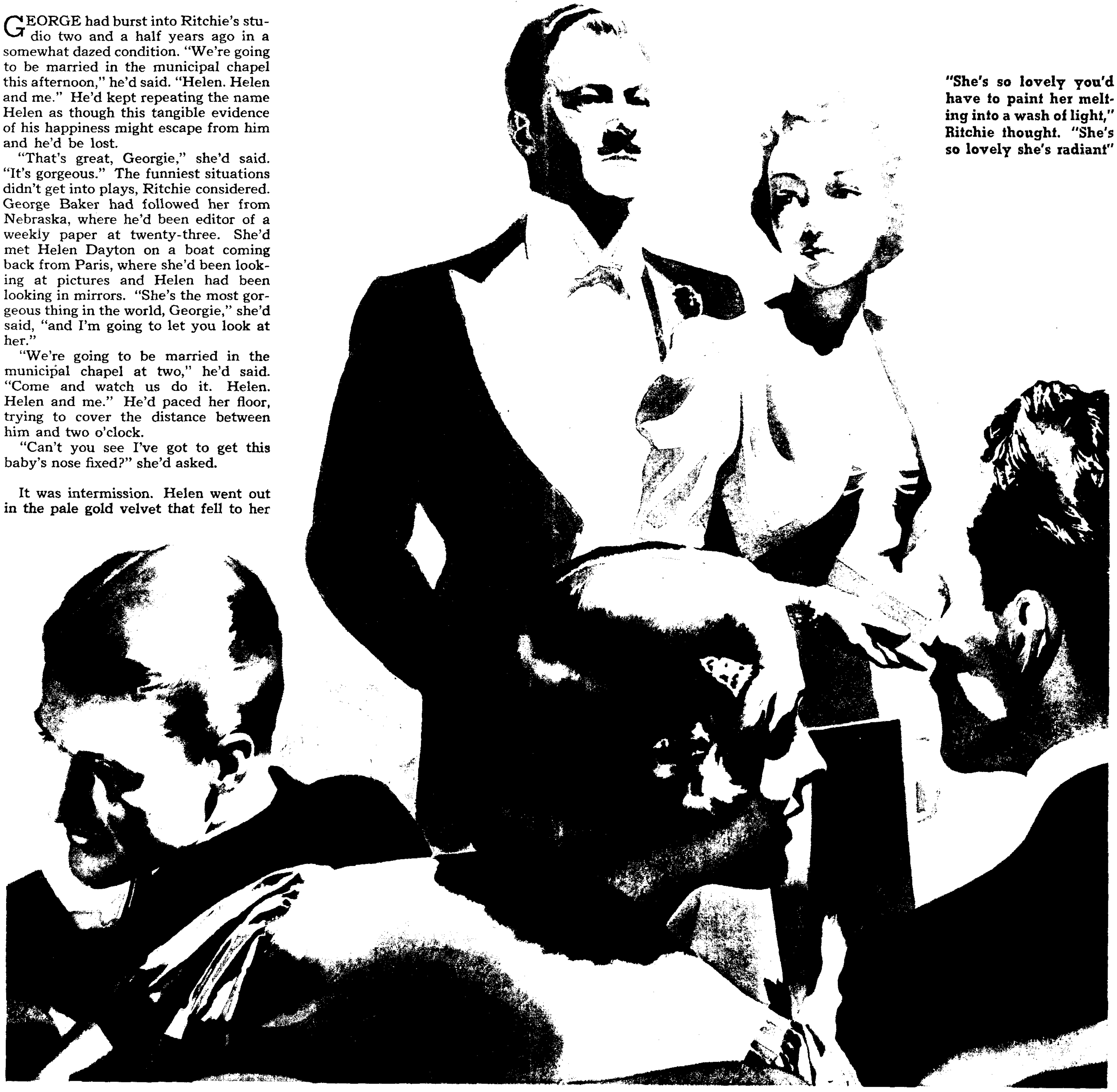
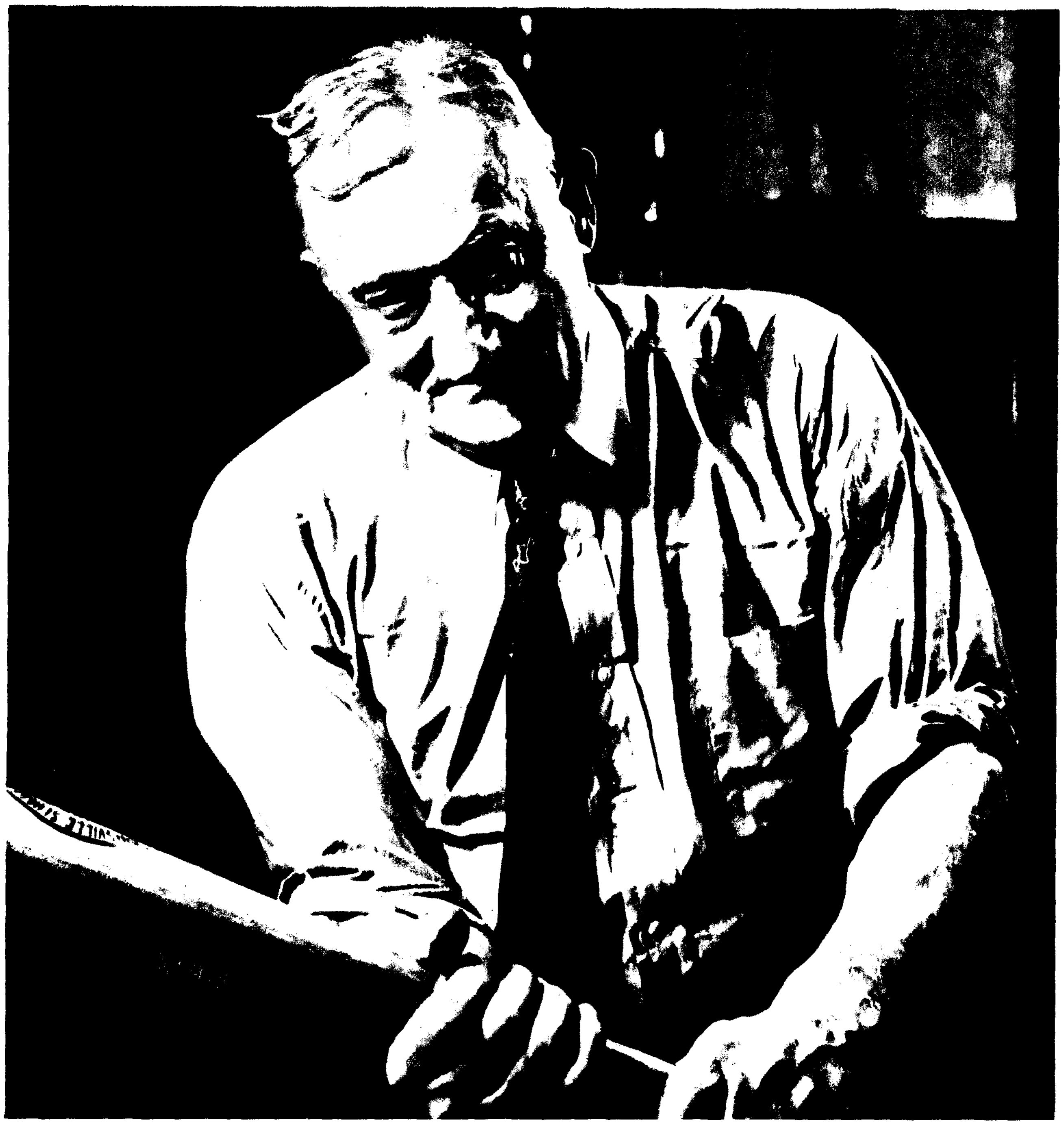


"She's so lovely you'd have to paint her melting into a wash of light," Ritchie thought. "She's so lovely she's radiant"



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE

Those were the days when baseball was really tough. In the clubhouse before the game they figured out how to mangle the opposition. Some players filed their spikes. But it was also the age of the heroes. One of them, Honus Wagner, active again on the big time as coach of the Pirates, tells you of the past and picks an All-Time All-Star team

By Honus Wagner

I Never Got Tired of Playing

PEOPLE always ask me how present-day baseball compares with the baseball of my time and often they don't believe me when I say it's better now. There were great players in the old days and men like Ty Cobb and Ed Delehanty and King Kelly would be as great now as they were then, but the general level is higher. The play is faster, the players are more businesslike and the pitching has to be stronger.

I got my start in the big leagues with Louisville in the old National League. That was a twelve-club circuit and I went along to Pittsburgh when the transfer was made several years later and stayed there until I finished my career. Tommy Leach and I went to Louisville together and broke into the lineup right away but that didn't mean we were taken into the club. We were on the team all right but we didn't get a chance in batting practice. I tried to get in for a lick the first day and somebody looked at me and said: "Get out of there, kid, before I brain you with this bat." That was how things went in the old days. Tommy and I shagged flies while the other fellows hit.

After a week of that the manager said: "Why ain't you taking your licks?" and I said, "They won't let me," and he said, "Who won't let you?" and I said, "The other players," and he said, "You go up there and take your licks or *I'll* brain you with a bat." So I went up and pushed my way in and made a suggestive motion with my bat at the first man who tried to stop me and after that we had batting practice with the others.

Nowadays the club does everything for the new men but send out their laundry, and I think it's a better system. When I broke in, a newcomer literally had to fight his way into a job. The old-timers ganged together and hung onto their jobs and made it tough on the kids. You've probably heard about Cobb fighting everybody on the Detroit club before they would accept him; that is a true story. It happened on all the clubs. The first college man I ever met in baseball was Wills at Louisville. They tried to kill him. They'd come up close and throw the ball at him with all their might and then bawl him out if he didn't hold it. They didn't want sissies in the game and it was years before the college men were treated as anything but freaks.

I can give you an idea of the difference between present times and the old days by telling how we used to meet in the clubhouse before a game. The manager would say: "We lost to those bums yesterday. What are we going to do today? What are you going to do, Jake?" And Jake would say, "I'm going to bump that first baseman out into right field the first time I hit one. If I get on I'm going to cut that blankety blank at short from the ankle to the eyebrows when I go down." "Fine!" says the manager. And then it's decided that the outfielders should do most of the bumping and spiking because they aren't covering the bases themselves and the other guys can't go out and get to them in return. About this time the pitcher speaks up. "I guess I can do a little something, too," he says, referring to dusting the opponents off. And that was the old times. You've heard tales about the players sharpening their spikes with a file, and they are true.

Nowadays the club meets and discusses the other team. What to pitch to Mel Ott, how to play for Babe Herman, whether it's good policy to give Chuck Klein a low curve on the outside. The game is much more scientific. The players make it a business and they have the advantage of all the experience gathered from forty years of baseball.

In general I think the old-timers were crazier about the sport. Jack Dots Miller, our second baseman on the Pirates, was so nutty about the game that on rainy days he used to go under the stands and play catch. I can never remember getting tired of playing. I never went stale and I was as keen at the end of the season as in spring training.

The most vital change in the game is the pitching. They talk about the lively ball and I suppose it is better made than they used to be, but what makes the difference in hitting is the elimination of the spitball, the emery ball, the shiner. The only way you could meet that type of pitching was to choke the bat, watch every dip of the pitch and take only a short swing. If they had grabbed the bat at the end and taken the roundhouse wallop they use now, most of the batters would still be trying to get their first hit. I don't think I'd be able to hit at all with the long swing, lively ball or not. The short swing was my style.

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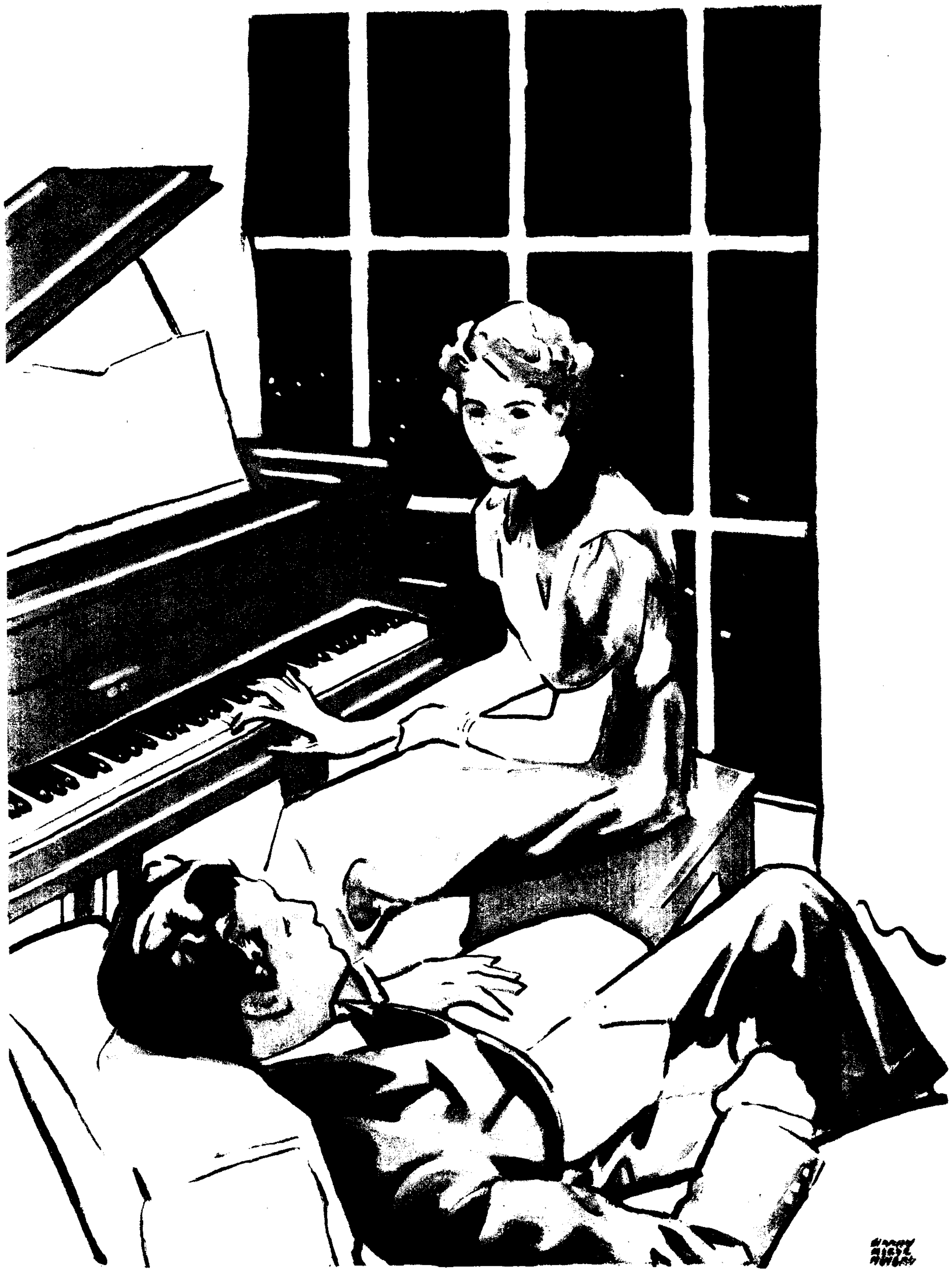
Six Golden Angels

By Max Brand

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



"How do you happen to be here with Mike so much?" he asked her

VII

QUICKLY, we better get out!" panted Seelig, heading back toward the door. "When it comes to police, there is nothing but questions and talking, talking, talking."

"We're moving now!" answered Martin, starting for the door in his turn. "Monsieur!"

For Ryder was leaning over the dead man to look into his face and his partly open eyes.

"Wait a moment," he said.

He picked up the coat of the dead man and forced his hand to enter the pockets. At last he picked out four tightly folded bills.

"He was playing the game with us," said Ryder. "He hasn't spent any of the money I gave him. . . . Seelig?"

"Yes, sir? For God's sake be quick!" urged the detective.

"Will two hundred dollars get him a decent burial?" asked Ryder.

"Yes . . . I think so," said Seelig.

"We'll make it two hundred more for surety," said Ryder, adding two more bills to the fold. He put the whole sum back in the coat pocket and joined the two other men. A few minutes later, at home, he had Martin bring him a drink and tried with it to wash his mind clean of the last memory.

"Do you know what it means, Martin?" he asked.

"It means that murder is just around the corner from all of us, sir," said Martin. "It's *raining* murder—Mr. Leggett—Brant—Daley."

Gains called Ryder to the telephone.

"This is Sydney, David," said her voice on the wire. "And may I see you? Soon? Right now? I'll come up to your place, if I may."

He told her to come. Afterward he sat with his chin on his fist and tried to think.

Then Sydney Galloway came.

She wore a blue silk dress that flared out at the bottom and flowed a little too snugly over her body, and she had on a wide-brimmed hat with a colored lining that made a rosy shadow over her face.

"I couldn't go into mourning," she said, when she felt his eyes. "I tried to, but I couldn't. I hate black, don't you, David?"

He said he hated black and took her into a little after-dinner room which a whim of Leggett had transported entire from France. Sydney sat up in one of the ornate chairs and folded her gloved hands. She smiled at Ryder.

She said: "It's really like a dream, except that I keep remembering the ugly look that Porter was wearing. Did you hear about that?"

He watched the pretty ghoul and smiled in turn as he shook his head.

"That was quite horrible," said Sydney. "If he had just gone into a quiet sleep like the great baby that he was—but he had seen something before he died. I think one of those bright detectives might have worked it out if they'd cared to use their brains. I mean, one could almost read the lines of his face and say what they were about. It keeps a chill in the back of my mind, like a cold shadow in a bright room. I hope you don't think I'm too silly?"

"Not a bit," said Ryder. "He was beginning to bore you, wasn't he?"

"He was a fake," said the girl. "One can see things clearly, over the shoulder. By the way, I've heard about you and Eileen *(Continued on page 50)*

Emergency Wife

By May Edginton

The Story Thus Far:

WORKING for a London firm which insists that she remain single, Linnet March falls in love with Kenneth Basil, a young engineer, who presently asks her to marry him. Basil's salary is a small one; Linnet is supporting a number of her poor relatives, whom she will not let down. Her answer is an emphatic "No."

Clare Lent, Linnet's secretary, is secretly in love with Basil. Divining the situation, she gains his confidence (in one of his weak moments) and learns that a high-salaried job in Roumania will soon be offered him; Max Faverel, whom he has never met, is planning to give it to him—*if he is married!*

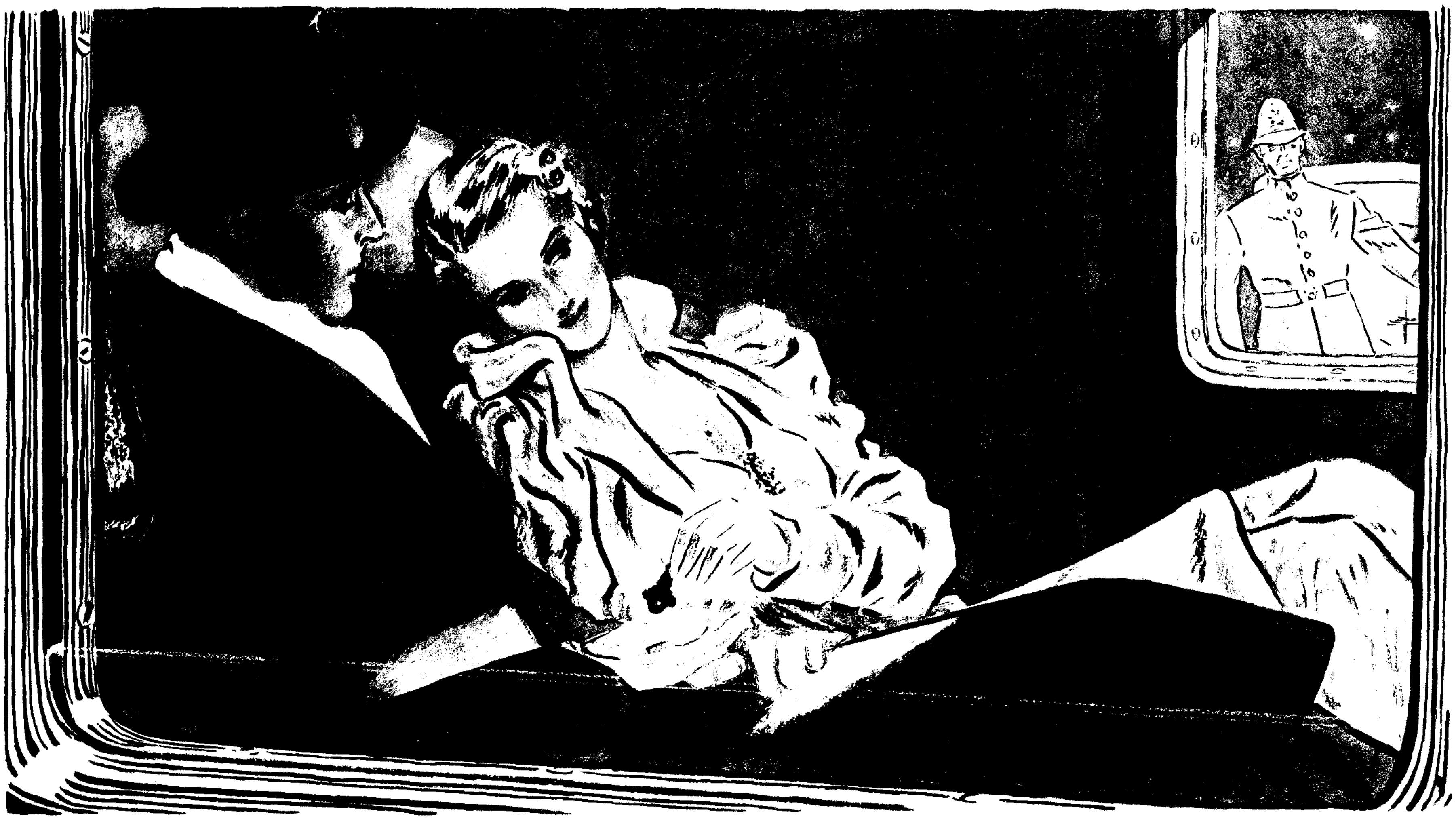
Hoping to arouse Linnet's jealousy, Clare passes on this interesting item to her—with the subtle suggestion that Miss Clare Lent may soon be Mrs. Basil. A few hours later, Linnet goes to Basil's rooms for one final talk. She arrives, when Basil is out, just in time to answer a telephone call—from Max Faverel!

Posing as Basil's wife, she boldly invites the mighty Faverel to dine with her husband and her, that evening. Faverel accepts the invitation. He asks for their address. Linnet gives him her own!

Appalled by the situation, Basil finally accepts it. After which, they—"Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Basil"—receive Faverel in Linnet's flat. The dinner is a great success; Faverel is much impressed by Basil's charming wife. Unfortunately, an unexpected caller drops in: the aggressive, prosperous Hero Winter, who for months has taken it for granted that, sooner or later, the beautiful but elusive Linnet March will marry him.

Realizing that one word will demolish all of her carefully made plans, that so long as Winter and Faverel are together she and Basil are in peril, Linnet insists that Faverel inspect the flat. Rising, she leaves the room. Faverel follows her. And suddenly she realizes that she, the usually resourceful, capable Linnet March, has made the wrong move: Faverel, she is well aware, is not stupid. He will see, he must inevitably see, that the flat is occupied by one person only!

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI



Kenneth was grateful and humble about the previous night, and apologized as if he had been churlish

III

GLAD to draw Faverel away from Kenneth and Hero Winter, seizing any excuse, Linnet had put herself neatly into this silly trap. Faverel was not stupid. He was sure to learn that only one person lived in the flat.

And in that same instant that she was vexed by her own carelessness, she recalled that it was Faverel himself who had led her on with his: "I suppose you will want another flat; a bigger flat . . . it is so attractive here . . . it might do for a friend of mine."

He merely wanted to see for himself?

He reserved his belief in the story of their marriage? It was as she had suspected at dinner?

But Kenneth *must not* lose the coveted position.

What should she say if Faverel openly hinted to her his doubts?

She trusted to the wit of the moment to save her—to save Kenneth. For now she saw very sharply and clearly that if this lie were discovered, Kenneth must lose the credit he already had with Porter and Bradley. It would be a grave business. She had cast the die for him; and indeed there was every reason for the grimness in his eyes. "Have I been too mad altogether?" she fluttered to herself wildly. But outwardly she seemed serene and gay.

I must play up, she kept thinking. No use, anyway, in letting the part down.

"The kitchen. My pride."

The opened door squeezed the maid back against the sink. But the kitchenette shone whitely, speckless and efficient; cupboard—from which the door had been slid back—in colorful array of glass and china; shelves showing labeled jars. Yes, it was true that this tiny place was her housewifely pride. Early mornings, alone, she pottered here, made her tea and toast.

"Thank you. Ingenious, isn't it?"

"And the bath is nice."

The bath was nice. She had been a little extravagant there. Both Pelham and Penley had always advised her: "A woman without a touch of extravagance in her mind loses her imagination. Pet yourself, Miss March." Her imagination, they said, being mintable, had therefore to be preserved and finely fed. And it was so plainly a woman's bathroom—not a trace of shaving needs, or masculine sort of soap, or rough masculine towels. Her own towels, palely colored, delicate green, hung alone on the rail. The perfume of her own bath salts still lingered. A glass shelf held only her things.

"This is nice too," he agreed.

He stepped back after the briefest of complimentary surveys; intruder into a woman's own private domain, and expressing it. Well, she thought, now for the rest. She flung open the door of the small spare room, where the narrow bed, on which her sister from Dorset slept when she came visiting, had not been folded and put away, as usual, against the wall.

But the bed was, obviously, not made up. The folded blankets and the pillows made an inhospitable mound together under the cotton spread.

NOT a trace of man's habitation in that room either—only, on the shelf that made an improvised dressing table, the powder box, the scent bottle that she left out to flatter her poor plain tired sister, who actually used neither.

"The dressing room?" Faverel asked politely.

"The dressing room; yes."

Kenneth's dressing room?

Was this in any way feasible?

Not when Faverel had seen the bedroom!

She ought to have said . . .

Why hadn't she provided her mind against all contingencies?

So they came to her own room, a room with which,

EN GARDE!

Presenting Joanna de Tuscan—ideal American Girl Athlete—talented, attractive, fond of dancing, and newly crowned WOMEN'S FENCING CHAMPION OF THE U. S.

Today the sport of fencing puts much the same value on healthy nerves and unfailing alertness as did the deadly duels of long ago

IN Joanna de Tuscan's own words: "A person who twitched or didn't have nerve control would never stand out in fencing. My No. 1 reason for smoking Camels is—they never jangle my nerves. I enjoy smoking so much—and the cigarette that I find permits me to smoke as often as I please is Camels. It's Camels for me always 'for digestion's sake' and when I need extra energy too. They're so mild and never make my throat harsh or rough."

'ROUND THE WORLD IN RECORD TIME. Dorothy Kilgallen, girl reporter, assigned to circle the globe, made it in 24½ days. "It was a breathless dash," she says. "Camels helped to keep me going. I'll bet on them any time. I know they don't frazzle the nerves—ever!"

40 YEARS A RAILROAD MAN—15 years a Camel smoker. "I'm proud to be the throttle man of the 'crack' Limited of the N. Y. Central," says Charlie Chase. "And I don't take chances with my nerves. I smoke Camels—smoke 'em day in and day out."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

HEAR "JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE"

A gala fun-and-music show with Jack Oakie running the "college"! Catchy music! Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Join Jack Oakie's College. Tuesdays—8:30 pm E.S.T. (9:30 pm E.D.S.T.), 7:30 pm C.S.T., 6:30 pm M.S.T., 5:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-CBS.

CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

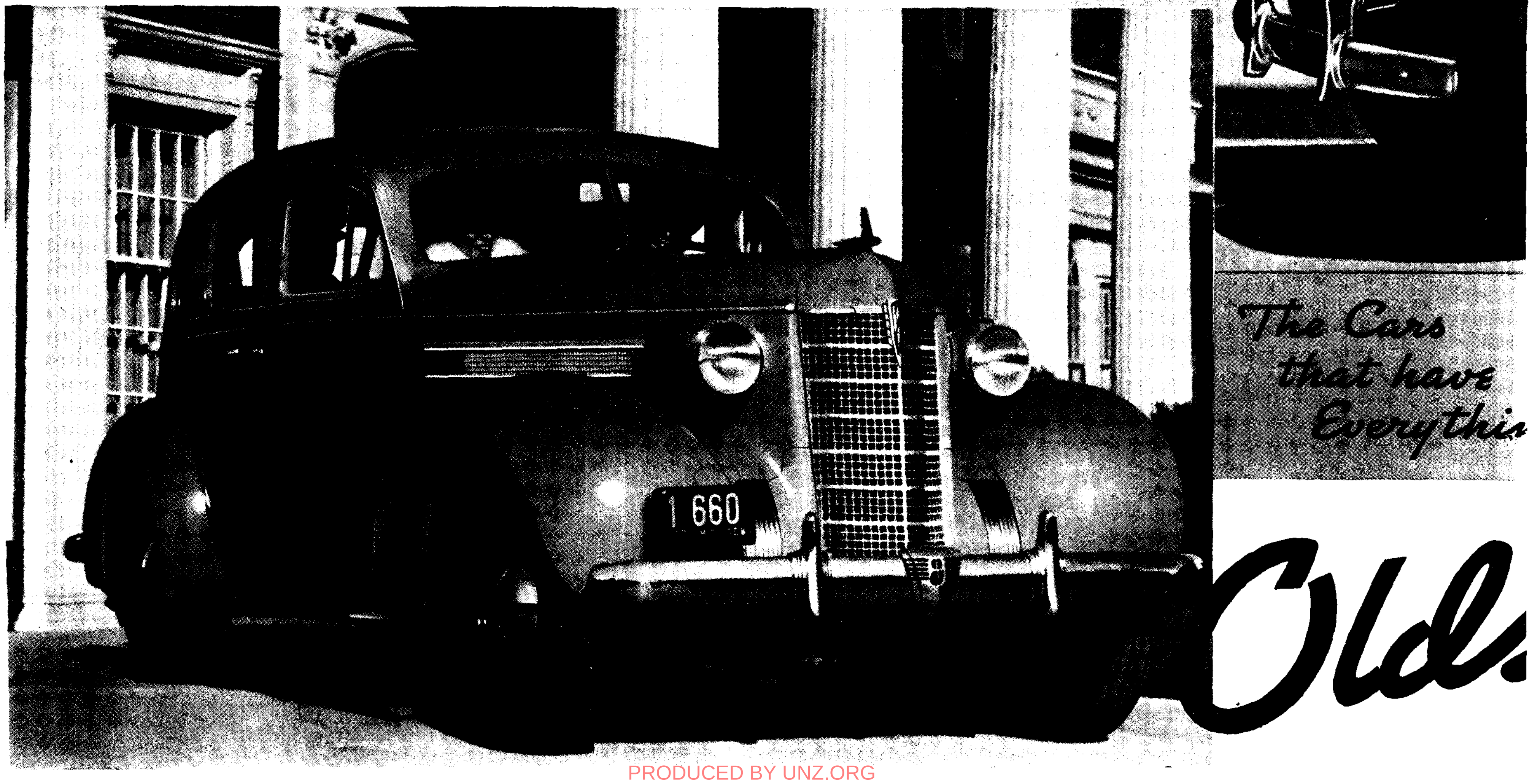
"Both

Different fro

"Isn't it grand to drive a car that's *not* like a million others . . . a car that people everywhere say is the *best-looking* of them all!"

YOU have the personal satisfaction of knowing your car is *newly* styled—*attractively* styled—and *distinctively* styled—when it's either the Oldsmobile Six or Eight. Admittedly, *both* of these smartly fashioned cars are Style Leaders. *Each of them* represents a modern achievement in streamlined design. *Each* is strikingly different from the other, and entirely unlike anything else on the road. In performance, too, these two great Oldsmobiles give you a thrill that is new and modern. Their smooth, responsive and economical action is conclusive proof that they lead in engineering quality as well as distinguished appearance. Modern achievement again is evident in every one of Oldsmobile's advanced features for safety, comfort and convenience . . . in the size and roominess of the new Unisteel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher . . . in the fine upholstering and appointments of their luxurious interiors . . . in the scientific construction that insulates against sound and weather. As they lead in style, performance and quality, the 1937 Oldsmobiles likewise set the pace in value . . . for they are priced within the reach of 9 out of 10 motor car buyers!

DELIVERED PRICES AT LANSING, MICHIGAN: SIXES, $765 and up; EIGHTS, $880 and up; subject to change without notice. Cars illustrated: at right, Six 4-Door Touring Sedan, $910; below, Eight 4-Door Sedan, $990. These prices include Safety Glass, Bumpers, Bumper Guards, Spare Tire and Tube, Rear Spring Covers. Transportation, State and Local Taxes, Optional Accessories and Equipment—Extra. GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN



Style Leaders!"

ach other and from any other motor cars !

95 H. P. SIX
110 H. P. EIGHT

h. p. SIX with 117-inch wheelbase . . . 110 h. p. EIGHT with 124-
h wheelbase . . . Unisteel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher . . . Knee-Action
eels . . . Triple Sealed Super-Hydraulic Brakes . . . Center-Control Steering
al Ride Stabilizers . . . Unobstructed Floors . . . Safety Glass Stand-
Throughout . . . Fisher No Draft Ventilation . . . Big, Low-Pressure
. . . Scientific Sound Proofing . . . And Many Other Fine-Car Features.

nobile

" It's Better Economy To Buy Quality ! "

in its moderate way, any good interior decorator might have been pleased. But there her single bed, with its lovely spread and lovely canopy, stretched alone, along one wall. Her generous dressing table filled one third of the rest of the space.

"Charming! Charming! So good of you to show me a real bit of yourself!"

But as, again, he stepped back, with his air of respect for a woman's privacy, Faverel was judge.

He was not judge of this slender, eager, sincere girl, with her classic dress and her pretty home doing her remarkable credit; he was judge of the man.

Kenneth Basil; they liked him; had assessed him highly in the urgent conference after Somers' shocking death; had summed him up as not only promising brilliance and dependability in his work, but as an all-round good fellow such as a firm of high standing would wish to send on its errands abroad.

Was he using this generous, alluring young woman for his own purposes of advancement tonight? How had he persuaded her? Bullied her?

This wants thinking about, Faverel thought.

"A most modern home, Mrs. Basil. Or Miss March."

He spoke slowly, smiling. They stood together in the small hall outside her bedroom door. He suggested the air of waiting for explanation. His attitude was immobile; patient. From the living room they could hear Winter's rather overloud voice; and Kenneth's more level one answering it.

SO FAR, probably, Hero Winter did not yet know anything about the inner workings of the evening; and what she wanted most desperately now was to prevent Faverel from making any revelation before he left. She ignored his "Miss March." After all, her business problem had been explained nicely.

"Well," she said, "we're modern people."

"So I see. . . . How modern?" he asked slowly.

"A wide question!" she laughed.

He looked at her gravely. Their eyes were almost on a level, for he was barely an inch taller than she, though his breadth gave him domination. Putting out his hands, gently he took both of hers.

"I like you very, very much, my dear," he said. There was no trace of offensiveness in his agreeable tone—yet it conveyed to her the quality of his liking. "Just how modern are you?"

"Oh, completely so," she said at random. "I'm head of the Art and Copy Departments at Pelham and Penley's, the advertising people. I need to keep ahead of the times."

"I'm sure you do. . . . Of course the regrettable need for secrecy in your marriage means two homes."

Explanation!

He had shown her, in two words, the way out!

Two homes.

"That's what is so difficult," she said quickly.

"It must be." He looked at her fairly and squarely. As she had done at first sight of him, she registered in her mind her own regard and respect for his kind of man. "You'll perhaps be able to make an arrangement more satisfactory to you both . . . on your husband's return from Roumania?"

But she hedged on the question of the flat.

"It's settled that he will go, then?"

The transparent eagerness and anxiety of her voice!

"Tonight has settled it, as I have assured you."

"Oh, I'm so glad. So thankful. I can't tell you—"

"Won't you be lonely?"

"I have my work," she flashed quickly.

"Your work. Of course. A salary too big to give up lightly in these very modern days."

LINNET drew her hands away. "Yes. You see . . . I've claims on me; an old, old aunt. And the dearest little nephew and niece—"

"Instead of children of your own."

He passed on quickly: "Working women are always sponged on."

"Oh, *no!*" She felt a tiresome lump in her throat that he had called there with his "children of your own." "It's lucky to have had people to care for!" she said.

"That's sweet of you, my dear."

"Kenneth, too. He partly keeps a young stepbrother. We—each of us—really *need* our money."

"And Pelham and Penley's clause—and *our* clause . . . ! Dear me, what conflicting clauses! You must have been hard put to it to know what to do."

"Yes. I—we—were rather hard put to it."

"I'm glad that you both took your courage in your hands and risked it; so that I can tell Sir Andrew young Basil certainly is most fortunately married."

And his eyes, smiling again, said plainly: "I know it isn't true. And you know I'm too wise to be fooled. But call it your secret, just as you like."

"I feel we have to thank you personally," she said in a hurry.

"Please don't thank me. And now, I must be going. Yes. Really—"

Thank heaven!

"May I ring you up?" he asked quietly.

"Please do," she said.

"I'm sure you have a thousand friends, but I hope that they will leave you lonely for just one more."

He was lifting his overcoat from the oak chest, shrugging himself into it. Every movement he made was somehow efficient and powerful. Everything he said and did had definite meaning. She was aware of it, and wanted not to be thus alone with him any more just now. He was too much for her. "Kenneth, Mr. Faverel is going."

Kenneth joined them.

"A nice little flat, Basil," Faverel said cordially, shaking hands. "I congratulate you on that too. Sir Andrew will see you first thing in the morning."

"Yes, sir."

"You'll have the job, of course. I've reassured your wife. Good night . . . Good night." He nodded urbanely through the open door to Hero Winter, who stood staring from within.

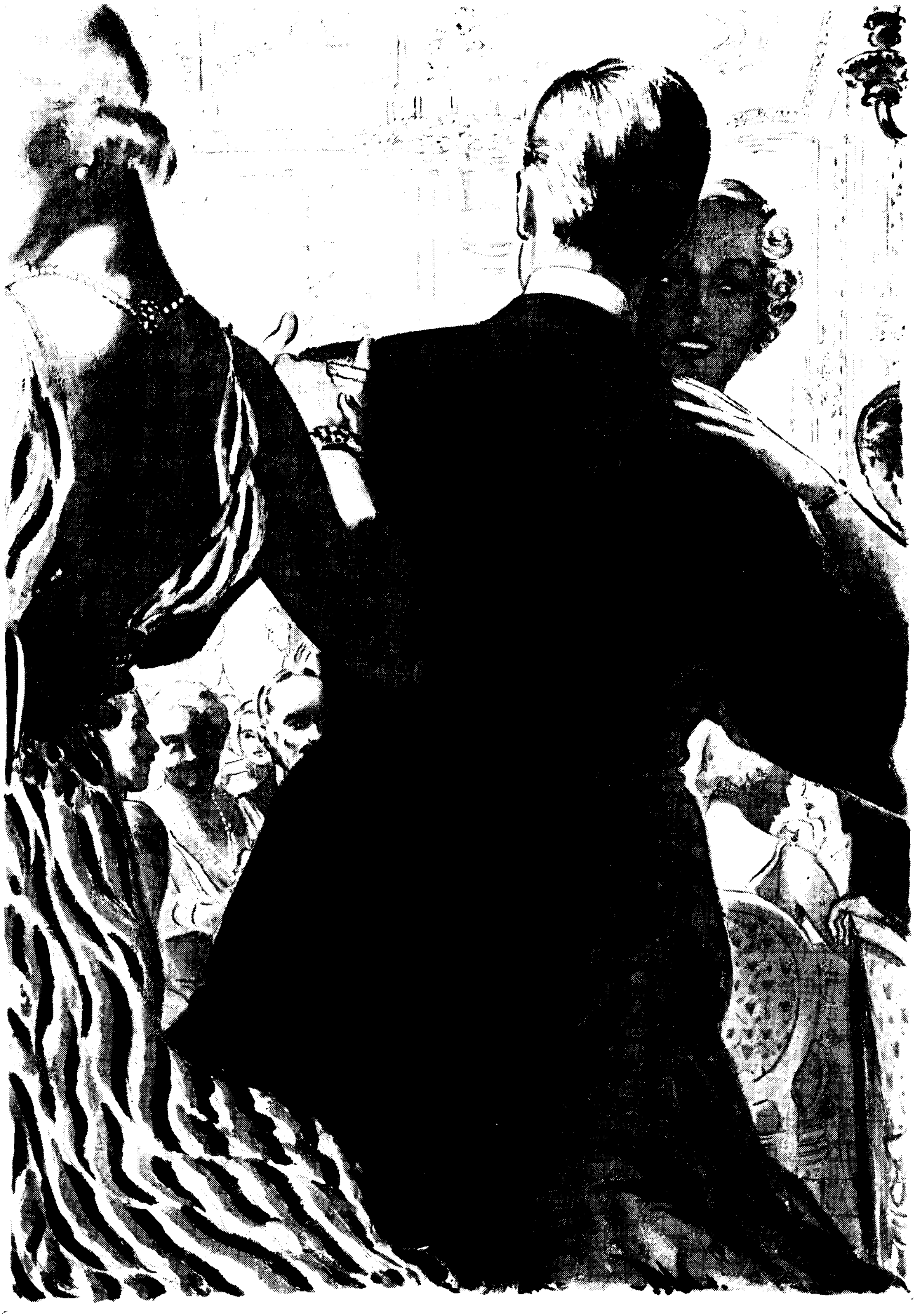
"I'll see you down, sir," Kenneth said quite huskily, flushing a deep red.

"My car will be there by now." They left the flat together. She could hear their mutually cordial male voices receding down the stairs. Linnet almost ran into the living room.

"*Well?*" Winter demanded.

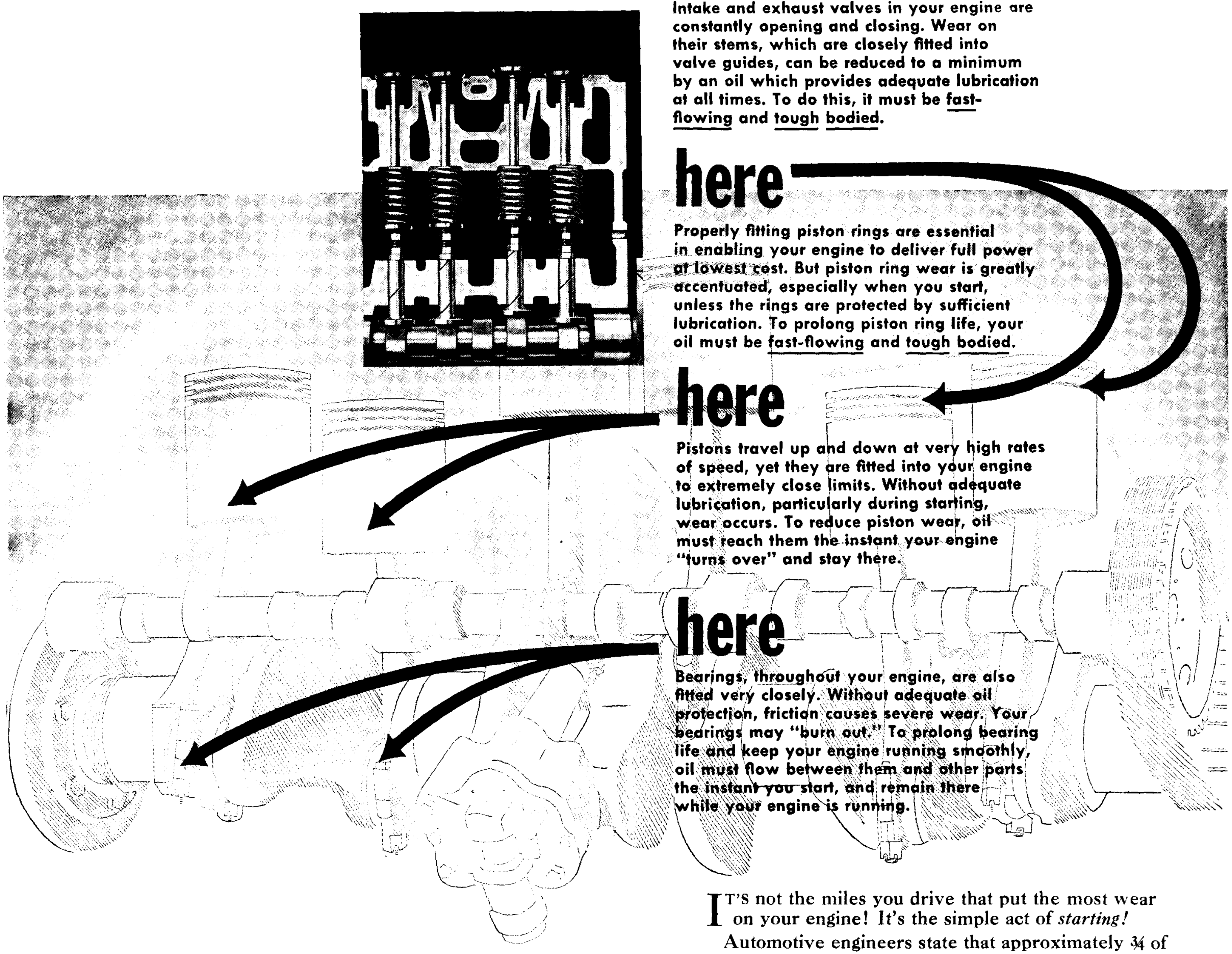
IT WAS not so much a question as an exclamation of surprise from one who claimed a right to upbraid her for everything she did that might offend or dismay him. That this attitude of Hero Winter's was indefensible curiously made it no less difficult for her to combat.

This way of his always incensed her, for she was youthful enough to demand logic and justice in all her dealings, and yet sufficiently a business woman to recognize a piece of barefaced bluff, and to know that this was Hero's type of *(Continued on page 63)*



She looked over his shoulder and whispered, "We're carrying it off, Kenneth"

Every time you Start—your engine **wears here**



Intake and exhaust valves in your engine are constantly opening and closing. Wear on their stems, which are closely fitted into valve guides, can be reduced to a minimum by an oil which provides adequate lubrication at all times. To do this, it must be fast-flowing and tough bodied.

here

Properly fitting piston rings are essential in enabling your engine to deliver full power at lowest cost. But piston ring wear is greatly accentuated, especially when you start, unless the rings are protected by sufficient lubrication. To prolong piston ring life, your oil must be fast-flowing and tough bodied.

here

Pistons travel up and down at very high rates of speed, yet they are fitted into your engine to extremely close limits. Without adequate lubrication, particularly during starting, wear occurs. To reduce piston wear, oil must reach them the instant your engine "turns over" and stay there.

here

Bearings, throughout your engine, are also fitted very closely. Without adequate oil protection, friction causes severe wear. Your bearings may "burn out." To prolong bearing life and keep your engine running smoothly, oil must flow between them and other parts the instant you start, and remain there while your engine is running.

STARTING causes more wear than all the running

IT'S not the miles you drive that put the most wear on your engine! It's the simple act of *starting!*

Automotive engineers state that approximately ¾ of all engine wear takes place in the starting period.

Unless your oil flows instantly, over 100 closely fitted engine parts scrape against each other "dry" of lubrication when you step on your starter.

To minimize starting wear, Shell engineers have developed a new-type motor oil—Golden Shell.

FAST-FLOWING, it puts an oil cushion between engine parts the instant you start. TOUGH BODIED, it resists breaking down into sludge and carbon under the extreme temperatures of steady running.

Golden Shell Motor Oil is sold coast to coast. There's a Shell station in your neighborhood.

The NEW motor oil—Golden Shell

SHELL

"We're eleven times an Elgin family"

says lovely Ann Wendling *of St. Louis and Louisville*

"PRESS TIME," like ELGIN, is traditional! Miss Wendling has reported for the famous paper her grandfather founded and owned

LOTS OF FUN! A grand time is in store for everybody when Ann Wendling sponsors a roller skating party

SKEET SHOOTING is just one of the many sports Miss Wendling enjoys. She is enthusiastic about tennis, riding, and ice-boating, too

COMING OUT preparations will soon be absorbing a great deal of Ann Wendling's time. She will make her formal bow to society during the autumn season

(Elgin—just the graduation gift your young daughter will love!)

"To us a timepiece means an ELGIN," writes Ann Wendling, vivacious and charming daughter of the South. "Credit should go to my grandfather for starting this family tradition of ours."

A strong, traditional preference for ELGIN is to be found in many of America's prominent families today. And never is it more active than at graduation time.

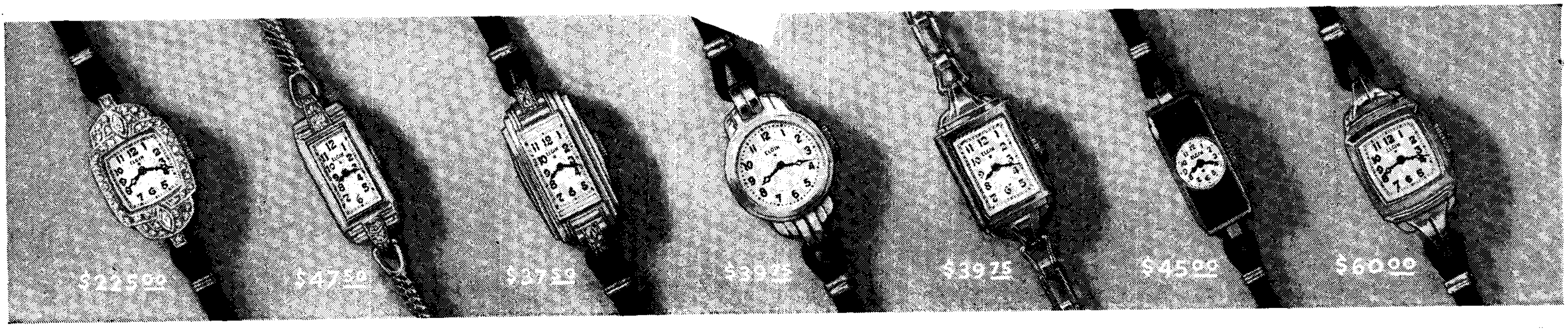
The new ELGINS for this year's graduate are miracles! So exquisite you will fairly catch your breath when first you spy them. And there are scores of fashionable styles from which to make your choice!

Each of these little ELGINS is created by the perfect partnership of age-old craftsmanship and modern science. Solidly honest in materials and every detail of workmanship. Each is timed to the absolute standard of the stars. The quality is marked on every case.

Thrill your young graduate with a smart, accurate ELGIN such as Ann Wendling wears. Models of 15 jewels or more are $25 to $500. Other fine ELGINS from $17.50. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

★ ELGIN ★

MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP SINCE 1865



Experience with Women

Continued from page 17

shy and stammering that it would be picking on him.

"Yes," I said, "we had an errand."

Mr. Chevvis shook his head.

"That's a situation," he said, "that's a situation."

"You mean Minnie?" Jeeber said.

"Poor youngster, poor youngster," Mr. Chevvis said.

It sounded awfully silly. I mean Mr. Chevvis wasn't more than about thirty years old himself and had a good physique. And he was acting like an excited old grandpa.

"Minnie's doing fine," I said. "You couldn't tell to look at her that anything had happened at all."

Jeeber got sore at me. He always admired Mr. Chevvis because he was a true celibate and did not run around with girls. I could not see that this was so much, for Mr. Chevvis was not a strong character, only too bashful.

"You'll have to excuse Joe, Mr. Chevvis," Jeeber said. "This is over his head and in his true nature he is one of the worst Philistines in school."

"Nuts to you," I said.

Mr. Chevvis shuffled around, gulping for air.

"Mr. Fentrice has the right view of it," he said, "and it's very lucky for Miss Schaub that the matter came to Mr. Fentrice's attention first." Then, more nervous than ever, he said to Jeeber: "You'll not expose the poor youngster to the Brothers, will you?"

Jeeber said of course not, that would be un-Christian and foul. But he said something ought to be done for Minnie and her baby.

"Just what I'm thinking, Mr. Fentrice," said Mr. Chevvis.

I was pretty sore myself by this time. We had a tough football season ahead of us and Jeeber was our triple-threat man. If Jeeber kept on worrying about Minnie it would not be so good. You have to concentrate in football.

"Well, Mr. Chevvis," I said, "why don't you do something? You've got plenty of dough. Jeeber's all tied up with important things at school—"

"You'll have to make allowances for Joe," Jeeber said. "He's worldly."

Mr. Chevvis took off his hat and pawed at his hair.

"I've tried to do a Christian man's duty, Mr. Fentrice," he said. "But I can't get no information. I've taken my courage in hand and talked to Mrs. Anders pretty straight and to the point. But she wouldn't say yes or no. Told me to take it up with Miss Schaub. But a man can't do that. 'Tain't decent. What would you advise, Mr. Fentrice?"

Jeeber put on his best dead pan and tried to look like Brother Alexander.

"Why don't you marry Minnie?" he said.

This got Mr. Chevvis so scared that he pretended he just remembered there was some laundry he had to deliver that very minute. He jumped in his truck and drove off.

"He's yellow," Jeeber said, disgusted.

IT STRUCK me all of a sudden that Mr. Chevvis had acted and talked pretty darn' peculiar all the way through. And then I remembered that Mr. Chevvis had brown eyes and so did Minnie's baby. I didn't stop to think any more, because I was sore at Jeeber and I wanted to show him he wasn't so dog-gone smart.

"Huh!" I said, "no wonder he's yellow. He's the father of Minnie's baby!"

"You're crazy!" Jeeber said.

"They've both got brown eyes," I said, "and why did he act so guilty? Think it over, wise guy."

Jeeber was thinking it over all through football practice. Brother Barnabas and the fellows on the squad couldn't understand what had got into Jeeber. He just stumbled around in a daze.

"Come, come, lad!" Brother Barnabas said. "Young Homer nods," meaning Jeeber had missed a tackle a mile.

That night, during study period in our room, Jeeber suddenly looked up from his desk.

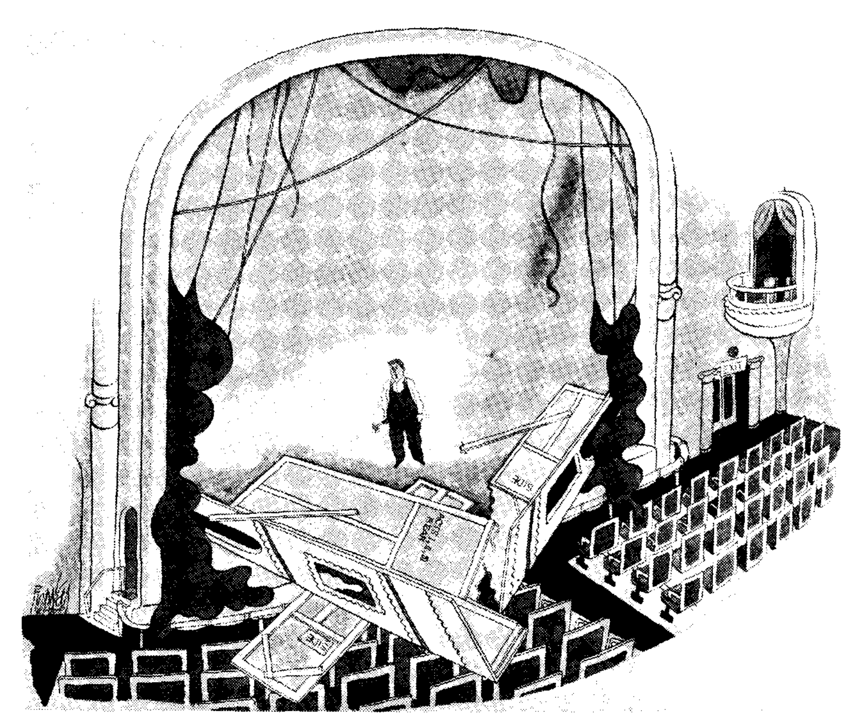
"I'm afraid you're right, Joe," he said. "It must be Chevvis. The more I think of it the more I'm convinced. He turned pale when I suggested that he marry Minnie. He's a whited sepulcher—a whited sepulcher. The swine!"

Jeeber jumped to his feet.

"Now, what—for Pete's sake?" I said.

"I'm going to have a showdown with Chevvis!"

By this time, I had sense enough to



"All right, fall down!"

RODNEY DE SARRO

Your hair
can contribute to your appearance and success!

use VITALIS and the "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

GIVE your hair a chance to help you in your daily life. For well-groomed hair marks the chap who is careful of his appearance—who is keenly aware of the part it plays in a man's success.

Keep your hair handsome and lustrous with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"! Apply Vitalis, rub it briskly on the scalp. You'll like the tingling, pleasant sensation as your scalp welcomes this invigorating massage. Circulation speeds up—the pure vegetable oil of Vitalis helps to replace the natural oils.

Your hair looks like a million dollars after your "60-Second Workout" with Vitalis! It's rich and lustrous—handsome and easy-to-comb—and no sign of that objectionable "patent-leather" look! Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug store. Start your "60-Second Workouts" today.

• **50 SECONDS** to rub—circulation quickens—needed oil is replaced—your hair has a chance!

• **10 SECONDS** to comb and brush—your hair has a lustre but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

ASK YOUR BARBER for genuine Vitalis in the new sanitary Single-Application Sealtube. Where you see this seal, you are assured the same genuine Vitalis you use at home.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

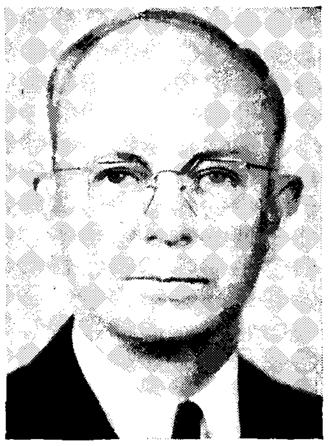
MIRACLE OF SILENT FREEZING

SAFEGUARDS SCIENTISTS' FOOD—Members of the Bowdoin-Kent's Island expedition in the Bay of Fundy made sure of *dependable* food protection by taking along a Servel Electrolux. Kerosene replaced gas as the fuel in this modern refrigerator, which kept fresh the seal meat, canned orange juice and other chief items of the scientists' diet. The photo shown above is from the collection of William A. O. Gross, director of the expedition.

"I ECONOMIZE 3 WAYS by having my Servel Electrolux," writes Mrs. Wells V. Quiggle of Washington, D.C. "First, it cuts down my food bills. Second, it costs me less than my former refrigeration. Finally, it never gets out of order or needs repairs."

(*Left*) **TEXAS HEAT NO PROBLEM**—Installed in Houston's smart Warwick Apartments two years ago, Servel Electrolux refrigerators win the praise of President-Manager W. C. O'Leary for their "freedom from service" even in hottest summer weather. "We have found them most economical to operate and have had no occasion to require a single visit of a service man since the first thirty days when our refrigerators were being adjusted."

(*Left*) **PAYS ITS OWN WAY**—"I never dreamed any refrigerator could save so much," says Mrs. Margaret J. Hart of Los Angeles, Cal. "Our Servel Electrolux pays its own way with its big savings on operating cost and food bills."



(*Above*) **REALLY SILENT**—Because Mr. C. A. Larmer of Dallas, Texas, has "plenty of noise all day in town," he insisted on a refrigerator that was "really silent," as well as inexpensive to run. His choice was Servel Electrolux. "At least five of my friends have purchased Servel Electrolux because of our complete satisfaction."

FILMDOM FAVORITE—Fifi D'Orsay, vivacious star of "Three Legionnaires," a General Pictures production, favors the *silent* operation of a Servel Electrolux. Like other Hollywood celebrities, she knows that noise-free refrigeration is a real comfort. And she knows, too, that Servel Electrolux means the last word in money-saving service.

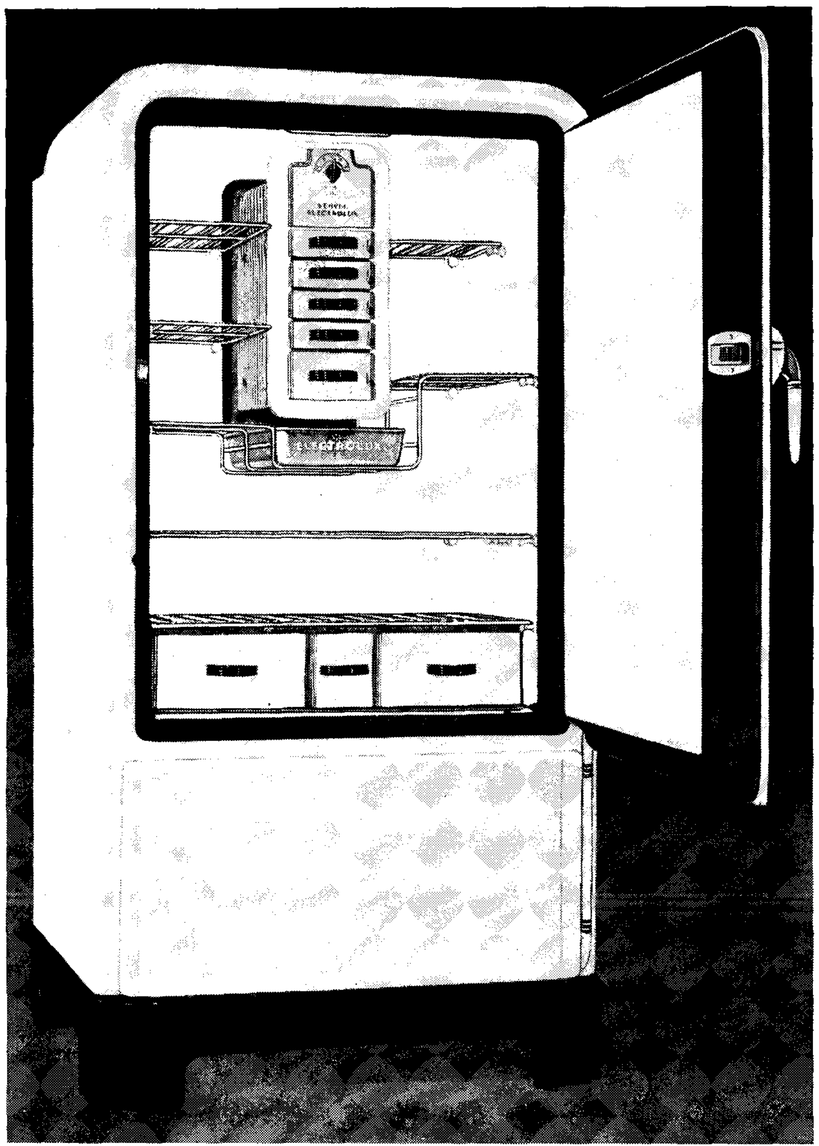
SERVEL
ELECTROLUX

ICE CUBES FOR ISLAND HOME—*Joe Johnson's home is on remote* Munson Island, 25 miles from Key West, Florida. Yet he enjoys the convenience and economy of finest modern city refrigeration with a Servel Electrolux operating on kerosene. He is shown here standing at left with friends just before they set off in a skiff across open water with their ice-making cargo.

BRINGS OWNERS BIG SAVINGS

All over the world SERVEL ELECTROLUX *is providing safe refrigeration ...for more years at low cost...because its freezing system*

HAS NO MOVING PARTS



Here's the secret of this different, noise-free operation, which offers you exclusive advantages

THROUGHOUT its long life, Servel Electrolux serves you in silence! And this is far more than just a comfort. It means *continued* savings, as millions have proved.

For permanent silence is the outward sign of a basically different refrigerating method that has no moving parts—and needs none! A tiny gas flame does all the work in Servel Electrolux. It circulates the refrigerant which keeps your food fresh for days and adds to your pleasure with sparkling cubes of ice and delicious frozen desserts.

By this simpler, noiseless way of producing cold, Servel Electrolux is *set apart* from every other refrigerator, bringing you important benefits no other can match. It assures longer, more satisfying performance—a practical absence of upkeep expense—the same low operating cost year after year.

For remember, parts that do not move cannot wear and become inefficient, cannot cause rapid depreciation or increase the daily cost of operation.

Remember, too, the great American gas industry has tested Servel Electrolux for you. Your own local gas company backs and services every one it installs.

See the beautiful 1937 models at any gas company or dealer showroom. Learn how easy it is to own this modern gas refrigerator on a convenient purchase plan. Owners have figured out that Servel Electrolux pays for itself with the money it saves—in a *remarkably* short time.

For farm and country homes, it runs on kerosene or bottled gas

You can *still* enjoy the convenience and savings of a Servel Electrolux, though you live miles from the gas mains. Write for details. Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind. (Servel Electrolux is also sold in Canada and Central and South America.)

* * *

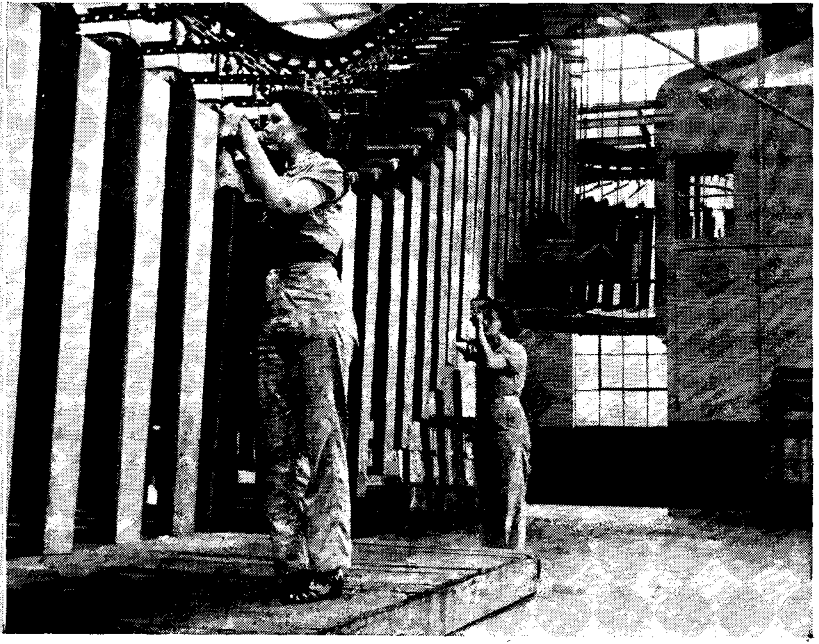
TUNE IN "THE MARCH OF TIME"—Columbia Network—Thursday evenings, 10:30 E.D.T. Sponsored by the makers of Servel Electrolux.

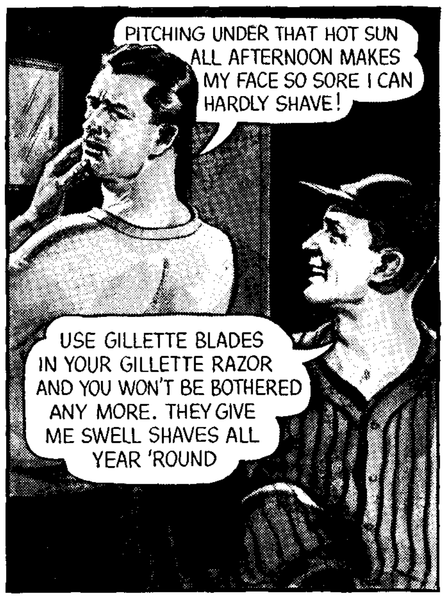
SERVEL ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

(*Left*) THIS SIMPLE GAS BURNER does the work in a Servel Electrolux. It takes the place of moving, wearing parts. This is why Servel Electrolux is permanently silent. And this is also why it gives you more years of money-saving refrigeration.

(*Right*) EVERY STEP in the process of making a Servel Electrolux is synchronized and supervised to produce the utmost in refrigerator value. Today, nearly a million families in homes and apartments the country over acclaim it "the finest refrigerator of them all."




PITCHING UNDER THAT HOT SUN ALL AFTERNOON MAKES MY FACE SO SORE I CAN HARDLY SHAVE!
USE GILLETTE BLADES IN YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR AND YOU WON'T BE BOTHERED ANY MORE. THEY GIVE ME SWELL SHAVES ALL YEAR 'ROUND

THE FOLLOWING WEEK...

STRIKE THREE
LOOKS LIKE YOU AND I HAVE ENDED CHUCK'S SHAVING WORRIES
WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
GILLETTE RAZOR

Shaving Is So Much Pleasanter

—when your blade and razor are perfect mates

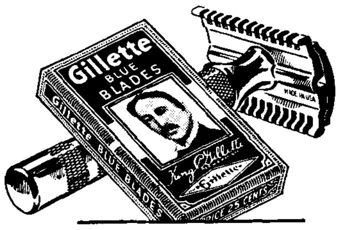
No need to be discouraged if your beard is tough and your face tender. Just shave the "All-Gillette" way and see how really comfortable shaving can be when you use the blade that was made for your Gillette Razor.

The Gillette Razor and Gillette Blade are designed by the same engineers. Both are produced in the same great factory. Naturally they work perfectly together in giving you the cleanest and most comfortable shaves imaginable.

Why separate a winning combination? Buy a package of Gillette Blades from your dealer today. Use one in your Gillette Razor tomorrow, and see why millions of men will use no other blade!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—Every Sunday night over CBS Network—Coast to Coast.



Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

realize that Jeeber was heading for real trouble. I knew it was partly my fault for putting the idea of Mr. Chevvis' guilt into Jeeber's head. I argued with Jeeber for an hour, trying to make him see that it would do no good to accuse Mr. Chevvis without proof. Jeeber finally agreed that we would put the bee on Minnie, instead. If Minnie admitted it, then we could do something about Mr. Chevvis.

Jeeber and I had to wait until after breakfast and Chapel next morning before we could corner Minnie alone.

We waylaid her in the pantry at Bexley House and Jeeber said right out: "Mr. Chevvis is the baby's father, isn't he?"

Minnie dropped a water pitcher.

"Land sakes, Mr. Edward!" Minnie said, showing that girls of the servant class have not much intelligence, "that's funny!" and she went into a fit of giggles.

I'll say this for Jeeber; he kept a strictly dead pan.

"This is no laughing matter, Minnie!"

Minnie kept right on giggling.

"Why, Mr. Chevvis ain't never got up enough spunk even to speak two civil words to me, Mr. Edward," she said. "He hung around the back door all last year an' never cheeped. Why, if you was to accuse him of such a thing he'd lay right down and die of the mortification!"

Jeeber grabbed her arm.

"Who *is* the man, then, Minnie?"

This time Minnie stopped giggling and got very uppity.

"I don't hafta tell you or anybody, Mr. Edward," she said, "and I'm surprised you got no more sense of what's fitten than to ask me such a question. The idea! I could have you expelled!"

Jeeber shook his head.

"I only want to help you, Minnie," he said. "Joe thinks we should leave you to your fate, but—"

"Mr. Joe is plumb right! Please stop thinking about me and the baby, Mr. Edward. We ain't doing no harm to nobody and we just wanta be left alone!"

Maw Anders yelled for Minnie, so Jeeber and I had to beat it. I was glad and I said: "I hope you've got enough of playing Brother Alexander, pal! I sure hope you've got enough!"

But Jeeber still had his mind on Minnie. Then he got to worrying about Minnie's poor little baby. He said Maw Anders and Minnie were not giving the baby the right sort of food and that its clothes were dirty and raggedy. He said the school council ought to vote the money we had in the treasury to Minnie's baby.

I got good and sore.

"Not one red cent!" I yelled. "We're saving for a chow-bust. Nuts to that!"

Jeeber got sore, too.

"This school hasn't taught you anything, Joe," he said. "You're a rich man's son and a purse-proud economic royalist!"

"Is that so?" I said. "Your dad has a lot more money than mine. And he's a member of the Liberty League to boot. If anybody's an economic royalist, you are!"

I was sorry I said that, because Jeeber wasn't guilty of being an economic royalist himself—only his family. Jeeber wouldn't give me a chance to apologize. He just turned and walked off, really good and sore.

That night, we had the big H of a row. Jeeber called a Deep Mum meeting of the school council and moved that we vote all the money in the treasury to buy clothes for Minnie's baby.

I did not say anything against it to the fellows, because I wanted to make up with Jeeber. But Woppy Gualdoni had been looking forward to the chow-bust and he said, "To heck with this Holy Moses stuff! It makes me sick!" He thought he could get away with it because Jeeber had promised Brother Philip not to raise his hand in violence against anybody without first telling Brother Philip. But I had not promised, so to get back in good with Jeeber I jumped on Woppy just to give him a mild dusting.

Woppy yelled bloody murder and in came Brother Andrew, our house master, saying: "Lord, Lord—what has come to pass in here?"

"Just a roughhouse, Brother Andrew," I said.

But Woppy broke the Deep Mum and blabbed the works. He told about Minnie and the baby and everything.

Brother Andrew's face was a sight.

"May God preserve your innocence in spite of this," Brother Andrew said. "Purge all that you have heard from your minds. The Superior must be told—"

And he went padding off in his big slippers to tell Brother Alexander, so excited that the rope he wore around his waist came undone and dragged after him.

I looked at Jeeber. We had all put on dead pans, but Jeeber was the only one that had a good St. George's dead pan.

"A month's solitary for you, Woppy!" Jeeber snapped. "Motion carried!"

Jeeber and I didn't get to sleep for a long time. Jeeber made up with me for socking Woppy. He said now the beans were spilled plenty. He said the Brothers would get into it and, not knowing anything about this wicked world, would be sure to gum everything up. They would tell our folks on us and our folks would think terrible things.

I remember Jeeber sitting there on his bunk and saying: "They'll crucify us, that's what they'll do. And Minnie will egg 'em on, that's what she'll do. This is a vale of tears."

Sure enough, as soon as the Brothers and our folks and all the other old people got into it there was a real big H to pay.

Brother Alexander sent for Jeeber and me right after Chapel. Brother Andrew said it was the stand-up room. This was the room where you caught the biggest H at St. George's—Brother Alexander always put on his black robe and hood and sat behind a rough plank table. There wasn't anything else in the room, no place to sit down, and only a stained-glass window with "The Light of the World" on it and Brother Alexander to look at.

Jeeber had a good dead pan; mine was not so good.

Brother Alexander looked at us like it was the Last Judgment.

"I am very sad, my sons," Brother Alexander said. "It would appear that we have not done our duty here."

I gave Jeeber a what-the-big-H look. Jeeber just stood there like a soldier, feeling sorry for Brother Alexander.

"We should have shielded you boys from any contact with the young woman," Brother Alexander said. "You are too young to know such as she appears to be. I hope you will forgive me and the Brotherhood. I can only assure you that this lamentable case will be quickly and, I trust, wisely disposed of. Try not to remember this side of the world—it is ugly and damnable. Think only pure thoughts. You may go!"

Jeeber and I stumbled out of that stand-up room; I gave a whoop when we were a ways down the corridor. But Jeeber was sore.

"I told you how they'd act up," he said, disgusted. "They think it's dirty—about Minnie. Do you see anything dirty about it, Joe?"

"What the big H?" I said. "Forget it. Let *them* handle it."

Before Jeeber could say anything more, Pete Doeffler came up to tell us that Mr. Chevvis wanted to see Jeeber.

Mr. Chevvis was standing beside his laundry truck in the Roxborough House drive. He had tears in his eyes, he was so ashamed.

"Brother Philip and Mrs. Bryan have gone to Mrs. Anders'," he said. "There's another girl there and a terrible mix-up. You boys have got to come and straighten it out!"

"Not me—nix," I said. "Brother Alexander told us to keep out of it."

"But they're trying to take her kid away!" Mr. Chevvis said. "You won't let 'em do that, will you, Mr. Fentrice?"

Jeeber made me go with him and Mr. Chevvis.

There was a swell howdy-do in Mrs. Anders' front parlor when we got there.

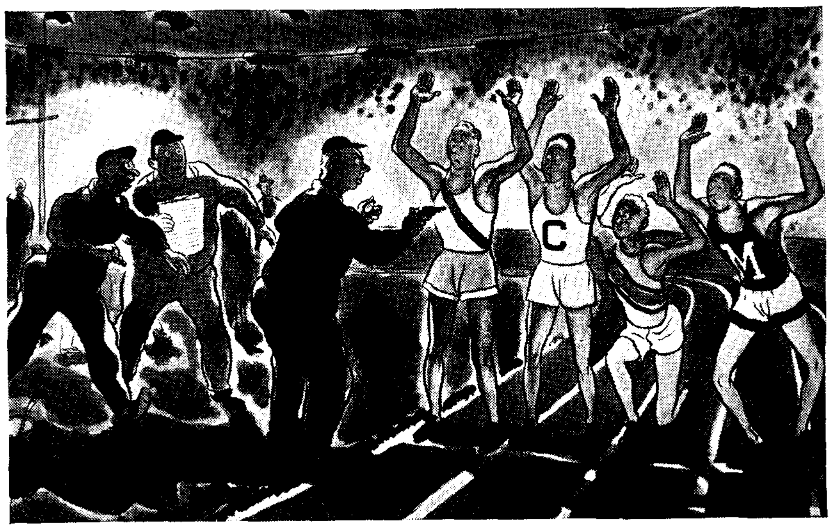
Minnie was standing in a corner, hugging the baby for dear life. The baby was crying. Another girl about Minnie's age—only black-haired and plumper—was sitting on the arm of a chair. Brother Philip and Mrs. Bryan and Mrs. Anders were all talking at once to Minnie.

"I don't care what she says!" Minnie was yelling. "He's my baby! He's my very own baby! You'll hafta kill me first before you take him away!"

"You're a dirty liar, Minnie Schaub," said the other girl. "He's my baby and I can prove it!"

Brother Philip saw Jeeber and me and said we must leave the room. Mr. Chevvis said no, that Jeeber and I were important witnesses. Mrs. Bryan said that things were being talked about that we shouldn't hear. Brother Philip was so flustered he forgot about us being there. He kept after Minnie, saying: "Where is the man responsible, then? Can you name him, Miss Minnie?"

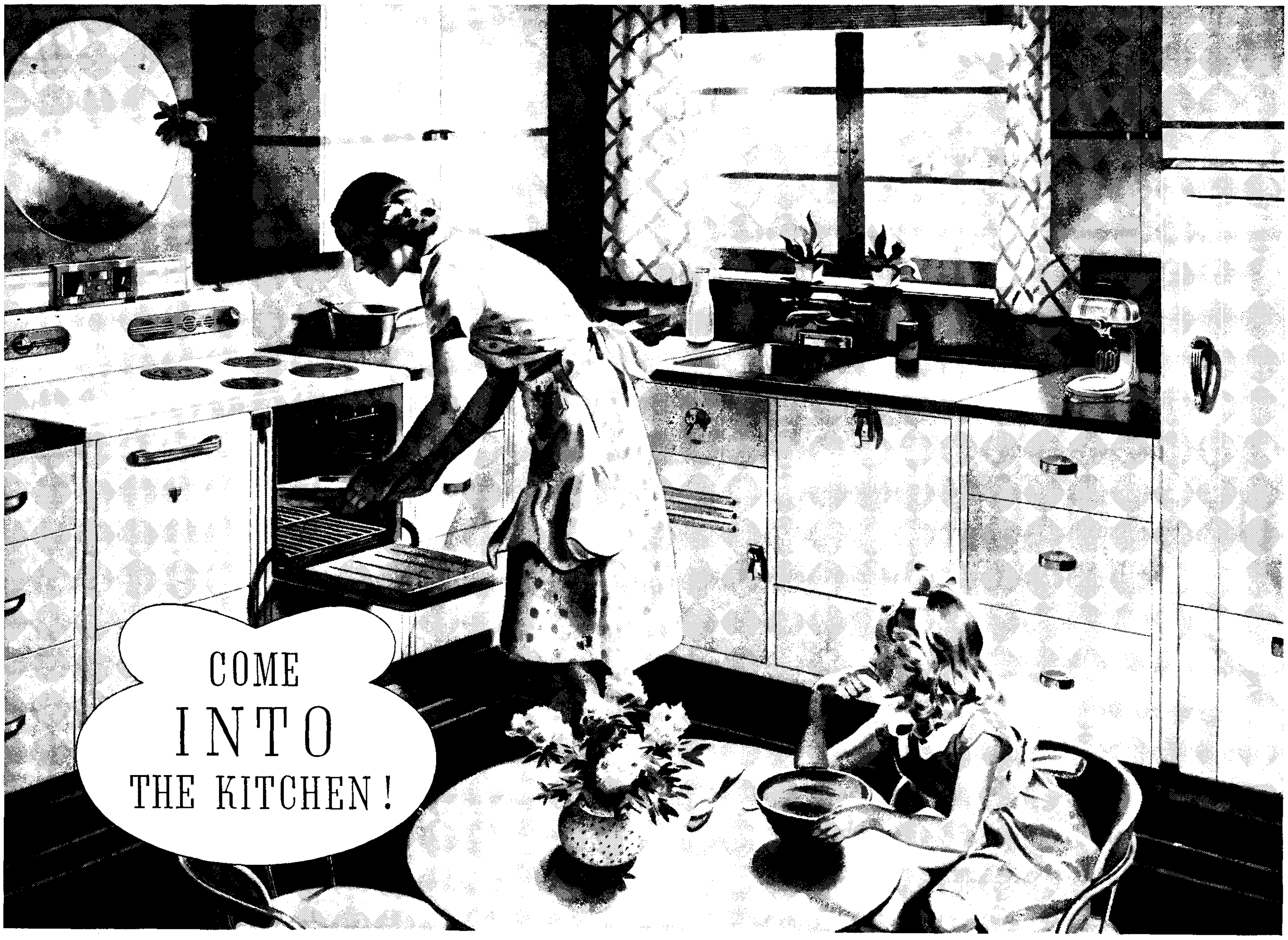
The other girl jeered at Minnie and



"I'm afraid Murphy won't make much of a starter"

RICHARD DECKER

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY • EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA


COME INTO THE KITCHEN!

Electricity and efficiency move hand in hand onto the modern domestic scene . . . conquering old problems, creating new leisure for America's homemakers.

TODAY, the magical art of electricity is creating a picture of delightful changes in the modern kitchen. Gone are the hot stove, the old-fashioned icebox, the burden of soiled dishes, the haphazard arrangements that once demanded so many weary steps. With the aid of electricity, the modern kitchen adopts new principles of efficiency, of convenience, beauty and cleanliness.

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No woman need envy her neighbor the blessings of a modern electric kitchen, for they are neither costly nor confined to particular types of homes. In co-operation with dealers and power companies everywhere, Westinghouse offers planning service and equipment that makes such kitchens easy to own.

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thumbs down on you if—

Don Herold Says:

It's ONE thing people won't forgive

People may forgive you for arson, for cheating at cards, for dunking your doughnuts, but—

—just you try getting away once with a hint of perspiration odor in an office or at a party

—and you're a marked man forever thereafter, unless.

From then on, you're a fine fellow, BUT—!

Nobody is broadminded about *your* perspiration aura.

Don't ask me why society is so pitilessly cruel in its scornful condemnation of anybody who thus offends its sensibilities.

Ask me how to avoid the danger of this stigma and I'll say Mum. Thousands of large, male men will bear me out on this.

Mum is a pleasant, fragrant cream which definitely annuls perspiration odor for a whole day, without interfering with perspiration. A dab under each arm does the trick. (Many men also use touches to the feet to insure freshness of hose and shoe linings.)

I wonder if he means me

Some men are the perspiration-aura type—guilty all the time in spite of daily scrubbing. Nobody'll tell you. It's best to assume that you are—and use Mum to insure you aren't.

Start with a free sample from Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. M2-57, 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City. Write your name on the margin of this column and shoot!

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

said: "No, she can't. No man ever looked at her twicet. I thought you were my best friend, Minnie, or I wouldn't never have trusted you—"

"Who is the man, Miss Minnie?"

Minnie looked at Brother Philip and then at Mr. Chevvis.

"He is Mr. Chevvis," she said.

I'll say this for Mr. Chevvis. He had a good dead pan. He never batted an eyelid when Brother Philip kind of laughed and said, "Oh, now, Miss Minnie—"

"That's the truth, Brother Philip," Mr. Chevvis said. "I'm the kid's daddy. And I-I'm w-willing to m-m-marry M-Miss Schaub right away!"

JUST to show you how dumb Brother Philip and Mrs. Bryan were, they believed Minnie. But the other girl, whose name was Vera, got plenty sore. She used a lot of bad words and said she was going to get a doctor and a lawyer and a judge and sue for the baby. Brother Philip turned pale and Mrs. Bryan said: "Oh, you mustn't do that—the publicity—" and Mr. Chevvis said: "Go ahead and sue. It's our baby!"

I looked at Jeeber and he gave me the high sign to fade away.

Outside, I said: "Minnie is a daggone liar. It's the other girl's kid."

Jeeber said: "Sure it is. She put Chevvis on the spot and he was too Christian to turn her down. But what I can't figure out is—why?"

I told Jeeber that we'd better forget it; let Brother Alexander and Brother Philip and Mrs. Bryan and Mr. Chevvis settle the screwy business. But Jeeber said that by tomorrow the Brotherhood would be all tied up in knots and our folks would be messing into it. The thing to do was to put the bee on Minnie and make her tell the truth.

"We've got to save Mr. Chevvis from marrying Minnie," Jeeber said. "A girl who would try to steal another girl's baby is too low-down to marry a nice guy like Mr. Chevvis."

"Let Brother Alexander save him, Jeeber!" I said.

"Brother Alexander won't," Jeeber said. "He'll marry Mr. Chevvis to Minnie himself. He doesn't know anything about the true wickedness of women."

Jeeber and I didn't know anything about the true wickedness of women, either—not right then. But we soon found out.

Dickie Rowland, the monitor of Bexley House, reported that he heard Mrs. Anders, the cook, telling one of the maids what Minnie had told Brother Philip. Maw Anders said that Minnie said Jeeber and I knew all about her and Mr. Chevvis. Minnie told Brother Philip that we had been like little angels to them, carrying notes and lending Minnie money and being just awfully sweet. She said they were going to name the baby Edward Fentrice, after Jeeber. Poor Brother Philip said, according to Dickie Rowland: "This cannot happen at St. George's!"

At last, Jeeber got some sense.

"Our sympathy was wasted on Minnie," he said. "We can't trust Brother Philip to settle anything. He'll monkey around until Vera sues Minnie and it all comes out in the papers. We'll have to give Minnie the O. W. W.!"

I grinned, I was so happy.

"When?" I said.

"Tonight," Jeeber said.

We had to break bounds to put the O. W. W. on Minnie. I went to Maw Anders' house and whistled for Minnie. She came out on the porch and I said Mr. Chevvis wanted to see her. I said he wanted to tell her he meant what he said when he promised to marry her. I said Mr. Chevvis was waiting down by the powerhouse. Minnie was afraid Vera would come while she was gone and steal the baby. But Maw Anders, who had stuck by Minnie, heard us and she said she would guard the baby.

The rest of it was simple. We shoved Minnie into the powerhouse storeroom which we used for the O. W. W. and went to work on her. Jeeber didn't have to do much more than explain the first torture holds of the O. W. W. and let me show Minnie how they worked.

"Stop!" Minnie yelled. "I'll tell the truth, I'll tell the truth!"

We were thoroughly humane and I only gave her two or three twists to keep her talking. The truth just poured out of Minnie, what I mean.

It was Vera's baby. She and Minnie had been pals working at a summer hotel in New Jersey. Vera had the baby and gave it to Minnie to keep for her until the sailor that was the father got a divorce so he could marry her. The sailor got the divorce and married Vera and Vera came for her baby. But Minnie had got fond of the baby and didn't want to give it up. Maw Anders knew it wasn't Minnie's baby all the time, but she was fond of it, too, and she owed Minnie some money, besides.

BUT the worst part of Minnie's wickedness was why she put the bee on poor Mr. Chevvis.

"I done it because I'm in love with him!" Minnie told us, crying. "He wouldn't never look at me. He was that afraid. I thought maybe if I gave him an opening kinda he'd perk up. So I said he was the baby's daddy and he said 'Yes.'" Then, the crazy girl got sore at Jeeber and me. "You've ruined it all now!" she said. "He won't marry me now. I'll kill myself and my blood will be on your heads."

Jeeber put on a swell dead pan.

"Give her the second twists, Joe," he said. "She's got to promise to set Mr. Chevvis free!"

That was harder work. Minnie seemed awfully set on grabbing off Mr. Chevvis. I started to put on the old O. W. W. pressure, but we were out of luck.

Mr. Chevvis had picked up our trail at Maw Anders' house and he came busting in.

Minnie threw her arms around Mr. Chevvis' neck and told him the truth about the baby. Then, she started to make a lot of simply foul charges against Jeeber and me. She said her wrist was broken and her neck dislocated and her hair was coming out and her nervous system was shattered. She said she would sue our fathers and St. George's for a million dollars.

Jeeber had the best dead pan on him that any St. George's man ever pulled under similar circumstances.

"Minnie is past redemption, Mr. Chevvis," he said. "I advise you to turn her over to the police."

But Mr. Chevvis reacted typically like a man of the lower middle class who is not very bright and is thoroughly deceived by a girl of the servant class who will stop at nothing when she falls in love.

"I'll m-m-marry you anyway, dear!" he said, smoothing Minnie's hair. "You boys run along, now. Run along before I lose my t-t-temper!"

WELL, the whole thing was straightened out the next morning. But by that time, Jeeber's mother and aunt had come on from New York City. The only reason my folks didn't come was because they were in Bermuda.

The way Jeeber's mother carried on was sickening. She held his hand and cried and said: "It is all so sordid. My poor boy; oh, my poor boy. You must let me take you away from this wretched school to where you can forget the whole horrible business. You must remember that your own world isn't like that—not one bit, Edward, dear."

It was mean, but I grinned at Jeeber. This time, Jeeber could not quite set the old dead pan. He jerked away from his mother and said: "I'm all right. It wasn't anything, Mater."

After Brother Alexander and Brother Philip finished giving us talks in the stand-up room and praying for the whole darn' school in Chapel, the excitement sort of died down.

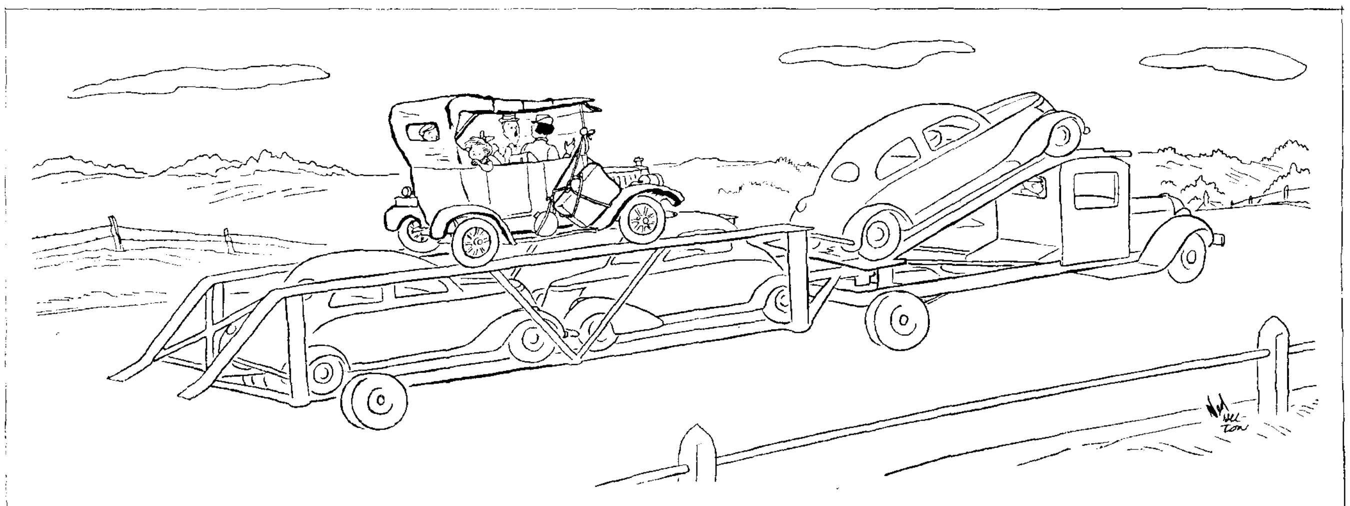
Jeeber and I turned out for football practice, and Jeeber was rarin' to go.

I said: "Well, that's that. Do we know women? But certainly!"

Good old Jeeber stood on one leg, putting on his football pants. He had the dead pan back.

"They've got it all wrong," Jeeber said. "I couldn't see anything ugly about it, could you?" Then he grinned. "I thought for a minute that you *had* busted Minnie's neck. I heard something pop."

We had a good laugh and went out to show Brother Barnabas some real football.



"See, dear? I told you this wasn't the entrance to the ferry"

NED HILTON

It takes all THIS to make a MOTOR OIL

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REG. T.M.
NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL
ONE U.S. QUART
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25¢ A QUART

FARMERS are our newest partners. They have actually made possible a new way to refine motor oil.

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It is called *Furfural.*

Refined by this Furfural Process, motor oil is washed, cleansed . . . rendered *completely free* of the impurities found in all crude oils.

Being *all-lubricant* oil, New Texaco Motor Oil lasts longer in your crankcase. It contains none of those substances that burn up or change to tar, lowering your oil level as you drive.

Don't pay for oils that contain non-lubricating, wasteful elements. They make a worn and dirty engine. Then every stroke drinks oil. Taking out impurities means you get full lubrication, without buying so much oil.

Your nearest Texaco Dealer can sell you New Texaco Motor Oil. Stop in and let him check your oil *today,* and start you off getting finer, longer-lasting, pure lubrication for your car.

Furfural acts on oil, during the refining process, simply by passing through it, washing and dissolving out the impurities that form gum, tar and carbon. The result is a finer oil with full lubricating power.

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Little Lily

By Henry F. Pringle

SILHOUETTE BY UGO MOCHI

The story of Miss Lily Pons, who adroitly combines ability with showmanship and has worked her way up from the Metropolitan to a position of considerable importance

BACK in October, 1932, a studio executive in Hollywood made an unusual mistake. Instead of saying "Yes," as is customary, he said "No." He said "No" to the screen tests which had been taken of Miss Lily Pons, who was then merely a very important star of the Metropolitan Opera Company. She was, however, an astonishingly pretty star and she photographed well.

Among the sad results of this boner was a four-year delay in Lily's movie career. The error was rectified in time. She has now appeared in two films and will make a third this summer. But Miss Pons shares the regrets of her fans that four years were wasted. For she vastly enjoys being in pictures. Hollywood, she thinks, has but a single flaw: they make you work too hard.

All this is as it should be. In appearance and in temperament, Lily Pons is peculiarly adapted to Hollywood—even to the town's more insane aspects. My point is best illustrated, perhaps, by telling about Ita. Ita was either a jaguar or an ocelot—the accounts are confused on this zoölogical detail—and Lily was "veree, veree fon' of Ita." The jaguar (or ocelot) went everywhere that Lily went and brought an incredible number of headlines to the prima donna. This was fine, because Miss Pons is also veree, veree fon' of headlines.

There is no truth in the rumor that Lily trained Ita to jump on reporters so that she could rescue them and thus land on the front page. The beast did the jumping without being told. Assume, for the moment, that Miss Pons is about to give a song recital in Kansas City. A gentleman of the press is invited in. While he is interviewing the songbird, Ita suddenly appears on the mantel or some tall piece of furniture and snarls nastily. But Lily calls her off. "Non! Non! Ita. He ees my frrien'!" she trills in her expensive coloratura soprano. The reporter, entranced, dashes back and writes a vivid piece about the incident.

"Ita ees with me everywhere," Lily explains. She was, too. Most of the newspapers in the United States have carried a story headlined "Diva Rescues Fourth Estate from Jaguar." But that was several years ago. Ita grew so big that she had to be sent to a zoo, and after that her value dropped. Lily would *visit the zoo whenever she was in New* York, would pose and would murmur: "I am so desolate without Ita! Nevair do I have another pet." But this got stale after a time and Ita faded from fame.

Exposure to Hollywood heightened certain qualities already inherent in La Pons. But the place didn't really change the girl much. A story circulated when she returned from her first visit that she wanted to be addressed as "Toots," a name given to her on the Coast. But this wasn't correct. It was due to the fact that Lily had picked up the standard Hollywood salutation, as universal in movieland as "Heil Hitler" is in Berlin. She had learned to greet everybody with "Hiya, Toots" and had hurled this at her manager, a very dignified and musical gentleman, when her train pulled into Grand Central station.

Another Hollywood influence may be discerned in her devotion to American slang; "Hokay" is about the only phrase she has really mastered, though. More complicated ones are unintelligible under her French accent. Finally, she has developed a passion for swimming pools. For the *pools,* it should be noted, not for swimming in them. The house she rents in Hollywood has one, of course, and she was photographed at its rim in a large variety of bathing suits. She may have a pool constructed at her new country home in Silvermine, Connecticut. During two summers, however, she never actually entered her Hollywood pool at all—explaining that she was too busy. It is a safe bet that the Connecticut one will be chiefly used by her friends. Miss Pons prefers bathing in a bathtub, filled with hot water and the most exotic fragrances she can buy.

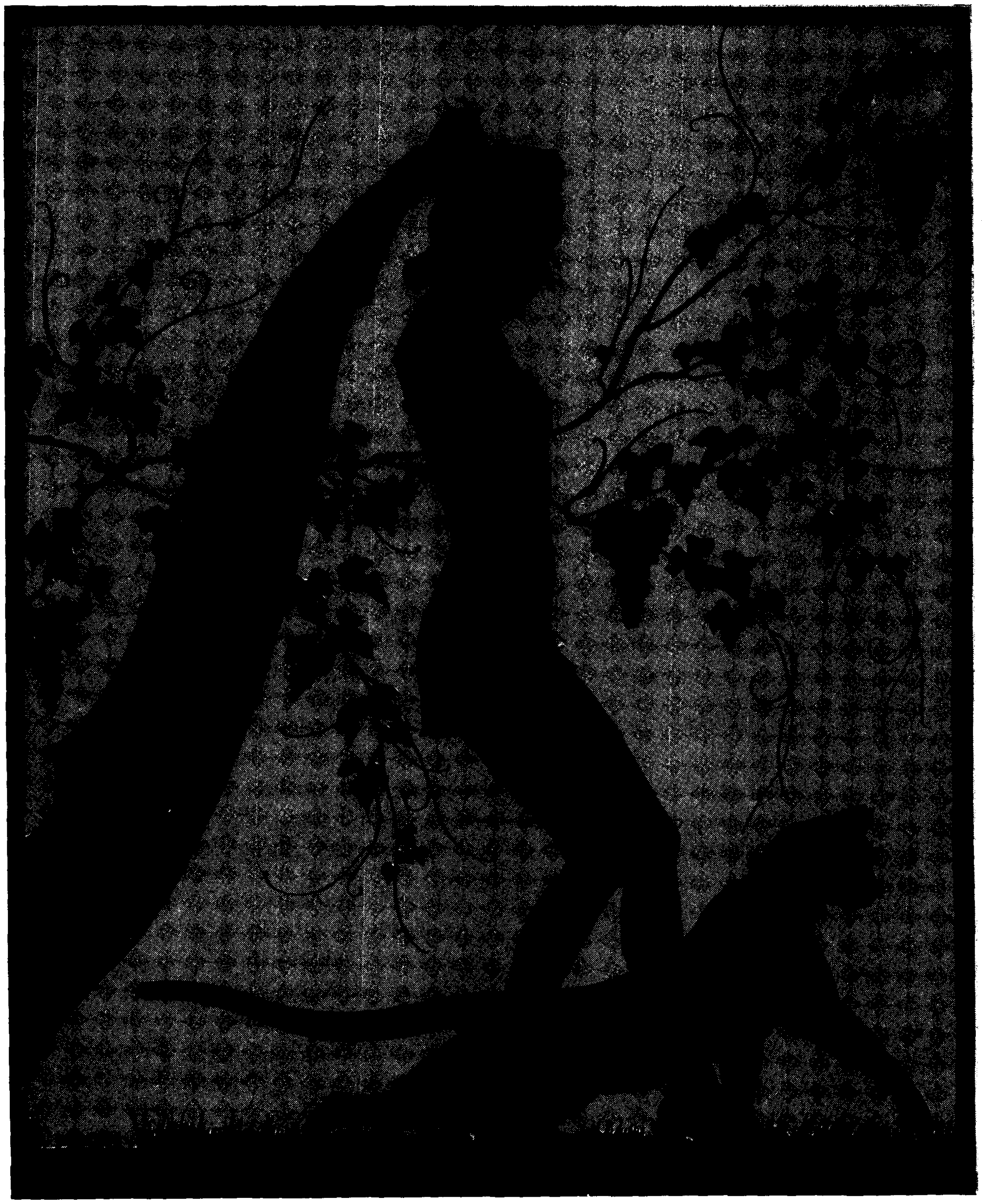
Lily's own view of Hollywood's effect is that it has improved her quite a lot. She had no objection to singing jazz. She was not even offended when they ordered her to distort the Blue Danube into swing time. She thinks that movies have helped her singing.

"In opera I have been conservative," she explains. "One must hold the hands like this and make the motions like that. In Hollywood they like it if Lily Pons make a motion which is like herself."

She approves, too, of the dresses they design for her. Her first picture had a sequence from Lakme, an opera she had sung many times in New York. Lily was very much pleased when the producers presented her with the dress worn in the scene. She announced that she would wear it at the Metropolitan.

"It ees lovely," she said, "and shows the figure."

Miss Pons' figure, although small, is definitely worth showing. She is the tiniest of prima donnas, only an inch or so above five feet, and she is forced to



Miss Lily Pons, who is fond of swimming pools and ocelots, is a great help to photographers and headline-writers

THE TIRE "BLEW"... LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING HIS CAR SHOT OFF THE ROAD

Let LOWELL THOMAS tell you what an unexpected Blow-out did to this New Jersey Motorist

HE WAS going East—East on Oxford Road near Montclair, New Jersey. But he almost "went West"—West on that one-way highway on which you can never turn around.

He was thinking about the market, about stocks and bonds. For Ralph T. Ryan, Jr., of Caldwell, New Jersey, is connected with a Wall Street brokerage firm. There was one thing he was not thinking about. One thing never entered his mind—his tires.

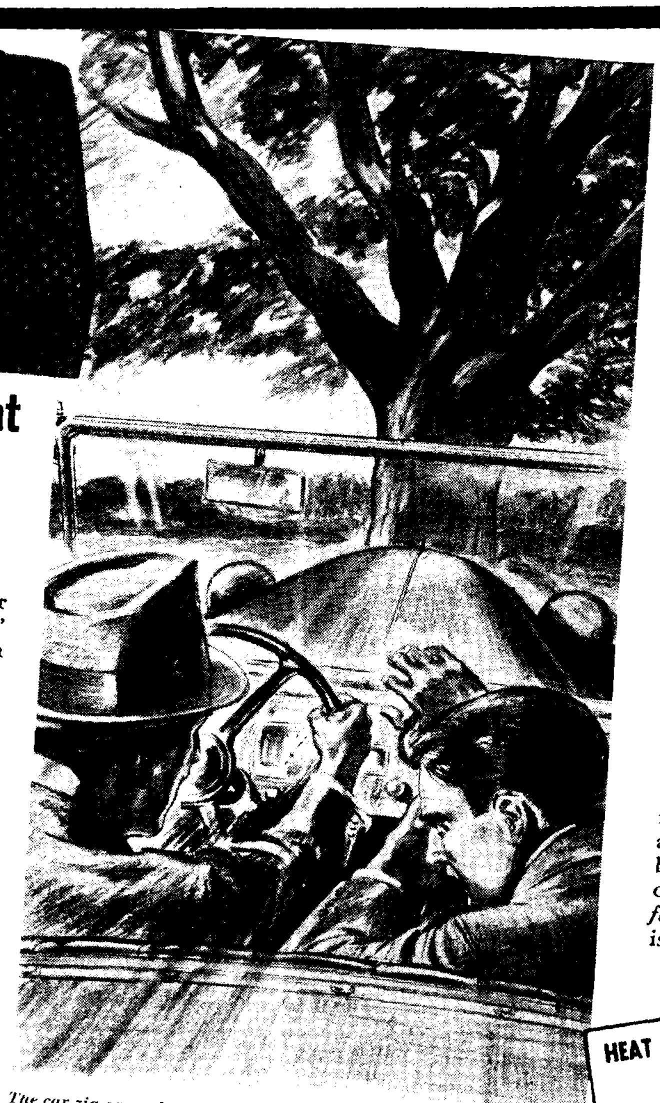
Unexpected Trouble

He knew about blisters, of course—meaning what you get on your finger when a pack of matches or a fire-cracker goes off at the wrong time. He may have heard about tire blisters which form between rubber and fabric, caused by the great heat that today's high speeds generate inside all tires. Somebody may have told him that such blisters are the great unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs.

But, like most motorists Ralph Ryan took his tires for granted. He wasn't thinking of them, never dreamed he'd have a blow-out—until BANG! went his right front tire. The car lurched—zig-zagged past a speeding roadster—then shot wildly off the road. Seconds seemed like hours before he came to a jerky stop—just in time to miss climbing a tree.

He Called it "Horseshoe Luck"

Ralph Ryan calls it "horseshoe luck"—that and the good condition of his car. He wasn't badly hurt, but he won't forget the shaking up he got in a hurry. The right front fender and the right running board were smashed, but the car stood up well enough to be driven, limping to the nearest garage for some costly repairs.



The car zig-zagged — shot wildly off the road — came to a jerky stop just in time to miss climbing a tree

Is this an unusual case? Not by a long shot. Motorists from every walk of life—from every state in the Union, thousands of them, are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control. And, unfortunately, unless you ride on tires that give you the proper protection, there's no telling *when* or *where* you might have a blow-out.

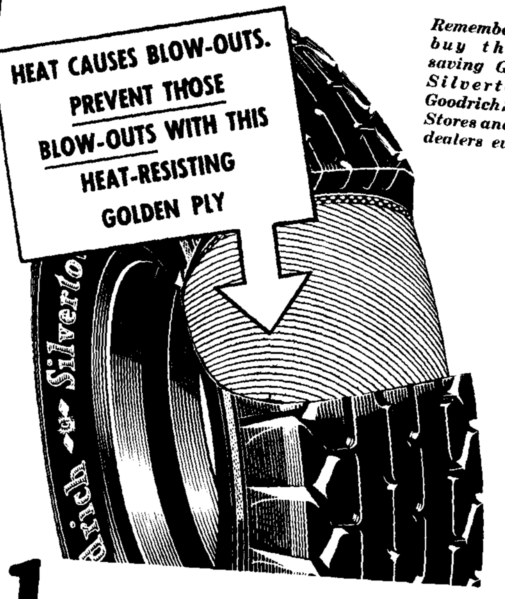
A well-known engineer told me that his organization, The B. F. Goodrich Company, America's oldest tire manufacturer, foresaw the need for a *safer* tire as soon as driving speeds began to increase. In order to provide motorists with the *real* protection they needed against high-speed blow-outs, he added that no effort or expense was spared on the part of Goodrich. The fortunate result of this tireless, scientific research, was the invention of the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

The Golden Ply, as it was described to me, is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat*. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. And when the blister is prevented, there isn't any high-speed blow-out.

Stay on the Safe Side

Taking tires for granted these days seems like a big risk for any motorist to take. Bear in mind that it's useless to try to alibi yourself out of a blow-out accident. The *safe* thing to do, I would say, would be to put *safe* tires on your car *before* the damage is done.

Lowell Thomas



Remember, you can buy these life-saving Golden Ply Silvertowns at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere.

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

"with an eye to the future"

Important

WEATHERED

METAL

Unless protected with Simoniz, all lacquers and enamels disintegrate, leaving a dull residue on the surface.

SIMONIZED

METAL

Simoniz keeps all destructive elements from coming in contact with the finish. Nothing else takes its place for preserving your car's beauty.

Simoniz Keeps Cars Beautiful for Years

The best time to start Simonizing is while your car is new. Then, it will never get old-looking. Weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays won't have a chance to dull and destroy the lacquer or enamel. Simoniz gives perfect protection . . . makes the finish last longer . . . keeps cars permanently beautiful. So, Simoniz your car! Whether new or old, the sooner it is Simonized, the better. Get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener today. And always insist on these world-famous products for your car.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

SIMONIZ
KLEENER
MOTORISTS WISE
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The Simoniz Company, Chicago, U. S. A.
Recognized for over 20 years as authorities on the care of motor car finishes.

cram herself with potatoes to keep her weight at 100 pounds. But there is unusual strength in her body and her vocal chords, according to some throat experts, are the most perfect since Caruso.

In but one detail does Lily Pons look at all like a singer, and only a musician would notice this. She has a rather long neck, with a faint, faint hint of the muscles which enable her to sing. Otherwise, she is merely a very pretty French girl. Her eyes, a deep brown, are alert and sparkling. Her hair, in a moderately long bob, is a mahogany-tinted brown. Her hands are long, expressive and rarely still.

French-Girl Patter

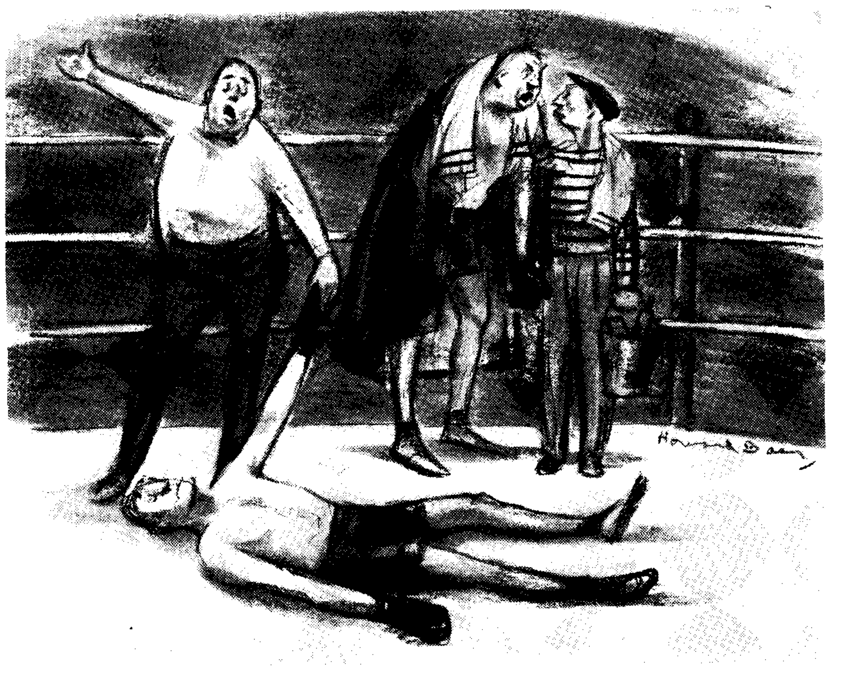
In personality, she is a mixture of two people. Her English is still uncertain, so her French-girl patter is genuine enough. It is a good act, though, and the public falls for it. So she chatters on, for public consumption, in the exact pattern of what the American doughboy hoped to find—but did not—in Paris. Meeting Mussolini, Miss Pons breathes with rapture that he "ees a fine man. So beeg!" Given a pair of shoes which are too small, she shrugs in proper Gallic fashion. "It ees no. I cannot enter!" Returning from Europe and questioned regarding the status of her marriage, she looked very sad: "We make divorce. Two monzz ago we make divorce. But we are very comrade. I don't know eef I marry again." And when a rumored engagement to a young ship's doctor had obviously come to nothing, Lily looked sad again. "My engagement is what—you say?—fini," she sighed. "From now on, I only sing love."

The other person which is part of Lily Pons is a hard-working, relatively shrewd young woman who has one of the really great voices of the day. There is little of the French-girl nonsense about her when she is with friends or co-workers. She wants money and probably makes more of it than any singer in history. She is unique in that she has at no time been even faintly doubtful that she would rise to the ultimate heights in the opera world. And this certainty she has derived, in part, from her childhood training and partly from the husband from whom she is now divorced.

The Cinderella theme is completely lacking in the story of Lily Pons. She has always been comfortably off. Never in her life has she met with a major defeat. She was born on April 16, 1904. At Cannes, the daughter of Auguste Pons, who was French, and Maria Pons, an Italian. Thus Lily is now thirty-three years old—this may be stated categorically because she was indiscreet enough, a few years ago, to put the date in Who's Who in America. The family was quite prosperous. M. Pons got into the automobile business. He was an adventurous gentleman and in 1907 attempted to drive a car from Paris to Pekin. Considerable fame came to him thereby, particularly when he got lost in the Ural Mountains and vanished from sight for a week or so. But he came back in due time. The World War was small Lily's first cloud. She had fragmentary recollections of singing in front of wounded soldiers in her early teens. Her mother ran one of the hospitals on the Riviera for a time.

Lily had no idea of becoming a singer. She was musical, however, and studied the piano at the Paris Conservatory. But the piano was to be only a polite accomplishment for a young lady whose real career would be marriage. At nineteen, in 1923, she was married to August Mesritz, a Netherlander and a man of wealth. They lived in Paris most of the time although they also had a place at Cannes. Lily could afford to be condescending toward her two younger sisters, who were mere schoolgirls. She was not, though, wholly contented. An enormous amount of vitality surged through her small body. She did not have enough to do. She was bored, sometimes petulant and always restless. Mynheer Mesritz had several unusual qualities. He was shrewd. He could make money. He had a fine ear for music. One evening, after they had been married for about two years, he heard Lily singing while she played the piano. Before long, Mme. Mesritz was studying with Alberti De Gorostiaga in Paris; her days of boredom were over. Her excess vitality went into the work. Her husband began to build in her a conviction that she would be renowned in grand opera. Lily never grew weary. She rehearsed one song an hour a day for four months in order to sing it perfectly. Her debut came in January, 1928, when she sang with a provincial French opera company.

Lily Pons is a fool for luck and is, therefore, somewhat superstitious. This takes the form of considering thirteen her lucky number and of giving parties, whenever possible, on Friday the thirteenth. Her actual luck, though, was a bid to an audition by the Metropolitan



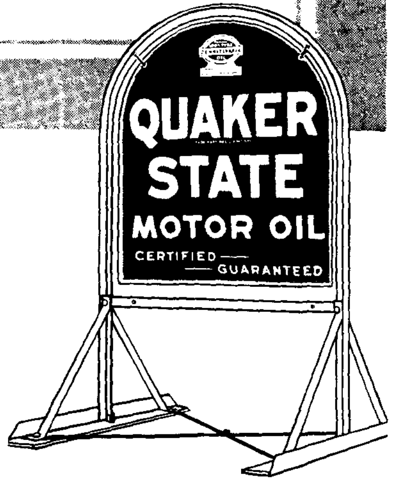
"I think the referee is prejudiced" HOWARD BAER

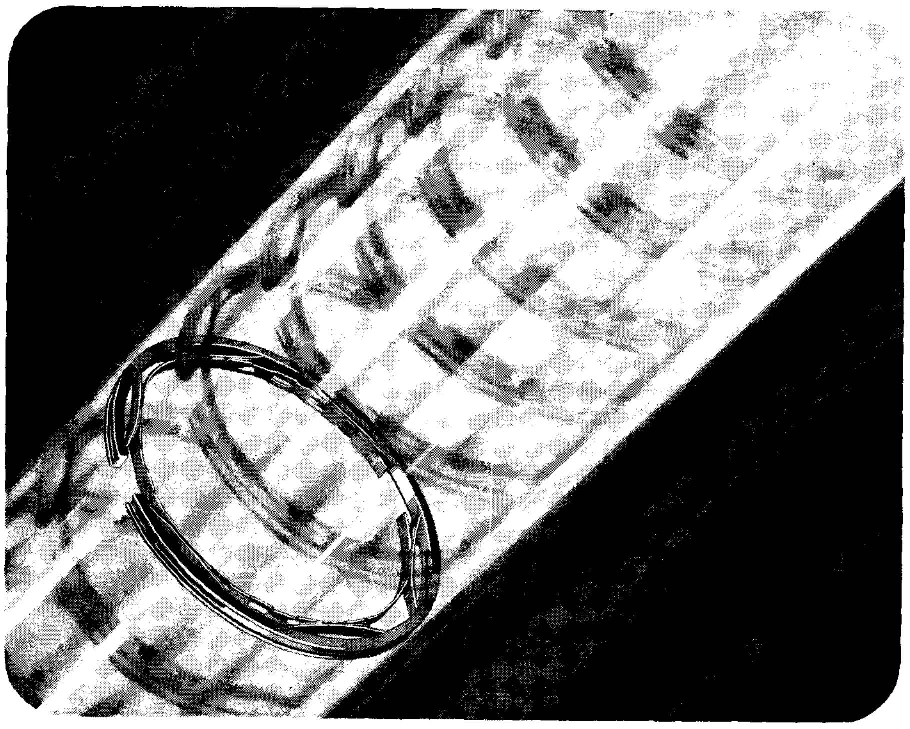
"I PARKED MY WORRY in an empty oil can"

"Nearly every time I stopped for gas, I had to add oil. I couldn't help feeling that oil which was used up so quickly just couldn't be doing a proper job of lubrication. Then I tried a filling of Quaker State. And when the service man threw away the empty can, I found that my worry went with it. This oil stays on its job. And best of all, Quaker State saves me money because I don't add oil nearly so often."

GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

Are *you* adding oil too frequently? Then you should make the "First Quart" test. Drain and refill with Quaker State Motor Oil of the proper grade for your car. Check the mileage. Note how much farther you go before you have to add a quart. That's because *"there's an extra quart of lubrication in every gallon"* of Quaker State. So, see your dealer today. Then you, too, can park *your* worries in an empty oil can. The retail price is 35¢ per quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pa.





50 times a second...

this ring saves you money

450 TO 500 DEGREES OF HEAT! Pistons flying up and down! Piston rings expanding and contracting with every stroke, *50 times a second!*

That's torture. The torture every piston ring must meet in the worn cylinders of engines that have gone 25,000 to 30,000 miles. When the rings fail, oil costs soar, power slumps, and engines wear out twice too soon.

At last a piston ring has been developed that is so amazingly flexible, so lightning-quick, that it actually achieves new-car results in cylinders that otherwise would have to have an expensive rebore job.

Due to six independent expander springs, it seals badly worn cylinders at *highest* speeds. Cuts drag and wear to the vanishing point. Tests show increased oil mileages up to 500%! Horsepower snaps back to original performance! Less gasoline is used! Motors last twice as long!

If your engine has aluminum pistons, be sure to have Perfect Circle Piston Expanders installed, too. Specially engineered for every make and model of car, they restore collapsed aluminum pistons to their original fit automatically, permanently.

Perfect Circle Rings and Piston Expanders are available through dealers and repairmen everywhere. Any good mechanic can install them in a few hours. THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANIES, *Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A. and Toronto, Canada.*

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Name__________ Address__________

City______ State______ Make of car or truck______

Year______ Model______ Mileage______ Trouble______

*Name of my repair shop*__________ Address__________

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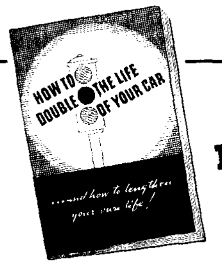
HOW TO DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR CAR
...and how to lengthen your own life!

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68-PAGE CAR- AND LIFE-SAVING BOOK

68 pages crammed with pictures and new money-saving motoring facts. Gives life-saving information on such things as how to take a sharp curve at 60, when necessary. Lists 13 ways to cut gas consumption. Tells how to avoid costly engine overhauls. We'll also send facts about your model of car. Send coupon for this big, money-saving book now. It's free.

Opera in New York at a time when she was almost unknown in Paris. Otto H. Kahn listened to her in the summer of 1930 and she sang at the Metropolitan, for the first time, on January 3, 1931. The occasion was historic and has been described many times. Lily was now in the big money and a celebrity in the musical world.

With even a mediocre voice she would probably have forged ahead, due to her possession of another talent. Ita, the jaguar or ocelot, was merely one of the devices by which the canny Lily has achieved headlines and photographs. In October, 1933, on the eve of prohibition repeal, she returned to New York on the S. S. Lafayette. The decks of the vessel were piled high with cases of cognac and Miss Pons conceived the idea of posing on them. On another occasion she sent five canaries to the Dionne infants; she sang to the birds while the cameras clicked and the resulting pictures were widely published.

Even a goddess nods sometimes, however, and it must be recorded that Lily Pons had nothing to do with the best publicity stunt of all. This was having Lilypons, Maryland, named after her. Five miles from Frederick is a small community where pond lilies are grown. Business was booming there in 1935 and the residents petitioned Washington for a post office of their own. The name suggested was Lily Ponds, which had no relation at all to our heroine. It merely described the principal activity of the place. The postal authorities replied regretfully that several towns in the country were already called Lily Ponds. Could some other name be devised?

An unidentified benefactor then conceived the idea of calling the place Lilypons and wrote to Miss Pons for her consent. She said she would be pleased, but did not grasp the significance of the proposal. A Hollywood press agent did, though. He was publicizing Miss Pons' first movie and he mailed thousands of postcards from Lilypons, Maryland. Then Miss Pons got busy. A junket to Lilypons was organized for June, 1936. Governor Nice of Maryland came over for the event. Lily was persuaded to sip a mint julep. She was taken to the tiny post office bearing her name over the door.

"Where is my postmarker?" she asked cutely. She meant postmaster, of course. She now sends all of her Christmas cards to Lilypons and has them mailed from there.

She Understands Herself

Hollywood's rejection of Miss Pons in 1932 was not, actually, a reflection on her looks or her vocal gifts. The cinema capital was, at the time, exceedingly bearish about musical pictures and the movie barons would have spurned even Jenny Lind. Then Columbia made One Night of Love, with Grace Moore. It was a smash and grossed, according to reliable reports, $5,000,000. So Lily, together with many a lesser singer, was summoned to the Coast. She adored it from the start. She had found it pleasant to be an opera star and to sing complicated arias before the most distinguished audiences in the world. As a girl at Cannes, though, American movie queens had been her particular heroines. She wanted to be a movie queen more than anything else.

Again, she had no idea that she would fail. She is excessively nervous before every operatic performance, not through any doubt of her ability but because she is a perfectionist. Her little tummy, quite often, is decidedly queasy on such occasions. Hollywood was different. If she made a mistake, the scene could be shot again. Only one remnant of the nervousness remained. She was terrified over viewing rushes of her pictures. For one thing, her English was bad. Even the tutor, constantly on the set, would be unable—she was afraid—to exorcise her French accent sufficiently. They finally lured her into a projection room, however. Lily watched round-eyed and emerged delighted.

"It ees good!" she beamed. "I, myself, can understand myself when I speak!"

She is the busiest prima donna in the annals of music. If she isn't singing at the Met she is doing concerts or singing over the radio. By August of this year she will be back in Hollywood, probably to do a musical version of Kiki. Then she will dash east for more opera. Sometimes Lily gets tired of it all and presses a hand to her lovely brow.

"I do not like the life of a diva," she moans. "Sleeping on trains. No smoking. No drinking. No fun! In ten years I quit! I buy a farm in the south of France and I build a zoo. I start with a jaguar and maybe I end with an elephant."

A Day in the Life of Lily

A typical day, when she is in New York, begins at 10 o'clock when a cloud of excited dressmakers arrive at her East Fifty-seventh Street apartment for fittings. The Pons menage is managed by Miss Margherita Tirindelli, whose title is secretary and who views all visitors with smooth hostility. Miss Tirindelli's attitude toward her boss is faintly like that of an attendant in an institution for nervous ailments. Miss Pons, unless guarded, will give hours of her time to all the eccentrics who think they can sing, who want autographs, who would like to borrow one of Lily's dresses for a party. She sees a good many of them, anyway. She spent most of one afternoon with a party of twelve girls from a Jamaica high school who had blarneyed their way past the doorman downstairs.

On the days when she is to sing, Lily will stay in bed fairly late. Otherwise, from 10 o'clock until dinner, her schedule is filled with fittings, rehearsals, dancing lessons and luncheons. She enjoys seeing people and sometimes goes to a night club. Smoke is bad for her throat, though, and all night clubs are smoky.

She gets away from it all by canceling everything and rushing up to her small house in the Connecticut hills where she does a spot of gardening, rides a horse and looks quite enchanting in the smartest of tailored slacks. Her house at Silvermine, Norman in design and charmingly furnished, is her main hobby at the present.

She was divorced from Mynheer Mesritz in 1933. But there is slight basis to Lily's reiterations, mostly to the ship news reporters, that love has flown from her little heart forever. A good many people insist that she is secretly married to Andre Kostelanetz, the conductor.

"We are not married," she said last November when, with "my Maestro," as she calls Kostelanetz, she stepped off a plane in New York. "Non! But we will be married before Christmas."

Then she roguishly refused to say which Christmas she meant and this, too, has resulted in no small amount of publicity. My best information is that they are not married, but I would wager less than a dime on the subject.

In any event, the ladies like Lily Pons because she has a superb voice and because she is chic and pretty. The gentlemen like Lily because she is a warm and friendly girl, because she has a dark and radiant beauty. Among the souvenirs in her New York apartment is an autographed photograph from Anita Loos, the girl who made literary history with a book called Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Across the photograph, Miss Loos wrote:

"To Lily Pons, who makes me a liar."

I Never Got Tired of Playing

Continued from page 20

The best catch I ever saw was made by Jack "Red" Murray of the Giants. It was the ninth inning of a game in Pittsburgh, the Giants were one run ahead, there were two out and I was on first base. As we had come to bat, the rain had started. It was an electrical storm, with lots of thunder and lightning and the Giants were stalling to get the game called and we were trying to hurry it. The pitcher finally threw one and the batter hit it on a line toward right field. By that time it was almost impossible to see the players through the rain and dusk, but that didn't seem to bother Murray. He started when the ball was hit, turned his back to the plate and pedaled toward the fence. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning and what the crowd saw was Murray jumping about a mile in the air and spearing that ball with his bare hand! There wasn't any doubt that he had caught it, for the whole field lighted up for that instant.

Funny Business on the Baselines

As I was saying before, the pitching has to be much better now. Trick deliveries have been ruled out, the half balk which held runners on base is barred, the quick pitch is no more. Men like Carl Hubbell and Dizzy Dean and Lon Warneke have to be magical with that ball to keep from being murdered. They have nothing but that ball and a glove and they have to put the apple past hitters who have taken a toe hold and know that there are no mechanical miracles coming from the mound.

The craziest play I ever took part in was the result of the quick pitch. There were three on and none out when I came up one day in Chicago with Three-Finger Brown pitching. I stepped into the box and before I had a chance to look up, Brown had slipped a quick pitch over the outside. Johnny Kling took it and slammed it down to second, catching the runner between bases. He started for third, the man on third started home and the fun waxed hot, with every player on the Cubs getting into it. The first result was that our men got back safely to third and second. The man on first, however, had wandered away in the excitement and Tinker banged the ball over to Chance, who had the runner trapped but muffed the ball, which rolled away a few feet. That started it all over again. The man from third dashed for home, Chance went back and got the ball and banged it home—and it ended up after a wild chase with three men out and me still standing there helplessly with the bat in my hand!

When they make jokes about Brooklyn teams these days, I never say a word. If you look into it you'll find that every team has made a monkey of itself that way.

There was no fraternizing in the old days. I never talked with an opposing player for three years after I broke in with Louisville but one day when the Giants were playing us, Gore, the left fielder, hit home runs the first two times up. I was playing left field for Louisville and when I passed him on the way in when the inning ended, I said in a kindly spirit:

"Nice hits there, Gore."

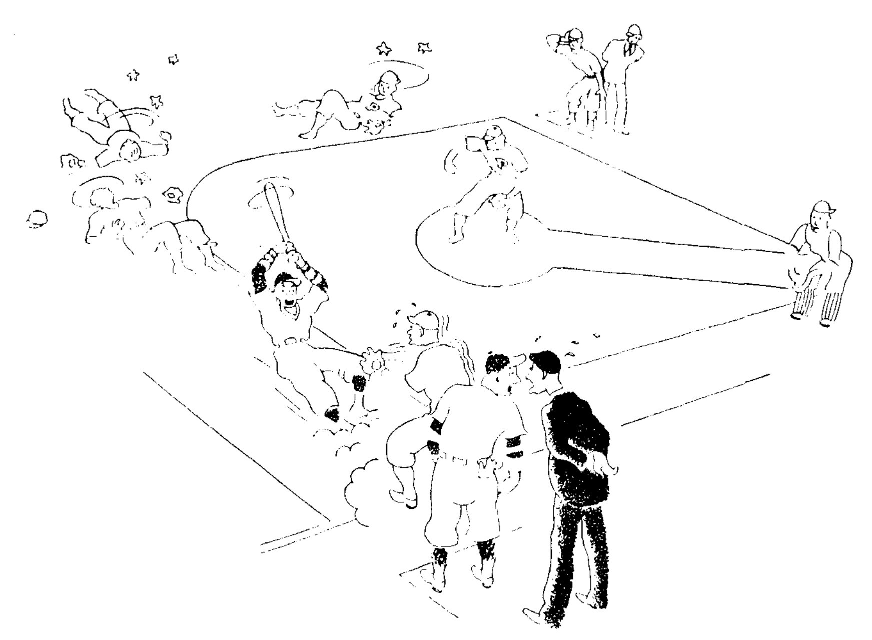
He turned around and gave me one of the hardest looks I've ever had and growled: "Go to hell."

I stopped being friendly after that.

I've thought over an All-Time All-Star team for many years, after playing with most of the old-timers and watching the newer stars. I suppose not many people will agree with my full selection but I haven't done it lightly and I feel that the men I have selected are the best by every test which establishes the worth of a ballplayer. I never played out of the National League and therefore confine myself to that circuit. The only time I saw the American Leaguers was in spring training and in an occasional World Series, which doesn't make me an expert on the subject. My All-Time All-Star National League team is:

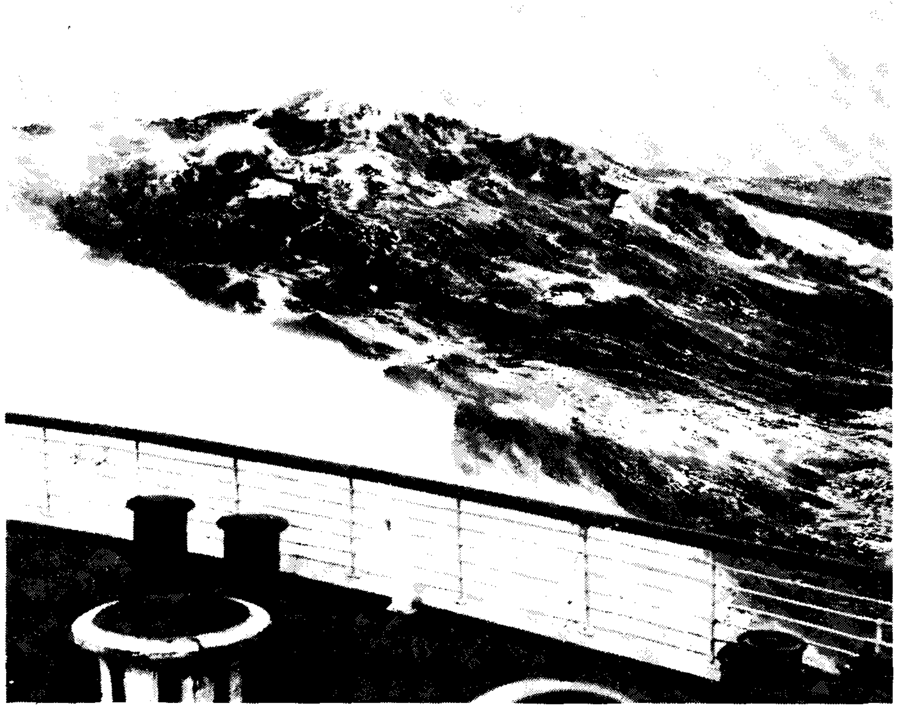
Christy Mathewson	Pitchers
Grover Cleveland Alexander	
Rube Waddell	
Roger Bresnahan	Catchers
Johnny Kling	
Bill Terry	First Base
Rogers Hornsby	Second Base
Joe Tinker	Shortstop
Pie Traynor	Third Base
Fred Clarke	Left Field
Clarence Beaumont	Center Field
Willie Keeler	Right Field

People are generally surprised at the selection of Beaumont, but he was one of the best players who ever lived. I saw



"He plays hockey during the winter"

HARRY GOFF



In this angry sea—

AN OFFICER IS SHAVING
BELOW DECKS IN PERFECT SAFETY

[An officer's wife wrote this unsolicited letter to us]

"Eight months ago, I gave a Schick as a gift to my husband, who is an officer in one of our American merchant ships. From the first day he used it, he has had nothing but unqualified praise for it.

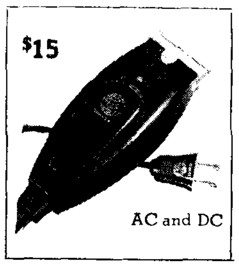
"He had an unusually tough beard and tender skin, and, of course, the troubles of razor shaving are, with him, a thing of the past.

"What impressed me most is that so often in his letters he writes, 'It was so rough—we pitched and rolled—but it was as easy as ever to shave with my Schick, whereas I couldn't possibly have shaved with a razor this morning.'

"Another time the boilers were shut down for repairs and there was no hot water for shaving—which condition didn't bother him at all . . . ."

These astonishing Schick stories

Day after day we receive letters of the use of Schick Shavers under remarkable circumstances. A half-paralyzed man uses one. Blind men shave without danger. A man breaks his right arm and shaves with a Schick in his left. Two days after a dangerous major operation, the 60-year-old patient shaves himself. One Schick Shaver shaves 50 men on flood relief work for many days. Literally thousands of letters in our files tell these marvelous stories of the Schick Shaver.



What about you?

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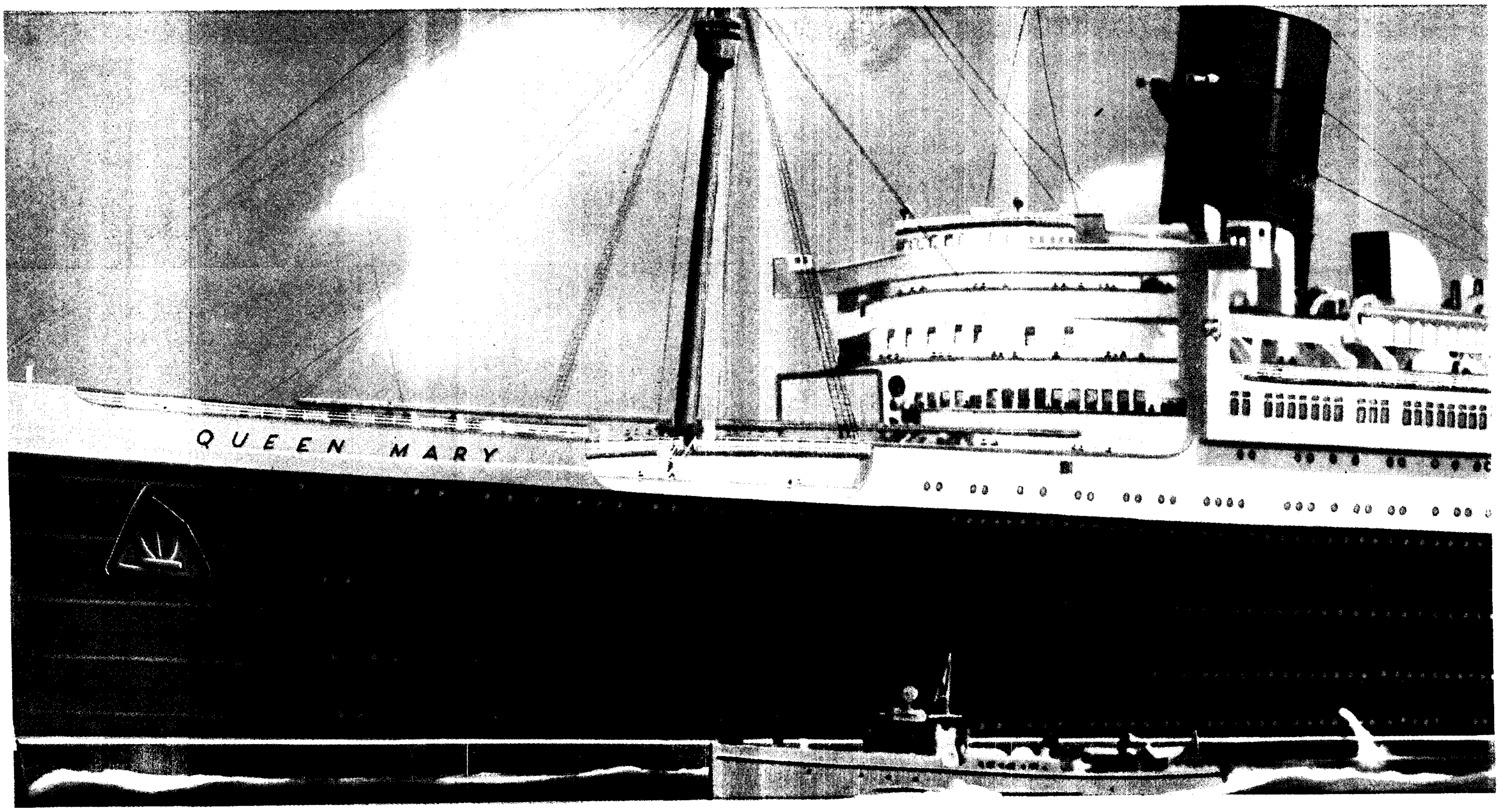

A Short Story about the Newest Atlantic Record

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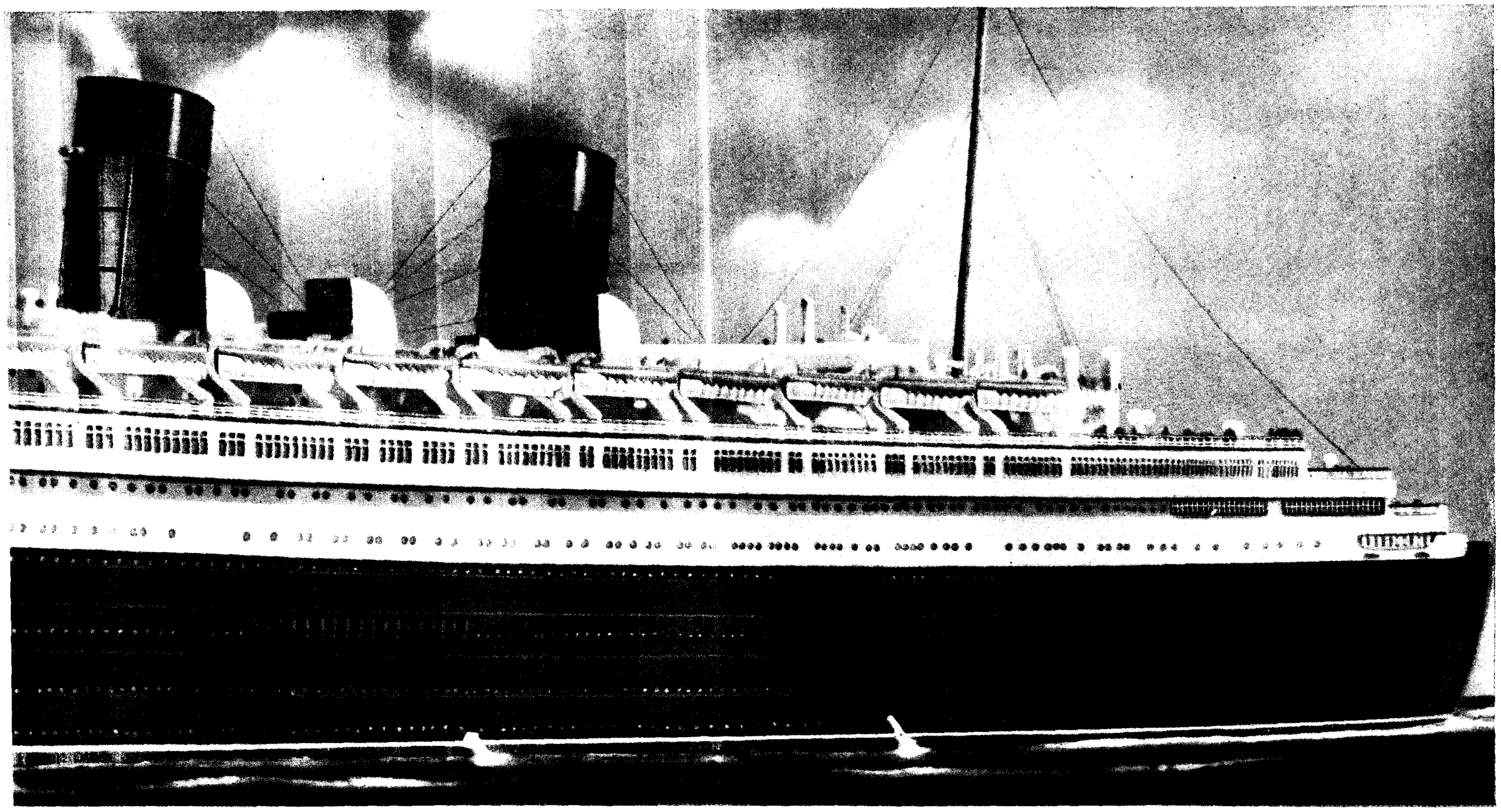

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him beat out six infield hits in one game, which will give some idea of his speed.

As pinch hitters on that team, I would pick either Moose McCormick or Sammy Strang of the New York Giants or Ham Hyatt of the Pirates. Good pinch hitters are really a miracle. I don't know how they can hit at all, going in there cold; I know I never could do it.

I suppose I'm prejudiced in favor of the Pirates but the best thrower I ever knew was Chief Wilson, who could throw strikes to the bases from anywhere in right field. Red Murray was great. Chick Hafey was great and I hear that this Di Maggio is wonderful, but I never saw Wilson's equal. Lots of funny things happen in baseball but the most hilarious one to me was about the two rookies we once had on the Pirates. We were about nine runs behind one day and Fred Clarke decided to give them a chance to hit. The first boy was a fresh kid named Riggs and when the umpire asked him what his name was and who he was batting for, the kid yelled:

"My name is Riggs and I'm batting for myself!"

The ump was so dumfounded he let him get away with it, but he was boiling with wrath. His temper wasn't made any better by the fact that Riggs slammed the first pitch for a single.

Testimonial from Mr. McGraw

Clarke then sent the next kid up. He was a modest, retiring little fellow who never spoke unless spoken to, but he was a pretty good ballplayer. When he came up the umpire stuck his chin out and bellowed: "What's *your* name and who are you batting for?"

And the little kid drew his head in and looked scared and said in a tiny little voice: "Boo!"

With which the ump leaped about three feet in the air and began waving his arms and shouting: "Get out of the game! Get out of the park! Get out of my sight before I murder you!"

It took ten minutes' argument by Clarke to convince the ump that the boy's name really was Boo—Everett Boo, and in that period of time we almost laughed ourselves to death.

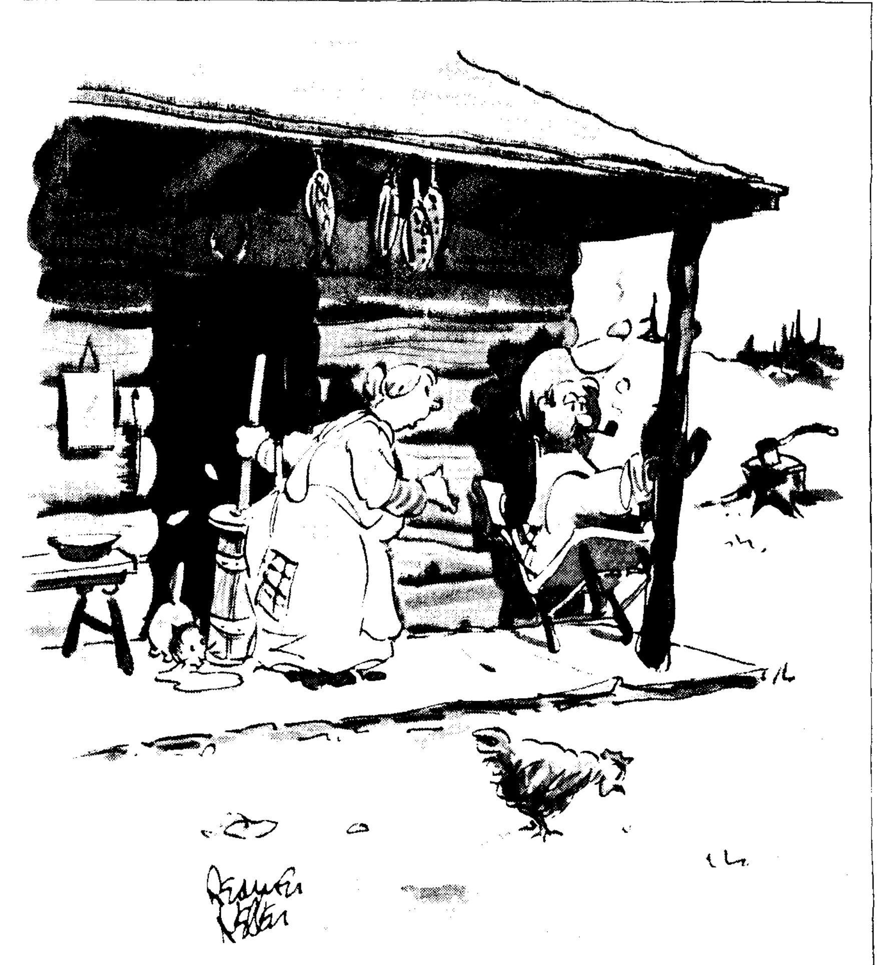
But baseball is always baseball. The game is even better now, as I say, and I have never worried about its future. I played twenty-one years in the National League with Louisville and Pittsburgh and had a few years of good ball still left when I quit. Barney Dreyfuss owned the club and he thought I was still as good as most shortstops but I was getting thrown out by a step or two on plays I used to make easily and I decided it was time to get out. After that I managed my own traveling semi-pro team for eleven years and had a lot of fun at it. Now I'm back as coach with the Pirates and the game means as much to me as it ever did. I'm sixty-two years old but my eyes are still so good (they've improved remarkably in the last few years) that I can trap pop flies at short and still hit the ball at the plate.

Individually players don't vary much from year to year. The Waners would have been good ballplayers any time and Babe Ruth would have been a star with any kind of a team. John McGraw would have been smart no matter what sort of ball was being played.

We used to have a signal whereby I dropped my glove a bit lower on my knee when I wanted a throw from the catcher to trap a man off second. McGraw got wise to it one day and when I gave that signal the runner broke for third as soon as the throw started and made it standing up. I knew what had happened but didn't say anything, but in New York, on the next trip, I gave that same signal, the runner started and the catcher threw him out at third by a mile. McGraw was on the coaching lines at first and when the inning was over he looked at me with a sour look and said:

"You're pretty damned smart for a Dutchman at that."

Which I always thought was the best testimonial I ever had.



"I don't mind you saving your strength for the harvest, Paw, but you didn't plant anything" REAMER KELLER

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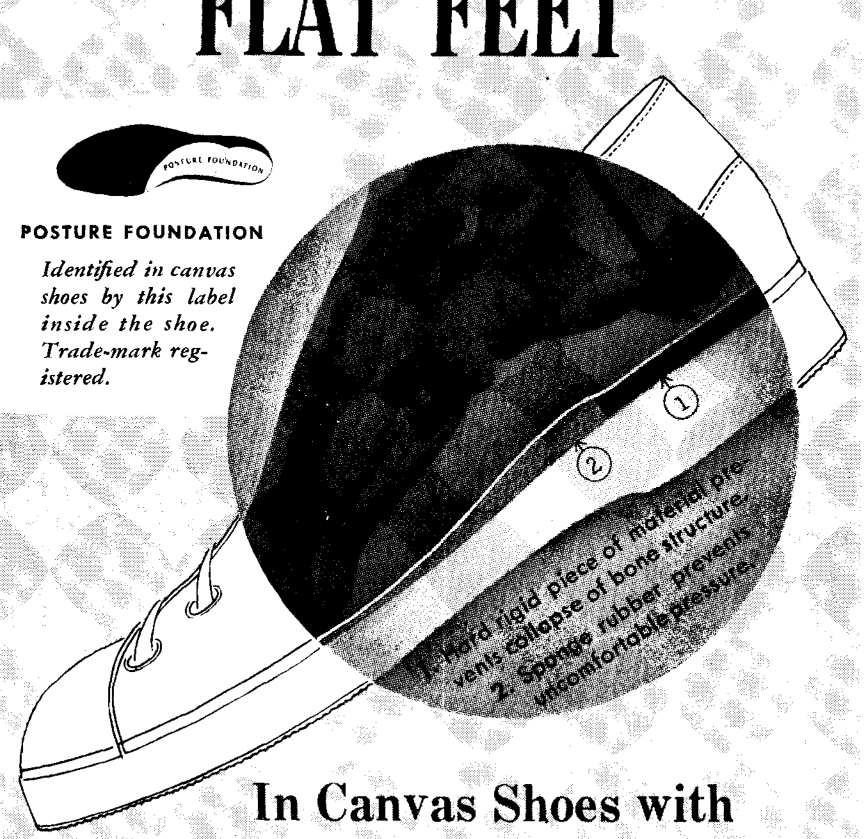
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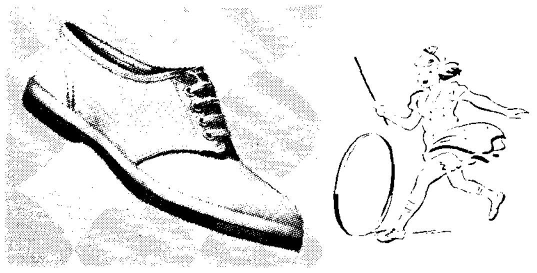

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Free Land

Continued from page 11

sweep and the smell of fall's dry grasses laid a spicy aroma into the night. Considerably away, he could see the three riders come to the bluff's top and run on. All his life he had found trouble before him. He had found no mercy anywhere; and perhaps it had made him a little merciless, too. The old-time cattle outfits hated him for intruding, the settlers hated him, and this girl hated him for the reputation he bore; and always, like a shadow growing darker and broader, he saw an ultimate fight with the two remaining Drinkard boys.

HE HAD stopped. The three shadows were in the near foreground, drifting toward the shapeless scatter of a few Mateer cows grazing along the night. They were drifting slowly—and then they had stopped; and when they did that, Hill Mateer bent to his rifle and pulled it from the boot. Honest men didn't drift into other men's cattle at night. He had a vague sight of one particular shadow along the barrel of his gun, and let go at that indefinite target, the shot shattering the black silence and evaporating in an air that sent back no echoes. The three shapes were rushing away, but a muzzle light bloomed, small and bright, and the breath of a bullet faintly touched him, and a voice too deeply enraged to conceal itself called wildly over the distance: "All right, Mateer!" He didn't fire again. Silent in the saddle, he watched them vanish; and then struck across the country for his house in the pines. He hadn't reached it when his foreman came galloping forward. Bose Benson said:

"Whud I hear?"

"Drinkards," murmured Hill Mateer and went on up to the house with Bose, neither saying more.

In the morning, at the table, he observed the sleepy droop of his little foreman's eyes, and knew then that Bose had spent the night on guard. There was this loyalty in Bose, and the three other men who worked the ranch. Smoking his cigarette on the house porch later, Hill Mateer considered the silence of his crew, and the awareness they had of the cloud that had hung over him since he had stood in the high pines and shot it out with the third Drinkard boy. The land lay fine and fresh below him, all the way to the distant course of the valley. One white cloud sailed the sky and the sun rolled up over the eastern rim in great shafts of color and the cool of night began to fade out of the air. This was the way he had seen it on his entrance four years back, and this was why he had fought the great cattlemen for his right to graze his cattle on it. Yet always their hatred at his intrusion had laid that faint shadow across his pleasure, keying him to a watchfulness and a silence and to a reserve he could not drop. The politics of men was a hard thing. It was those great cattlemen who had set the Drinkards against him; and who, now, had been instrumental in putting Caroline Tenbrook at the edge of his choice spring.

Down that way, he could see a little fluff of dust rising beneath a quick-traveling horse; and Bose and the other two hands were standing by the corral, spuriously indifferent as they, too, watched. Fifteen minutes later he recognized the girl and was surprised at the way she rode, which was flat and sure in the leather, with her body swinging as it ought to swing to the horse's pace. He rose and stepped out from the porch and met her that way when she pulled in.

The fresh color on her face broke the drawn stillness of her expression, but there was a reckless temper in her eyes, reaching out to him. She hated him, he understood, for the reputation he bore, and for some deep memory that had sent her to this country.

She said: "You will find one of your cows near my spring. I shot her."

Bose came forward from the corral, his expression outraged. But Hill Mateer said evenly: "You figured that necessary?"

"I will not be crowded off. I have heard that is your manner of treating people. If you don't want me to shoot more of your cattle, fence them out." And then, after a bitter pause, she added again: "I will not be frightened away."

"Lady—" said Bose, dangerously.

Hill Mateer murmured: "No, Bose."

Her guard was up and her mind plainly set against him. But she was watching him with a growing interest, trying to read him as he always tried to read other people. He said, with a faint inclination of his head. "Sorry you had to kill the cow," and watched her ride off.

Bose grumbled: "By God, I'd ride the whole herd crost her tent."

Hill Mateer said: "Throw a load of poles and a couple-three spools of wire on the wagon. Take Jack along. Fence in her house and spring, as she wants."

Bose said, disbelieving what he heard: "You don't have to do that, Hill. The law says she has to do it."

But Hill Mateer's answer was very gentle: "I have to do that, Bose."

"Let that cow lay by the spring till it starts stinkin'. Then she won't shoot no more cows."

"Load the cow on the wagon and bring it back."

WHEN his men had pulled out with the wagon, he saddled his horse and rode deeper and higher into the hills. Now and then, down long vistas, he saw his white-faced stock grazing; and now and then, by some deserted cabin, he stopped to mark whether or not drifting riders had recently been through; and always along the trail he watched for fresh-cut signs of shod hoofs. This earth was his book, the print large and readable to his eyes. At midmorning two Durbin hands rounded the trail and passed him, neither speaking. Later, from a clear knoll, he saw the far valley lying beneath fall's blue, streaky haze. He stood now on Howard Durbin's range and he was thinking that the tricks of men were all two-edged, cutting backward as well as forward. He was still thinking of this when he entered Prairie during the last of the afternoon's violent sunlight. Two horses stood by the stable water trough and his eyes marked them as he passed on and entered the saloon.

He said: "The Drinkard boys been in town this morning, Mike?"

Danahue's answer was reluctant, it was guarded: "Not that I know."

Going across the street he waited there, a high and indolent shape against the porch post of the Prairie Hotel. His glance narrowly touched the two horses by the stables, a gray amusement brightening his eyes. Billy Couch came out and saw him and stopped, and turned rather quickly away. Mateer's voice caught him as though by the elbows, turning Couch reluctantly around:

"Howard Durbin tell you to locate the girl by that spring?"

Billy Couch's glance showed the stir of anxiety, of apprehension. He said: "I want no trouble with you, Hill."

Hill Mateer shook his head at Couch

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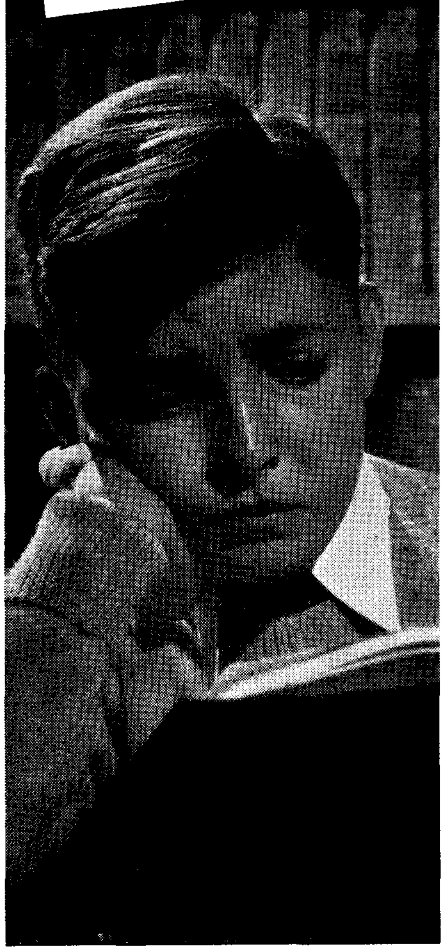

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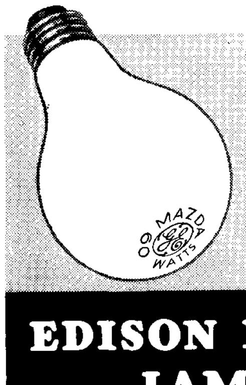

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and watched the latter go away quickly, as though his nearness to Mateer had put him in danger. Mateer recognized the reason. Billy Couch wasn't alone with the fear. Mike Danahue had it, and all the townsmen had it. The politics of men was a hard thing. The cattlemen, headed by Howard Durbin, had outlawed him.

He stood there a moment, and then went deliberately to the little office Howard Durbin used when in town. Both Durbin and old Hugh Dan were there. Both of them squared around and sat loose and quiet in their chairs.

Hill Mateer said: "You're a clever man, Durbin, to put the girl up there."

Durbin's smile was, as always, ironic and a little contemptuous. "If you want your water hole you can fight for it. Otherwise that piece of range is no good to you."

"I won't fight a woman," said Hill Mateer carefully.

"Then you'll lose that range," said Durbin, more and more amused.

"I'll take a piece off your graze in the hills to make up for it," said Hill Mateer gently. "That's what I came to tell you."

He could see color richen Durbin's handsome cheeks. The cattleman quit smiling and his glance was wicked in the way it hit Mateer. "You've caused us enough trouble here the last four years."

"The government says the bench is open to entry," said Mateer carefully. "So I can't stop her. The government says that hill stuff you use is also free to use. I'm going to use it. You started something, Durbin."

Durbin said: "Maybe." Mateer knew what he was thinking.

"Sure," he said. "The Drinkard boys. You have put your hopes on those boys a long while. Maybe they'll do the job yet." He was thinking of the long run of those four years. It made him say now: "I propose to look them up. If the Drinkards are lucky, you'll be all right." He let that sink in, watching Howard Durbin's aristocratic face shift and harden—and show the aftereffect of a faint doubt. Then he added: "But if I'm lucky I'll be up to see you. Remember that. I think I'll go tell the Tenbrook girl she's safe from me."

He turned out and crossed the street and stepped into his saddle, leaving the town behind. A little beyond Prairie he looked back and saw Durbin crossing the street to the stable. Hill Mateer nodded, his reasoning confirmed; those two horses standing outside the stable belonged to the Drinkards and Durbin could find him on the road to Caroline Tenbrook's.

TWO miles from town darkness dropped at one long sweep, in the prairie's sudden manner. Pausing a moment, he laid his eyes over to the right where the ground rose to meet the bench and saw a pair of vague shapes racing under the moon's vague glow, which would be the Drinkards circling ahead to meet him on the trail. When he reached the edge of the bluff, he saw nothing but the night's hovering blackness. But he knew the Drinkards were there; and then he turned his pony from the trail and raced at full tilt up the bluff at another tangent.

His senses were steady and clear, and waiting for the first burst of gunfire. When it came he was half up the stiff sides of the bluff, his horse grunting at each jump. There was a flash off there at the mouth of the trail, and the bullet went by him and smacked into the rocks with a little howl, and afterward the sound sank into the enormous silence of the land. Then they were both firing and he had topped the bluff and was turning.

He could see muzzle flashes dancing along the dark. One of the men was running toward the horses and as he galloped hard forward he lifted his revolver on the shadows those horses made and let go. He thought one animal went down, for the scudding Drinkard at once wheeled and made a stand. This was fifty yards away from him, but he closed the distance, the wildness and the bitterness of his long, long ordeal making him forget the target he presented. He was directly on top of that Drinkard, riding the man down; and the Drinkard—it was the little one, Shane—swerved to clear himself, and at that moment Hill Mateer put a point-blank shot into Shane Drinkard's chest, and heard him gutter up a broken breath and fall.

HILL MATEER dropped off his horse then and swung to meet Bo Drinkard racing up in violent voice. Bo Drinkard was howling, "Shane—hey, Shane! That you?" Bo had dropped his rifle, had drawn his revolver. And then Bo quit calling, for the silence warned him how it had been with Shane. Hill Mateer stepped aside from his horse, wishing to make no target of it, and watched the long, bony shape of Bo Drinkard sway up and down against the ineffectual moonlight. A shot whipped by Mateer, and he heard Bo's breathing cut the night like saw strokes and, along the lifted barrel of his gun, he saw the shape of Bo Drinkard wheel and drop and rise. But he waited until he had that shape clear before him. And fired then.

Afterward the silence poured down around him enormously. The coyotes were yelping again and a thin breeze was fanning his cheeks. Bo was down dead, and Shane had died a moment ago. Hill Mateer put his gun into its holster and went to his horse. Then, looking up, he saw Caroline Tenbrook's light shining a quarter-mile beyond. He mounted and rode over there.

She was in front of the tent, the lantern shining on her fully. She held a rifle before her, but it wasn't aimed at anything; only hanging in her two hands. It made him say: "I regret the firing. But that's all over."

She was looking at him in that strange manner which had before keyed his senses and raked the bitter wildness nearer the surface. She said: "I saw them come up and stop there. Those were the Drinkards? I didn't understand what they wanted."

He said: "There'll be no more shooting."

Her voice dropped to a faint murmur: "I understand now."

He said: "Good night."

But something in her face stopped him definitely. He noticed suddenly that pride which held up so still and resentful a guard against him was gone. She was a tall woman, dark-eyed with whatever had been in her past, slow to forget and slow to forgive. But there was no fear in her. She said: "I talked with Billy Couch today and he told me the law provided that I was the one to put up the fence, if there had to be a fence. Why did you do it?"

He had no way of explaining. Nowhere in his life had he learned that trick. He said: "It doesn't matter."

Something in that laconic answer stirred her expression. She said: "Will you get down? I have some coffee."

He stepped out of the saddle and instantly she saw something different about him, and for a moment didn't identify it. The corners of his lips, always so strict, were loosened a little in a small, wistful smile; and she could see the strong and turbulent emotions whirling in the gravity of his eyes.

Color came to her cheeks. She looked down at the rifle. "Do you like anything in your coffee?"

He said: "I am not a particular man."

Her head lifted swiftly. She said: "Yes—yes, you are. What makes you smile now?"

He said: "A break. A break in luck. I'm going to see a man tomorrow and he'll be humble. He has lost something and he'll fight no more."

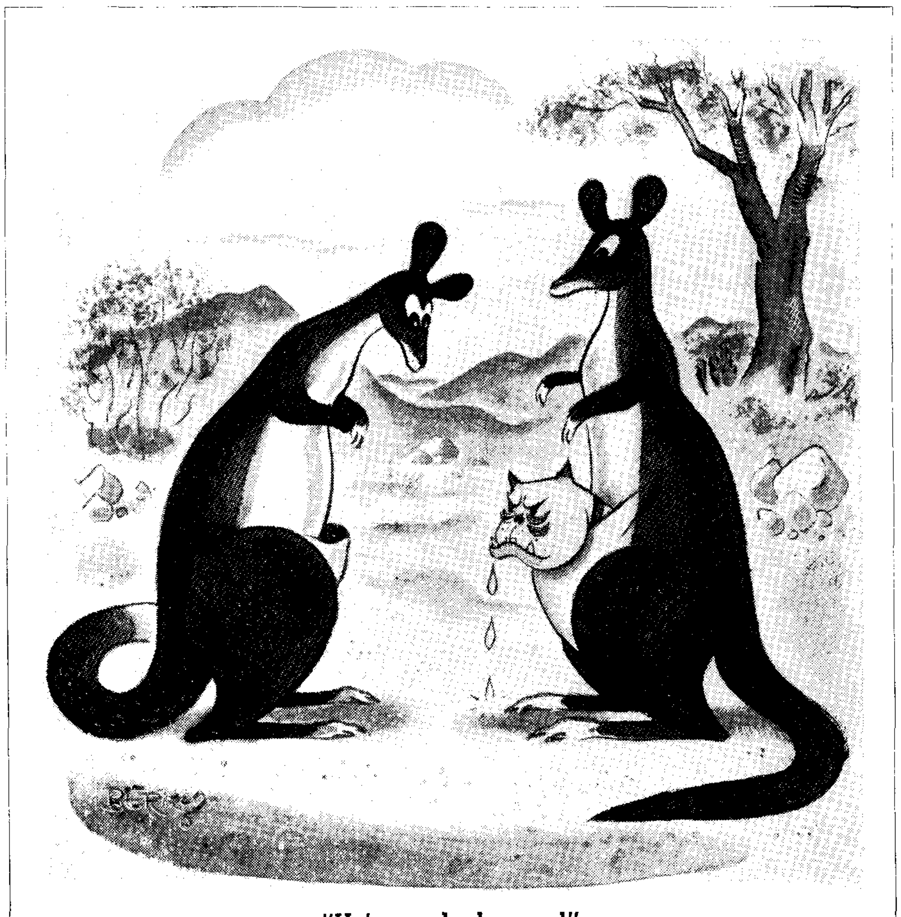
She said, with a faint touch of disappointment: "Is that why you smile?"

He drew a breath. "One thing at a time."

She said: "I think you have been a lonely man. I can understand that."

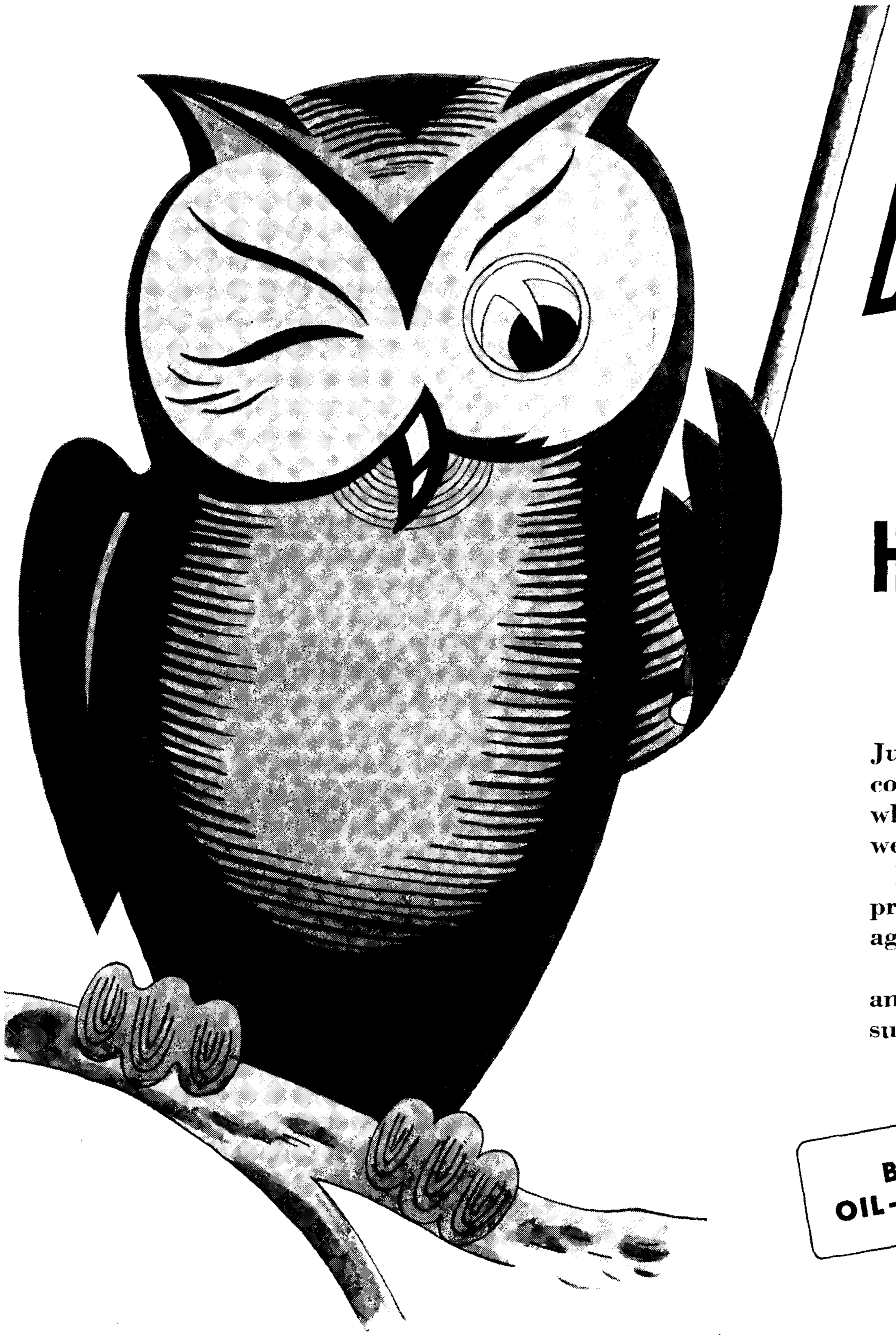
"Perhaps," he said, "I ought to stop by tomorrow on my way from town."

She was a straight shape in the lantern light, her shoulders swaying gently. There was a color and a richness to her voice—a warmth he hadn't heard before. "Stop by," she murmured.



"He's my bodyguard"

MIKE BERRY



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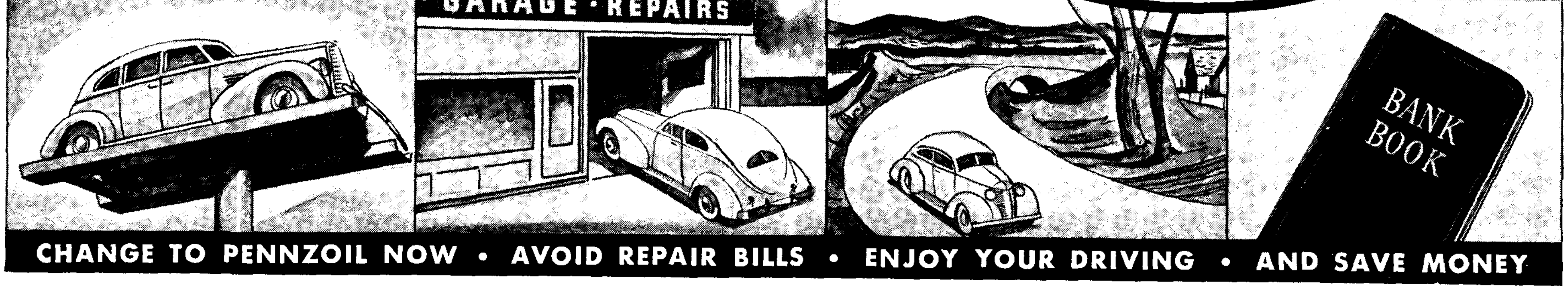
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Time to Kill

By William MacHarg

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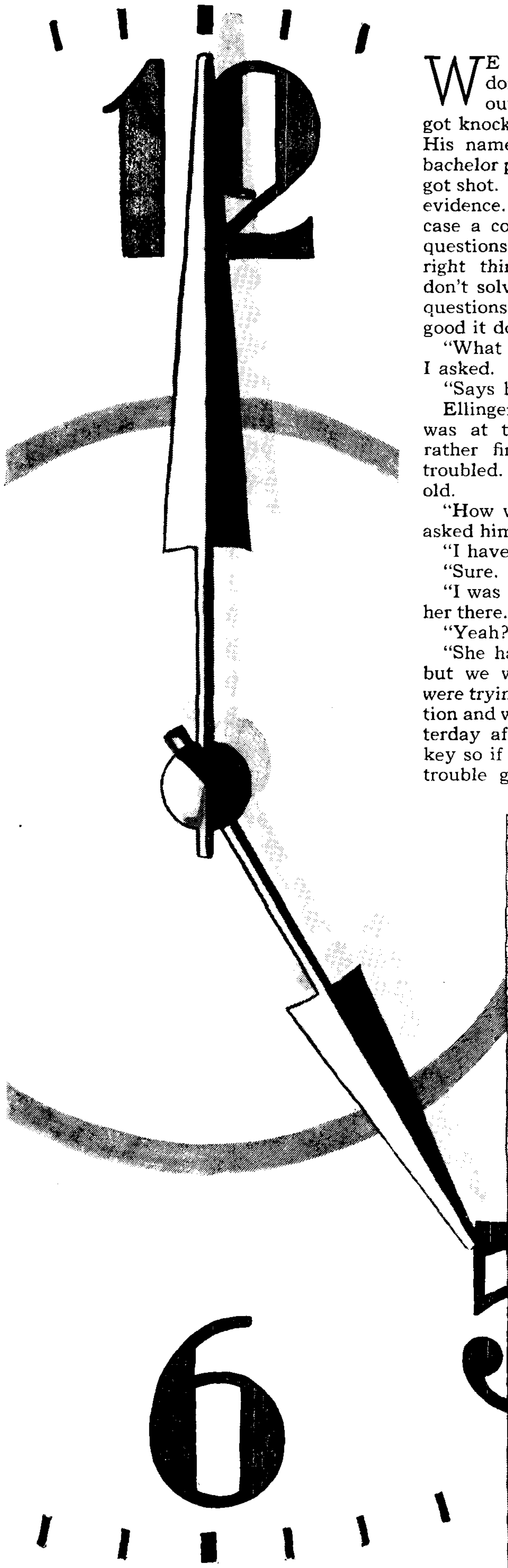
When you can make a smart guy feel he is a sap, he usually confesses, says Detective O'Malley



WE GOT a killing now that I don't know what it will turn out," O'Malley said. "A woman got knocked off in a guy's apartment. His name is Ellinger and he had a bachelor place on the west side and she got shot. I heard they ain't got no real evidence. This looks like the kind of case a cop goes round asking people questions and if he don't learn the right things about them people he don't solve the case. Well, I can ask questions but that might be all the good it does me."

"What does Ellinger say about it?" I asked.

"Says he wasn't even there."

Ellinger wasn't under arrest but he was at the station house. He was rather fine-looking and was deeply troubled. He was twenty-eight years old.

"How was this murder?" O'Malley asked him.

"I have told all I know."

"Sure. Tell it again."

"I was out and I came in and found her there. I've no idea who killed her."

"Yeah? How did she get in?"

"She had a key. She was my wife but we weren't living together. We were trying to bring about a reconciliation and were to meet at my place yesterday afternoon and I gave her the key so if I wasn't there she'd have no trouble getting into the apartment."

"They tell me that it was your gun."

"Yes—a target pistol."

"I suppose you got some proof that you was somewhere else?"

"I have. I was with a friend."

He gave us the friend's name.

"Well," O'Malley said. "I guess I got to see that dead lady."

We went and saw her. She was extraordinarily beautiful. There was a small hole in the center of her forehead. Her clothes hadn't yet been sent to the property room and were of the most expensive quality. A card gave her name: Valeria Ellinger.

"She looks like a spoiled child, O'Malley," I remarked.

"Yeah, sure. A bullet spoiled her. We'll see that apartment."

It was a walk-up building. A buzzer let us in. Ellinger's place was two big rooms, well furnished, and the police were working in them. There were four bullet holes in the living-room walls and the police had stretched strings from them to determine where the killer had stood. A fingerprint man was working. A chalk outline on the living-room rug showed where the body had been found. There were pictures around, but I didn't see any of women. Then I saw one. It was a girl about eighteen years old in an oval frame on the dresser in the bedroom.

"Who's the lady on the bureau?" O'Malley said to one of the cops.

"She's the guy's sister. She and his mother live on the East Side."

"How was this killing done?"

"It's all been kept the way it was. That dead dame had been making herself at home here. Her hat and coat were hanging in the entry closet. That's her handbag and gloves on the living-room table. The open drawer in the table is where he kept the gun. Her compact was on the bedroom dresser. Well, someone was in here with her, or else somebody come in, and she went in the living room. The guy shot several times. Some people heard the shots but didn't know what they was."

"Find any fingerprints?"

"Only hers and the guy that lives here. We don't know yet if there's any on the gun."

"We'll see that guy's people," O'Malley told me.

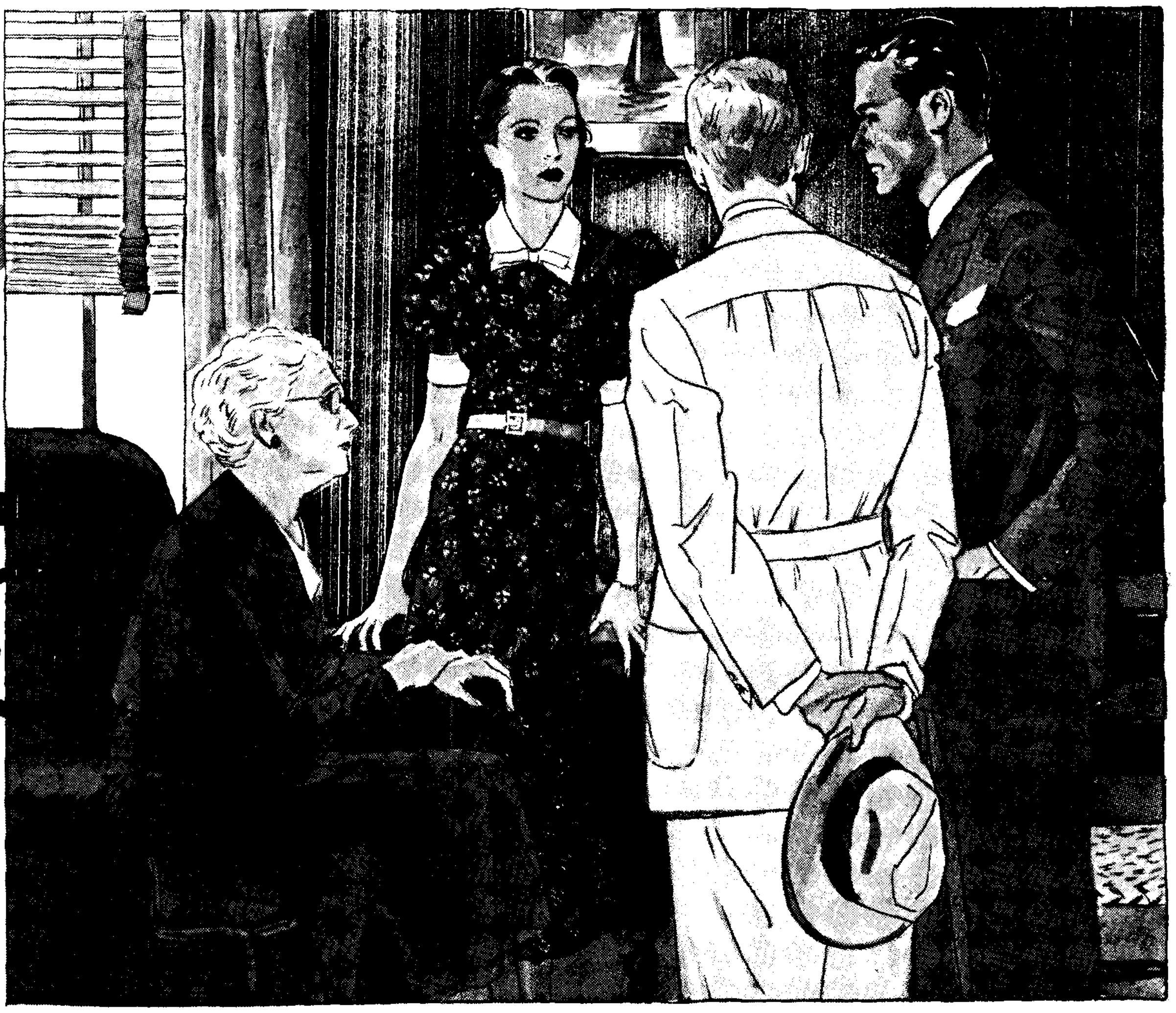
We went to the East Side. It was a small apartment. The mother was a handsome, gray-haired woman. The sister was a slight athletic-looking girl.

"I guess you people don't know nothing about that murder," O'Malley said to them.

"No; we don't," Mrs. Ellinger replied. "It's very terrible."

"Why not tell the truth?" the sister said. "We're glad she's dead."

(Continued on page 75)



"We're glad she's dead," the sister said. "Yeah? Why?" O'Malley asked her. "Because she was ruining my brother," the girl said

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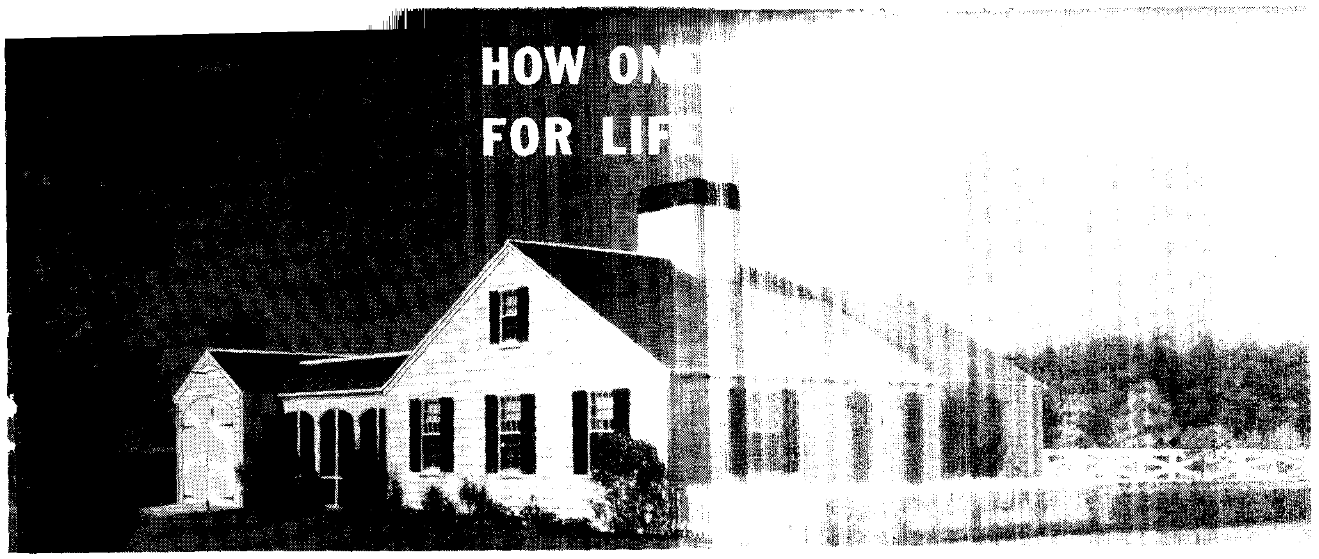

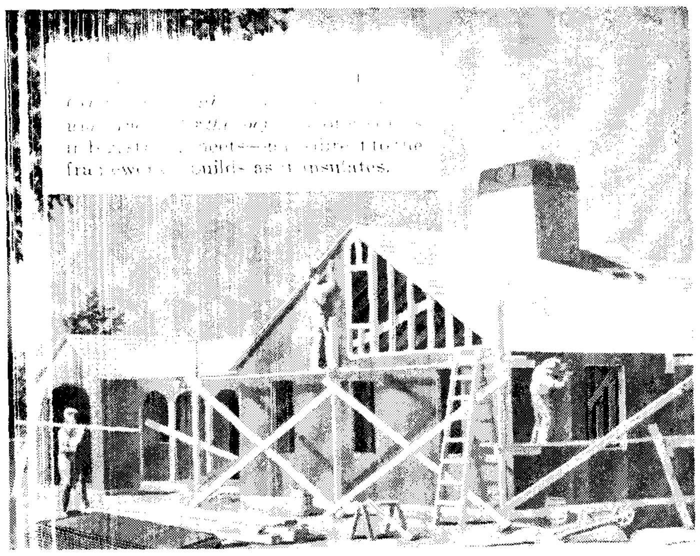

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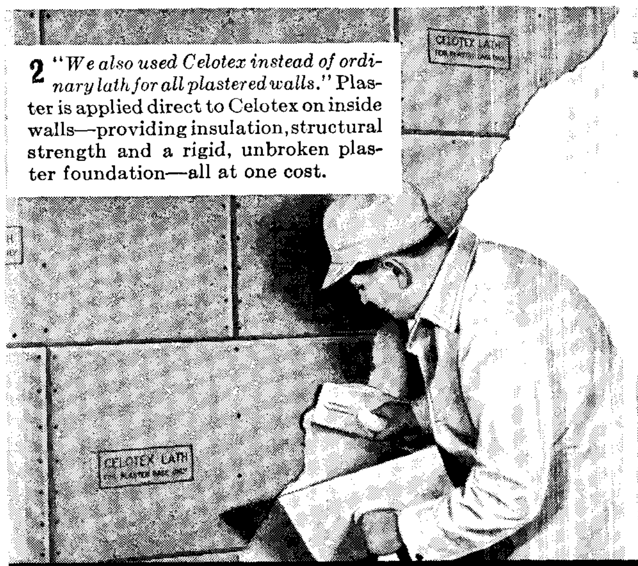

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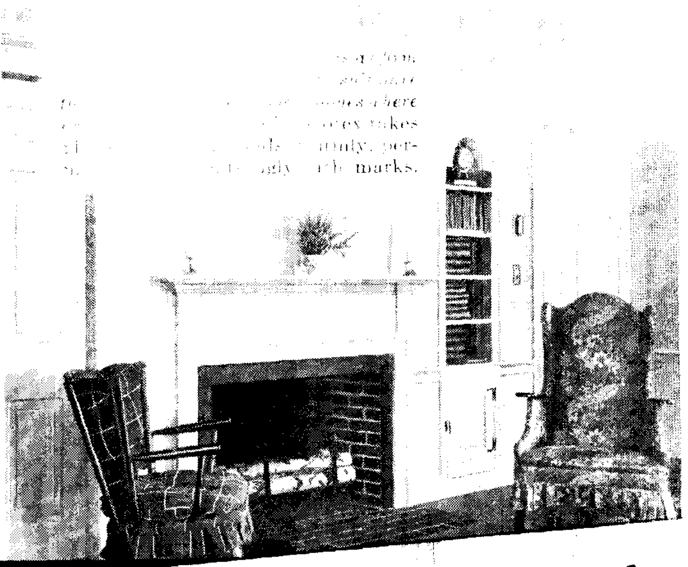

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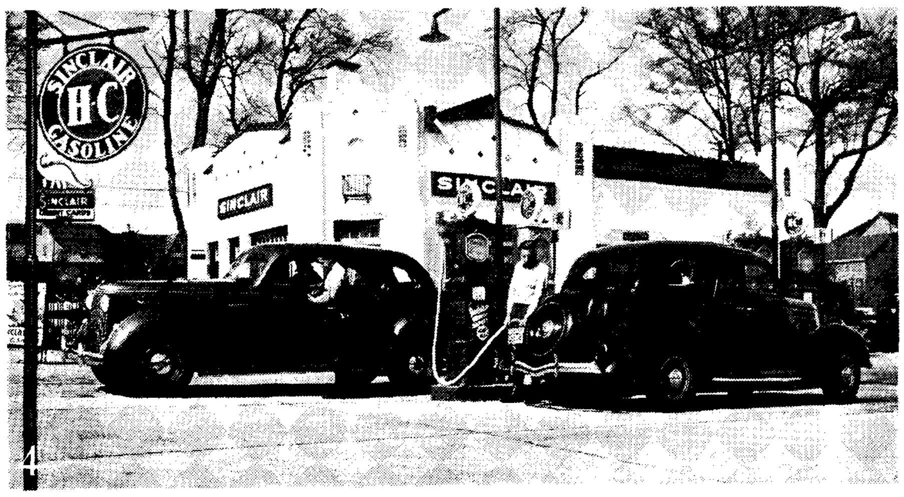

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Six Golden Angels

Continued from page 21

Durante. She's a lovely child." She emphasized the last word a little.

"What in the world have you heard?" asked Ryder.

"That you're very fond of her; no one could blame you a bit."

"I've hardly laid eyes on her."

"Well, the result of everything is that I have to go back to Hollywood, and I hate that," she said.

"But that's where you're at home," said Ryder.

"Oh, no! Hollywood is just a big ornate entrance hall to life; one can't really live there."

"No?" said Ryder.

"And here in New York it will be impossible for me for a while, of course."

"I don't see why," said Ryder. "The only reason Brant ever was invited was because of Sydney Galloway."

"I wonder," she mused. "Really, I've been such a fool. But I think I ought to get away."

"It would be a bit more delicate, I suppose," admitted Ryder.

"And then, you know—how shall I say it?"

"Is it embarrassing?"

"Terribly."

"I'll close my eyes," said Ryder.

"Then I wondered—wouldn't you like to get away, too?"

"That's awfully nice of you," said Ryder, looking at her smiling eyes, "but I have to stay here for a lot of reasons. . . . I was about to say: Another time, please; but that would sound pretty bold, wouldn't it?"

SHE relaxed in her chair, and took a cigarette out of a box on the table beside her. Ryder held a lighter for her.

"You don't really give a damn about that sort of thing, do you?" she remarked. "But when you do, what a damn it will be! . . . *I* knew it couldn't be Eileen. Sweet little thing, but as thin as autumn ice. . . . Do you mind if I relax like this for a moment? I thought if you liked Eileen at all *I* would try being pretty and sweet; but I shouldn't have been such a fool. David, tell me what you think of me."

"Turn your head a little toward the window," said Ryder. "I think you're about the loveliest girl I've ever seen."

"And the most worthless?"

"Not at all. I've seen you on the screen, you know."

She canted her head to consider this but then laughed at it.

"By the way . . . you've had men following the people who were at the dinner that night."

"What makes you think I've had men following them?" asked Ryder.

"*I've* been followed. And I forget who told me that you were the one who hired the detectives. . . . I wanted to say that *I* don't care. But people like Claussen and James Hickey can be frightfully nasty. Claussen can be a regular snake."

"I'll watch for him," said Ryder.

"Well," she went on, "that brings me to another thing. It's about that call you made on Porter Brant yesterday in the evening."

"If the police should know that I had been there, they might be nasty?"

"I suppose they would. They're so absurd," said she. "And that's one reason I hoped that you'd want to take me away on a trip—I'm so perfectly flat broke, David. So that we could *both* be out of sight."

"I murder Porter Brant, and Sydney is the motive. It would read like that, wouldn't it?" he asked.

"Would it? I wonder! But *could* you help me with a little money, David? I mean just five or six thousand. . . . I really don't want to be around and have the nasty police third-degree me until I tell them everything I know!"

"I know you'd hate to talk," he said.

"I'd abominate it," answered Sydney.

"And you'd need five or six thousand dollars for the little trip?"

"Oh, not just for fare. But the way one picks up debts in New York—I do wish the stores wouldn't trust one so. And if people would only send checks instead of flowers, everything would be lovely."

"I might wring your neck instead," said Ryder.

She ran her fingers over her throat.

"Yes, you might do that."

"Martin would dispose of the body, I'm sure," mused Ryder.

"Martin has such a clever look," she agreed.

"And yet I think we could be quite happy together if we took that trip," he went on.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she cried, jumping up from her chair. "I'm not all snake, David. And I know I could make you happy. If I could make that dummy of a Porter Brant smile all day long, what could I do with a real man?"

"Well, some day, perhaps," said Ryder. "But I have to stay in New York, just now. It has to be five thousand?"

"Or six, if you're really sweet."

"You run along home, and I'll see what I can do. I haven't a penny, you see, until the estate is settled."

"Oh, but it's so easy to borrow!"

"It isn't always, though," said Ryder.

"When you're going to be the heir to three or four millions at least?" she exclaimed.

"That's the trouble," said Ryder. "A whisper has gone around town along the electric wires that handle the money talk. The whisper says that there's something wrong about the will. That there may even be *another* will. And there isn't a moneylender in town who would give a penny to any of us. But you know all this, Sydney. Because if you need money you must have tried to get an advance on account of your legacy in the Leggett will; and when you tried, you found out that the money was frozen, didn't you?"

"Yes. Lawyers are so ridiculous."

"So I'm strapped at present."

"What a frightful pity. But a *real* man, like you, certainly will be able to raise a bit of hard cash."

"I'll have to try," he told her.

"David, are you going to despise me? Please don't. But I do have to live, don't I? And I'm not ready for Hollywood again. It *was* quite a shock, and all, you know."

HE WENT over to see Mike Ravenna at once, and Mike came out of a conference, rolling the butt of a strong cigar between his thick, red lips.

"Do you want me or Eileen?" he asked. "She's here. She's up there at the piano. . . . Eileen!"

"I need five thousand dollars," said Ryder, "or six to sweeten it."

"Five thousand—six thousand—Dio!" cried Ravenna.

He banged the fat palm of his hand against his forehead.

"Hi, Mike! Mike!" shouted a man inside the room.

"Politics be damned!" said Ravenna. "But five thousand from me—just now—my God, David, give me a day and I'll find it. Why should I be strapped at the very moment that you need help?"

"Forget it, Mike," said Ryder. "I've had to pay through the nose and a long distance ahead for the detective work that Seelig is doing for me. He takes it in by the thousands. And now I get a sudden call."

"I'll find cash somewhere."

"Don't give it a thought," said Ryder.

"David, who do you think did it?"

"The same hand that killed Brant."

"No!" exclaimed Ravenna.

"Mike! Oh, Mike!" roared several voices in unison.

"I must leave you," said Ravenna. "Go talk to Eileen for a moment, and then I can see you. Go up there and rest your brain, and talk with her."

AN OUTBURST of thunder drowned the piano and the small sweetness of the singing voice as Ryder went up the stairs.

"Shall I bother you, Eileen?" he said. "Mike said I could sit here and look at you. It's a dirty city and a dirty world, except where you and Mike are."

He pulled a chair over to the side of the piano and sank into it.

"You haven't slept, David," she said.

"I don't care about sleeping," he answered. "But do you mind going on playing and singing? . . . How do you happen to be here with Mike so much?"

"I can't afford to have a real studio; and in a small room my voice doesn't grow, my teacher says. And Mike doesn't mind having me."

He closed his eyes.

"This is the only happy place in the world," said Ryder. "Mind my eyes closed?"

"I don't mind," said Eileen.

She sat down on the side of his chair.

"I'm falling asleep—no, in love," said Ryder.

"No, not yet," she said.

"Soon, please," said Ryder.

"Soon," said the girl, laughing a little.

"No, I'm serious," murmured Ryder.

"And sleepy," she answered. "Shall I sing to you?"

She struck a few notes on the piano and then began to sing an old ballad.

After a time he stood up, suddenly. "I have to go," he said.

She went with him to the door and lifted her face to him.

"Would it be right for me to kiss you goodby, Eileen?" he asked.

She searched his eyes for a moment. Then she shook her head. "No, not yet," she answered.

"But I think one of these days before long," said Ryder.

"I hope so," said the girl.

Ravenna's shouting politicians still detained him and Ryder went to telephone to Seelig.

"Have you found any news of Leslie Carton?" he asked. "When did she come back? Or *has* she come back at all?"

"We now know. At two in the morning she returned."

"With Gonelli?"

"Alas, yes."

Ryder gripped the receiver hard.

"Any details?" he asked.

"No, sir. My man only saw them arrive at the address of her house."

"Very well," said Ryder. "What happens about the Brant case?"

"Photographers and newspaper reporters happen. That is all. Hollywood speaks very much of him. Miss Galloway is mentioned, too."

"Where is the Countess Lalo?"

"One moment." After a pause, Seelig answered: "The last report is an hour old. She was still at her hotel. Do you go to see her?"

"I don't know. Marene Sutherland—where is she?"

"Mr. Ryder, I am sorry. I hardly dare to tell you that my two men have missed her. She has disappeared in Boston!"

"She's dead!" said Ryder, with a sudden stroke of intuition. "My God, Seelig, you've let her disappear and now she'll never speak!"

He crashed up the receiver.

He went out to the cigar store and on the corner found Gonelli.

He hailed a taxi. Behind his back, as he got in, he heard Gonelli laughing, and glancing over his shoulder he saw the Italian taking another cab. When Ryder looked back, a dozen blocks later, he saw the taxi of Gonelli still following.

"Pull your car over to the curb," commanded Ryder.

The cab drew up at the side of the street in the middle of the block between a tailor's shop and a fruit stand. Gonelli's cab had gone ahead and it, also, waited by the curb near the corner.

Ryder got out, went to Gonelli's cab, pulled the door open and leaned in.

"I beg your pardon," he said cheerfully. "You're Mr. Gonelli, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I'm Gonelli," the man said.

"I'm glad to know you," said Ryder, holding out his hand.

The hesitation of Gonelli endured only for a moment; then contempt leered out of his eyes as he accepted the hand. "Yeah, I don't mind . . ." he began. His words stopped on a grunt as the fingers of Ryder bit into his hand and steadied, gripping deeper and deeper. Amazement overwhelmed the popping eyes of the Italian. He put forth his strength for one vain, shuddering moment; then his hand collapsed under the strain. The knuckle bones ground together and Ryder heard them grinding. Gonelli turned yellow about the mouth with pain.

"If you follow me again," said Ryder, "I'll take you out of your shoes by the hair of your head. Remember that, will you?"

He went back to his car and the driver continued down the street. When he reached the hotel of Millicent, Countess Lalo, he telephoned to her room.

She said: "Oh, Mr. Ryder, how nice! But all the rest have seen you before and you've left me to the very last. . . . Wasn't it dreadful about Porter Brant?"

"It was frightful," said Ryder. "And will you have lunch with me?"

"But is it as late as that?"

"It's twelve."

"The morning has just gone jump and away," said the countess. "Come up here and have a drink in my sitting room. I'll be ready in two seconds. What will you drink?"

"Irish whisky," said Ryder.

WHEN he rang the bell of her room, the door was opened by Jimmy Hickey. He shook hands feebly.

"I won't be a burden on you long," said Hickey. "I'm just to stay as a chaperon for a few minutes."

He laughed in his ugly way, reading the face of Ryder for his own purpose.

"Have you got Brant into your column?" asked Ryder.

"No," said Hickey. "I'm too crowded with names that mean something."

Ryder laughed and went to the window for the view until the whisky came.

"You were interested in that air-mail envelope," said Hickey. "Suppose the police should know how interested you were? Might intrigue them, eh?"

"If you thought so, you would have been with them a long time ago to talk your dirt," said Ryder.

The bedroom door opened a little to show the smiling face of the countess.

"I'll be *right* with you," she said. "If Jimmy annoys you, spank him."

"I can't annoy a wooden Indian," said Hickey, and walked out.

"Jimmy!" cried the countess. But the outer door had slammed. "I'm sorry," she said. "I thought he might entertain you for a moment. I'm hurrying."

She left the door a little open. After a time, she called out: "You haven't asked to see my golden angel, David. Here it is."

She held it out to him with a bare arm through the doorway.

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YOU MEAN YOU HAVE AUTOMATIC COAL HEAT NOW?
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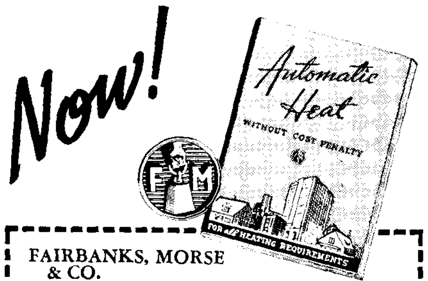

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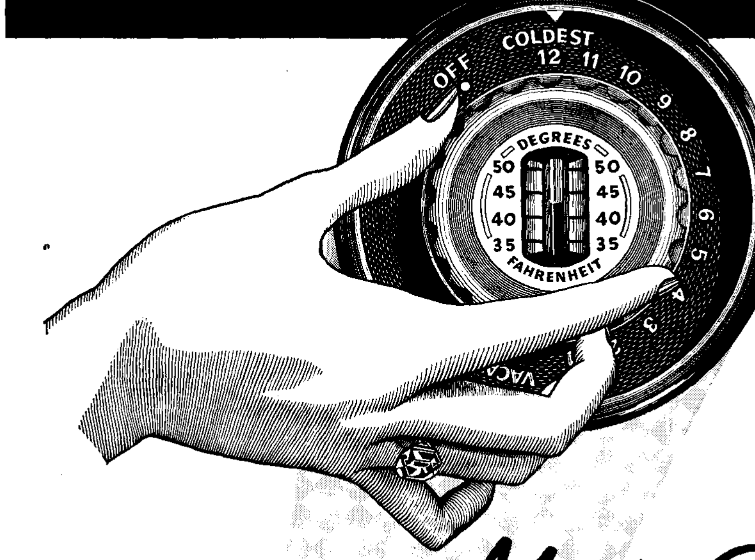

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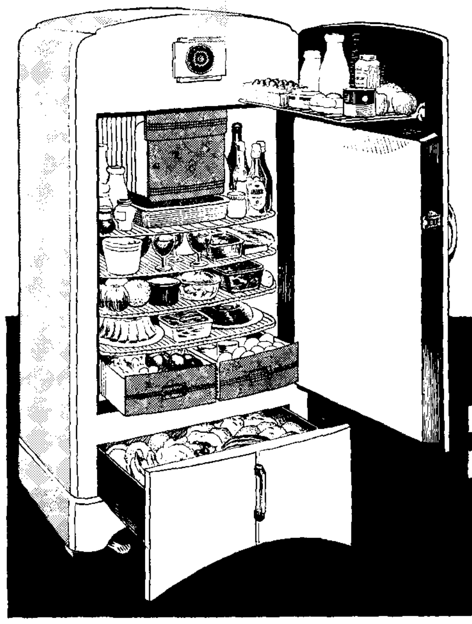

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"Thanks," said he. "I don't want it, really."

"But you *still* want me for lunch?"

"Certainly," said Ryder.

For the thing had struck him down to his knees, so to speak. He had located five of the six tokens. Therefore, the one which he carried in his pocket assuredly belonged to Leslie Carton.

Millicent, Countess Lalo, came out.

"I'm hungry, aren't you?" asked Ryder.

"You know what I'm starved for?" she asked. "For spaghetti! I mean, the real Italian, half-raw, rubbery spaghetti with Bolognese sauce or just butter and Parmesan. Do you like that?"

He said that he did, and when they reached the taxicab downstairs she said: "Shall I take you to my special place? It's terribly down at the heel and nothing but gangsters go to it."

"Let's go to your special place."

"All right. Tony's," she called to the driver.

When they reached Tony's, the fumes of frying fish met them. The countess preferred a private room upstairs.

"It isn't indecent in the middle of the day," she said, as they went up.

"That's true," said Ryder.

The waiter opened a door and gave Ryder a twisting, significant smile.

"This is really quite lovely," said Millicent. "Who would think of New York in a place like this? It might be anything. It might be Naples."

"Yes," said Ryder, "one of those grubby little hotels by the water with green windows painted on the pink walls."

"Oh, I see," said Millicent. "You're a realist, aren't you? But I'm not. Not a bit. . . . I want some vermouth. Some white vermouth, waiter, with ice in it, and a twist of lemon peel, and a squirt of seltzer."

"I'll have a whisky," said Ryder.

"Oh, are you getting tight today?" she asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps," he said. "Some Scotch whisky. Have you got any that's drinkable?"

"Certainly, sir. For you!"

"Aren't you lovely liars, all you Italians?" asked the girl. "We want a lot of spaghetti, Giulio. You understand. The true Italian. And then some chicken or something and a salad. That's what we want, don't we, David?"

"Perfect," he said. "And some white wine? Some Orvieto, eh?"

"Absolutely to your taste, sir," said the waiter.

THEY had their aperitifs. Then the spaghetti came on and the countess attacked it with vigor.

"It's good!" she said heartily. "The spaghetti is good, the wine is good, the man is good. *Are* you good, David?"

"You can see for yourself."

She watched him for a cold, still moment, nodding a little before she began to smile and talk again.

"But, oh, by the way . . . I've got to telephone!" she said. "*Please* excuse me one moment, David, will you?"

"Of course," said Ryder, rising.

She gave him a brief smile as she went out the door, and Ryder remained an instant in thought, his head raised, listening. There was a pay phone just down the hall, but though the partitions of these upper rooms were like paper, he could not hear the click of the dropped coin, or the whirring of the dial.

He drew the door open. She was not at the telephone. He looked up and down the hall from the back stairs to the bend of the corridor that led toward the front steps; footfalls were crowding up from the back, and Ryder went quickly to the turn of the hall. There, standing flat against the wall, he peered back down the corridor and saw Gonelli with two others climb into view.

They went softly to the door of the room which he had just left and Gonelli leaned at it for a moment, listening; and his smile as he listened was one of the deathless memories for Ryder.

He went down the front stairs briskly and into the entrance bar. His lady was not there. But a moment later she came out of the women's room. The sight of him struck her like a bullet, whitening her until her reddened lips looked almost purple.

Ryder said: "Shall we go up and join *your friend Gonelli, and the rest?*"

Fear pinched the corners of her eyes.

"My poor dear," said Ryder, "I'm afraid that this close air is too much for you. Very few girls can stand it. Let's take a cab and go somewhere else."

The startled waiter came up to him, both hands at work in the air. Ryder gave him money.

"The lady lost her appetite," he said.

In the taxicab, Ryder closed the movable glass partition and leaned back beside the countess. She was shuddering.

"Be easy about it, Millicent," he said. "What's a poor girl to do when there's murder in the air? J. J. Leggett, Brant, and then Ryder. Maybe death will get all the way around that dinner table."

"I want to tell you . . ."

"I'll listen. Go ahead," said Ryder.

BUT here she shrank back against him suddenly, and caught up both hands before her face. A car had shot past them on the outside, but all that Ryder could see of it was the back, with the curtain drawn down, by the time he paid attention. He could guess, however.

"Gonelli *has* an ugly look at times, eh?" he asked her.

"I thought . . . it was coming . . . then!" she gasped. "Ah, my God, I'm going to die!"

"Listen to me," he said. "I'm doing nothing. I'm not reporting this to the *police. You're not in any danger at all.*"

She began to draw breath again.

"If the thing had gone through and Gonelli had slipped a handful of lead into me before he went back down those rear stairs, you wouldn't have batted an eye. . . . Tell me, Millicent. How much did they pay you?"

She shook her head.

"It wasn't pay, then? It was just commands from up above?"

She tried to look away from him, but a magnet of terror drew her eyes back.

"But who, darling?" asked Ryder. "Will you tell me who gave you the commands?"

Her lips parted but they could not speak.

"You got the order even before I telephoned to you?"

She shook her head.

"After I rang, you telephoned to headquarters and got the directions there?"

She nodded.

"How wonderful you are!" said Ryder. "Be a really sweet girl and tell me about things, won't you?"

"Ah, my God, what am I going to do?"

"You're not going to make a scene. You're going to be a brave girl, aren't you?"

She leaned forward, an elbow on her knee, panting. "You're worth all of them. Half an ounce of you is worth all of them. I want to help you, but I can't. I'm afraid! Oh, I'm so afraid that I'm sick. They saw me in this car with you. . . . What are they thinking?"

"Why, they think and know that I made you come along in order to try to pump you. That's all. If they'd wanted to do you in, they would have done it then—when their car went by. A sub-machine gun chattering for an instant, *and we'd both be with the angels, eh?* But they wouldn't wipe you out, Millicent. They value you too much. They wouldn't wipe you out even for the sake of getting at me."

"I WOULDN'T HAVE HER JOB..

Not for a Million Dollars"

Of course you wouldn't, for it's foreign to your experience . . . but this confident little lady has no fear with the *plus-protection* of those four bewildering chair legs.

Every day, however, you and countless thousands of other motorists blithely drive at 40, 50 and 60 miles an hour *WITHOUT plus-protection* where you need it most . . . in the blow-out zone.

The new Fisk Tires give you this invaluable *PLUS-Protection* at no extra cost. With a special Anti-Friction cord fabric in every ply . . . plus the Fisk patented methods of construction, Fisk is a more flexible tire. Heat—*rubber's greatest enemy*—generated by the usual "hinging" action in tire sidewalls, is greatly reduced. Actual tests prove that tires built with Fisk Anti-Friction Cord run 15% cooler at 40 miles per hour than tires containing the conventional cord fabric with cross-threads.

Why invite blow-outs when you can have PLUS-*Protection* in the Blow-out Zone . . . *offered exclusively by Fisk* . . . for the same price?

THE FISK TIRE COMPANY, INC.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

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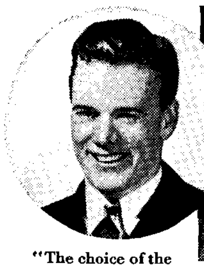
"GET A FISK"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PLUS-*Protection* IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE



"The choice of the campus at Brown" —says Douglas S. Widnall, '37.

"Right you are!" echo officers of the British Army. It's the favorite throughout the Empire.

At Brown as in Calcutta

Men Avoid "Shaving Skin"

with Lilac Vegetal . . . It closes Pores Left Open after Shaving... Prevents Pimples and Blackheads

Young collegians, seasoned colonials . . . men in all parts of the world use *Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal.* It prevents "shaving skin" . . . closes pores so dust cannot cause pimples, blackheads. Cooling, refreshing—*Lilac Vegetal* soothes—makes the skin fresh and fit. *Insist on genuine Pinaud Products for well-groomed appearance. Do not accept substitutes.*

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"The first time I took your Schick Injector down over my face I felt nothing...no pull or smart...and I didn't even hear the 'noise' most razors make. I didn't think it was shaving and looked to make sure I had a blade in it. *Then I felt my face!* It was *clean*—there wasn't a single whisker left where the razor had passed. Right there, gentlemen, I knew I'd found *my* razor!"*

*In eight out of ten letters we get from users we read the same line—"I didn't think it was shaving!" Such comfort is *worth* $2.00—isn't it?

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.,
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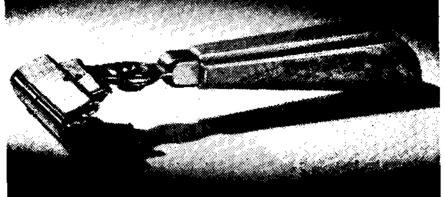
$2.00 WITH 20 BLADES



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

"They wouldn't?" she cried. "They'd kill me by inches to get at you! They'd murder me, and laugh, if that would help them to come at David Ryder!"

"It's as bad as that, is it?" he mused.

"Promise me one thing," burst out the girl. "Go away! Go away! Nothing will satisfy them except to have you dead! Listen to me . . ."

He put out a hand and took both of hers inside it.

"You won't tell me their names?" he asked.

"I can't!" cried the girl.

It was strange to see the cold fear in her eyes while the soft tremor of childish weeping began around her mouth.

"We're almost at your hotel. Take hold of yourself," said Ryder.

After a moment she lay back against the cushion with her eyes half closed. "Why didn't God make me another sort of a woman?" she asked.

That was all she said before he helped her out of the car at the hotel. As he shook hands he was saying: "You're all right, now. Everything's all right. Goodby, Millicent."

HE RANG up several people. Ravenna was the first.

"I'm going to give a big party, Mike, at Francesco's," he said. "I want the remnants of the dinner party my uncle gave."

"You want what?" shouted Ravenna.

"I want all of 'em," said Ryder. "You have a secretary and all that. Will you get him to invite the people? All that will come?"

"I thought that you and Claussen . . ."

"I know, but I think there's something in the air that will bring them all. Will you have them invited for me, Mike?"

"I've got to do what you tell me, David, but . . ."

"Tell Eileen to put on her prettiest dress, will you?"

"If I say that to her from you . . . why, she'll shine like a star, David!"

"God bless her," said Ryder. "She's a sweet thing. . . . There'll be ten people at the table, unless there's another murder before night. And if I can find Marene."

"I think Marene is back. What are your detectives turning up?"

"Odds and ends. Interesting bits."

"D'you know that I've been shadowed by one of your rascals?"

"You?"

"Shadowed is the word. Though God knows what he'll get from me except the peeling of a sausage, now and then. About that money, boy . . ."

"Forget about the money. I don't want to think about it."

"And the golden angels, David?"

"I've traced them all. I've found one part of the murder, I suppose."

"One part . . ."

"There's more than a woman to the murder, Mike. Speaking of that word, they tried to murder me again this afternoon. At Tony's."

"At Tony's? In broad daylight?"

"The old Gonelli touch. That's all. I'll see you tonight, Mike."

A thundering roar began from Ravenna, but Ryder hung up the phone on the middle of the bellowing.

He rang Sydney Galloway next, at her new address.

She said: "Ah, I knew that I'd be hearing! . . . Mike's secretary just asked me to your dinner party. Awfully sweet of you, David."

"About the money, Sydney . . ."

"Yes. *What* about it?"

"Bad news."

Silence answered him, and the throbbing hum of the wire.

"It mustn't be bad news," said her cold voice. "You mustn't let it be bad, David. . . . As a matter of fact, I've checked everything up and find that it ought to be seventy-five hundred. I really need that to get in the clear. You *won't* disappoint me, will you?"

"I'm doing what I can. There's money about and I'll lay my hands on some of it."

"I know you will," said the girl. "You wouldn't be a *bad* boy, David, would you?"

Leslie Carton came next.

"I'm in bed, David," she said.

"Headache?"

"Too much New York."

"Will you go out with me? . . . Just for a ride with the top of the car down. . . . A little later, when the day's cooled off a bit."

"I'd like it. I'd love it. . . . Is it true that you want me for your party tonight?"

"Of course I do," said Ryder. "I'll be there at five something."

THEN he went back to his uncle's penthouse and fell into a chair.

"Look at me, Martin," he said, "and tell me what's the matter."

"The matter is that you've gone on fighting after the gong, sir," said Martin.

"Then what?"

"You take a hot bath and go to bed for an hour or two."

He rang Seelig, saying: "Marene Sutherland is back in town, I hear. You had your eyes closed and she got in past your men."

Seelig groaned. "What can one do? People travel like fish under water and like birds through the air. We cannot have eyes everywhere. . . . Mr. Ryder, I shall watch her now like a ring on my finger. . . . Your voice is very tired!"

"I'm fagged out, Seelig. But this business won't last much longer. We're near the end, as far as I'm concerned."

"Ah, Mr. Ryder, do you lose the good courage?"

"I'll be dead before I've lost the good courage, Seelig. They're closing in on me fast. Goodby."

He took a hot bath and went to bed. It received him with inexpressible cool softness. He slept.

(To be continued next week)

Strange Faces

Continued from page 15

pep'll be gone. What'll you do then? If you don't cash in pretty soon it'll be too late. What you need is a good swift kick in the pants! . . . Er, pardon me, Irene."

"Oh, that's all right," Irene said. "I quite agree with you. That was as good a way of putting it as any."

"I ain't made for the stage," Louie said. "Besides not being good enough, I'd be scared to death."

"But you've been on the stage here in camp hundreds of times!" Irene said.

"Yeah, but it's different. There's only a few hundred people. I see them around all the time and I get to know most of them—it's like a big family. I can let loose here—but in front of a coupla thousand strange pans, in a big theater, with all those lights—brr!" Louie shuddered.

What the guest had said about Louie's future had made a deep impression upon Irene. Louie was a genius, she told herself. She carried the argument no farther but then and there decided that he was going places in spite of himself.

BACK home in Brooklyn, after the camp had closed, Louie took up city life where he had left it in the spring. He hibernated most of the winter. Except for nights when he worked with the band, he seldom left the flat. Irene did not change his mode of living much. Louie saw her two or three evenings a week—sometimes took her to a club affair at which he played—but otherwise his habits remained unchanged. He had never liked looking ahead. And now that Irene was to be considered, thinking of the future had become more painful than ever. Marriage was a beautiful eventuality, but how it was to be arrived at, on his irregular income, modest at best, was a problem which he hated to ponder.

Irene had tried to get him to go to the theatrical agencies. He promised to do so but kept putting it off and she saw that she would have to take matters into her own hands. At last her chance came. Her exceptional charm and grace as a tap dancer won her a fairly important part in a Broadway musical comedy production. She told Louie nothing about it. The entrepreneur, a Mr. Marcus, seemed gruff, but proved not to be too hard-boiled. After several days of rehearsals, she ventured to talk to him about Louie. Marcus was skeptical but she persuaded him to go to a club affair at which Louie was to entertain. It was about the middle of November. She went too, with Louie.

He was in good form that night and Marcus was impressed. Irene didn't want Louie to know that she was responsible for the entrepreneur's presence and, as had been planned, he acted as though he were there by chance. He introduced himself to Louie and said, "I'm putting on a new show, Mr. Dobin, and I think I can use you." He took out a card, jotted his signature on the back of it. "Rehearsal at ten tomorrow morning. Present this at the stage entrance." He handed the card to Louie, said goodby, and left.

Louie looked blankly at the card.

"Marcus!" Irene exclaimed. "One of the biggest guns in show business. Are you convinced now? You're going to be famous whether you want to or not."

The musicians slapped Louie on the back. "You're in the dough, kid," they said. "You'll be starred on Broadway, first thing you know, and then—Hollywood!"

LOUIE grinned and coyly arched his eyebrows. "Thirty-three," he said, in embarrassment. He stammered trivial objections but in the end he had to promise to show up at the tryout.

He went to bed, that night, tipsy with visions. He arose early, with the aid of an alarm clock. Still in pajamas, he went to pick up a letter which peeped at him from under the door. It was tan, lettered in green, and he knew it must be from Luna Lodge. He sat down on the edge of his bed, nervously opened it, and began to read:

DEAR STAFF MEMBER:

Our annual reunion, this year, is to be held in the grand ballroom of the new Prince Charles Hotel, on Christmas Eve, as usual. We don't have to tell you what that means. It's going to be a grander reunion than ever and it's up to you to show that good old Luna Camp spirit and help fill that ballroom! We want it to be a night that Luna Lodgers will never forget and with the co-operation of our loyal staff we know that we can put it over. . . .

To all Buyers of Used Cars

In a Record Tribute to Greater Values, More than Two Million People Last Year Bought Used Cars from CHEVROLET DEALERS

WHEN you buy where millions are buying, you may be sure you are buying *wisely*—for only consistently greater values, year after year, could account for the constant annual increase in the number of used car buyers who buy from Chevrolet dealers. These millions have learned that used cars bearing the Chevrolet dealers' *Guaranteed OK* tag are cars that they can buy with confidence.

BUY WHERE MILLIONS ARE BUYING

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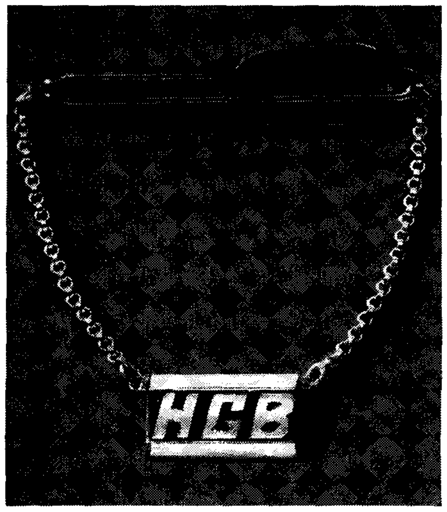
1,160,231
people bought used cars from Chevrolet dealers in the United States

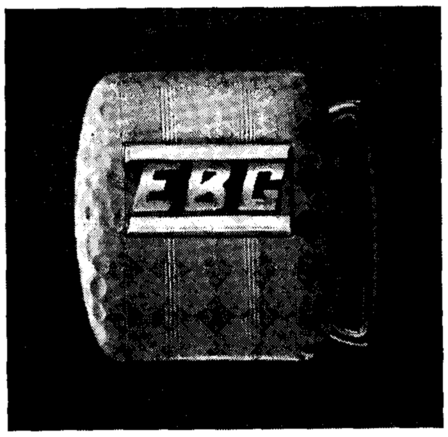
1935
1,425,209
people bought used cars from Chevrolet dealers in the United States

1936
2,019,839
people bought used cars from Chevrolet dealers in the United States

THE New Angle in Personalized Jewelry by SWANK



The originators of Personalized Jewelry for men have created a new style in this individualized aid to good grooming...more richly rounded in contour, with your own initials set at a new, smarter angle ● Leading jewelers, department stores and men's shops are showing complete selections of Personalized Jewelry by SWANK...displaying The New Angle in cravat chains, belt buckles, tie holders, money clips, key chains, Kum-a-part or Airway Links and lapel guards...at $1 up.



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SWANK

SWANK...NOVEL AID TO GOOD GROOMING

The reunion! How could he have forgotten it? In just a few days there was to be a preliminary meeting of the staff to work out plans for entertainment. They were counting on him and here he was, getting himself all tied up. Was he going to miss the reunion? Oh, well, what's one happy evening, he thought, compared to a career? He put the letter aside and went to the dresser to pick out a necktie. But he couldn't help thinking about camp. Next summer. That's right, where would he be next summer? No camp? A summer spent away from camp was unthinkable. There might be many such summers.

Louie sat down again on his bed to think things over. Thoughts of shows, Broadway, rehearsals, Hollywood, were all mixed up in his mind, a dark, evil, threatening nebula. He had been mad to get himself tangled up like this!

Well, it wasn't too late to get out of it. But he had faithfully promised Irene to appear at the tryout. What was he going to tell her? And how was he ever going to be able to marry her unless he made something of himself?

Then Louie saw himself bleakly alone on an enormous stage, caught in the blinding crisscross of a hundred cold spotlights. A thousand stiff, arrogant-looking, elderly musicians and a white-haired conductor, wearing oxford glasses and brandishing a long, sharp baton, stared frighteningly up at him from the orchestra pit. And beyond the pit were a million strange, hostile faces. The terrifying vision blotted out all other thoughts. In a panic, shivering, Louie slipped back into bed.

SEEING Louie in action had given Marcus a number of new ideas for his show. He was anxious to test them, but he couldn't without Louie, and as the morning advanced without any sign of the comedian, he became irritable. Shortly after ten o'clock, he began to demand of Irene, every few minutes, what had become of Louie. Irene could answer only that she didn't know. At about eleven-thirty, Marcus lost his temper.

"I give Dobin the chance of a lifetime and he holds up the works!" he said. "Nobody can do that to Marcus, understand? Nobody!"

"But Mr. Marcus, he may be ill or—or something," Irene said. "Let me phone him, please!"

"He seemed all right last night. But, well, go ahead, give 'im a buzz."

Since she had last seen Louie, Irene had lived over many times, in anticipation, the scene that would take place upon the consummation of the surprise she had planned for him. She had imagined, in detail, all the possible ways in which he might express his delight at learning that she was also in the show and that chances were they'd do some numbers together. The letdown made her sick with disappointment. As she went to the phone booth, backstage, she almost hoped that Louie was ill—just a little—rather than that he had lost his nerve. After much ringing, Louie answered the phone in a sleepy voice.

"Do you know the time?" Irene said.

"Er, no, what time is it?"

"I didn't call just to tell you the time, but if you're interested, it's approaching noon. You were to be here at ten!"

"Oh, yeah," Louie said. "I was going to call you and explain, later. . . . But whadaya mean by 'here'? Where you calling from?"

"From the stage of the theater. It was supposed to be a surprise, but I'm in the show too."

"Gee! That's swell, darling. . . . So, you rascal, that's how Marcus happened to be there last night!"

"Never mind that! Why aren't you here?"

"Well, look, Sugar, I—I just couldn't go through with it. You know, the old weakness. And now that I know you're there too, I'm scared stiffer than ever. I wouldn't be able to do a thing, honest!"

"But you haven't even tried!"

"Think I could letcha see 'em throw me out! Don'tcha see it's better I didn't come at all than to be a flop right from the start?"

"Nonsense! You're behaving like a schoolgirl," Irene said angrily. "Well, I have to cut this short. Marcus is up in the air, but there's still a chance. I can tell him you're not well and you can come around tomorrow or the next day. How about it?"

"Gee, I wish I could promise. I really wanted to show up today, but I just couldn't. It's like a disease. And the same thing's liable to happen tomorrow. Oh, what's the use?"

"I understand," Irene said abruptly. "Goodby."

"Wait a minute. I didn't like the way you said that."

"How do you want me to say it?"

"The way you always do—like a wave of the hand instead of as if I wasn't going to see you any more."

"You're *not* going to see me any more!"

"Wha—whadaya mean?"

"You want to drift and I don't intend to drift with you. Goodby."

Irene went back to the stage, trying not to weep. She wasn't angry with Louie any more. Just very sorry for him. And for herself, but she was going to get over that very quickly, she determined. She gave Mr. Marcus a brief explanation of what had happened.

"That's the way he is, and I'm afraid nothing can change him. Thanks for the trouble you've been to—and please pardon me for wasting your time," she said.

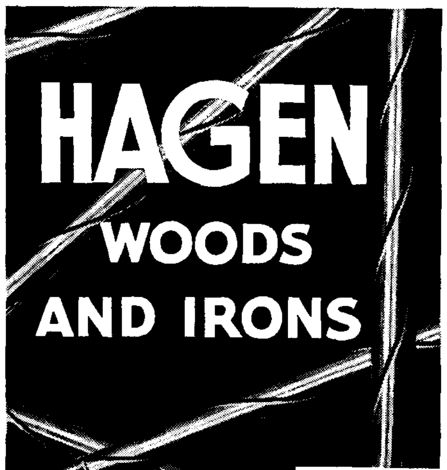
Louie sat dazed at the phone with the receiver in his hand. Slowly he put it down. A fleeting resentment at Irene's last words gave way to self-condemnation. He got up and looked at himself in the mirror over the dresser; stared accusingly at himself. "Parlor entertainer!" he said contemptuously. "*Coffee-and-caker!* Heel! The *one-and-only* fixes it so you can be a real sender, where it counts, and whadaya do? Try to make a sap out of her! Well, *you're* the sap! And there's only one way to square yourself. You're gawna walk into that theater this afternoon and moon Marcus, understand?"

BUT though Louie did go to Times Square that afternoon, he didn't walk into the theater. He got pretty close to it, several times during the next week, but always lost courage at the last moment. And then he stopped trying. He detested himself for his weakness but could not conquer it. He was a failure, it seemed, and he had lost Irene and, well, it was all over.

Louie wasn't nearly as funny as he had been, at the club affairs, but he got by. He was much disturbed to discover that he didn't enjoy clowning much any more. He tried to recapture the old spirit, but without success. He missed Irene terribly. One evening, in a desperate mood, he went to the theater in which she was appearing and bought a ticket from a sidewalk speculator. From his balcony seat, Irene appeared distant and unattainable and he spent a very bad three hours, wanting to leave and not being able to.

Toward the end of the show he was glad he hadn't walked out. In the middle of one of the closing scenes, watching Irene wistfully, an idea flashed through his head. He dismissed it as utterly foolish and then, his heart pounding with excitement, he decided that perhaps it was not impossible of realization.

When the company bowed for the final curtain he had eyes only for Irene. "I'll be seeing you," Louie said. The



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A brand new set of Hagen Woods and Irons will improve your game for two reasons.

First—playing with clubs designed by a celebrated champion gives you more confidence.

Second—Hagen models improve your play because of the major improvements designed right into the clubs.

Example: an exclusive Hagen feature is the Chrome Plated Spiral Groove Steel Shaft.

When you wallop the ball you get the torsion of hickory which gives you that added and needed power punch. And that means distance!

This revolutionary refinement comes in the American Ambassador Woods—$12 each. Also in the American Ambassador Irons—set of ten —$9 each.

Refinements of equal importance and exclusive for the ladies are found in the Miss America models.

Everything about these new models is special for the ladies, right down to the new, smart color schemes.

Woods—set of two—$5.00 each.
Irons—set of six—$3.50 each.

Other Hagen clubs from $3.50 up.
See your professional or dealer.

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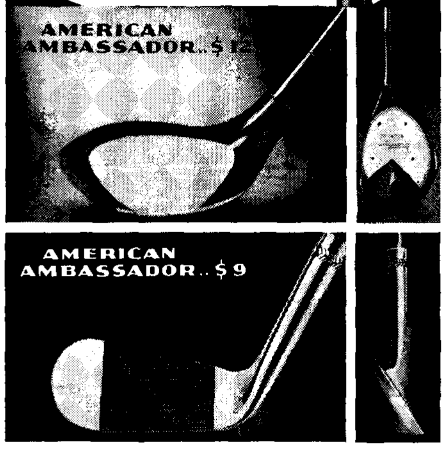
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



woman next to him looked queerly at him. Louie blushed. He hadn't realized that he had spoken aloud. He hurried out of the theater.

ONE evening, early in January, when Irene was about to leave her apartment for the theater, her phone rang. It was Louie.

"I'm going to ask for a favor," he said.

"Yes?" Irene said doubtfully.

"I want to see you tonight after the show."

"Oh!" Irene said. She had been trying to talk herself into believing that she was forgetting Louie.

"Please," Louie said. "Just forget this once what you said last time."

"But what is it all about?" Irene wanted to know.

"I can't tell you now. All I can say is that it means a lot to me. If you don't want me to, I'll never bother you again."

Irene winced. That was why he had taken her at her word. He hadn't even tried to see her because he was afraid he'd *bother* her. A wave of emotion swept over her.

"All right," she said. "The play ends at eleven-forty-five. . . . Want to come to my dressing room?"

"No, thanks, but the first thing you'll see outside the stage door'll be me," Louie said happily.

Irene went through the show like an automaton. It had always ended quickly but this time it seemed interminable. She became conscious of the stage grin she was wearing. Her face ached from it. At last the curtain. Bows, applause, bows, applause, and the show was over. She went quickly to her dressing room, smeared cold cream on her face, wiped off the make-up, dressed and hurried to the stage door.

Louie was as good as his word. His nose appeared as soon as she opened the door. Only then did she realize that being the first one of the cast out of the theater was in itself a giveaway. That seemed to have made no impression on Louie, though.

"Hello, Irene," he said, and, taking her arm, led her to a cab. He was dressed in full-dress suit.

"Is the band playing at some kind of special affair?" she asked. Ordinarily, the boys wore tuxedos.

"Very special," Louie said cryptically.

He had changed, Irene decided. He seemed well-poised and self-confident.

"Pretty late to start work, isn't it?" she said.

"Kind of. But you didn't tell me how I look in this getup."

"It's very becoming."

LOUIE smiled and squared his shoulders. "The high hat's the best part of it. Kinda hides the beak. And it makes me look taller."

Irene was about to insist on being told where they were going, when the cab swung in at the curb of a side street. Louie had the fare ready. He paid the driver and hurried Irene under a marquee which bore a neon sign which she didn't have a chance to read, through a doorway into a brightly lit foyer, modernistically trimmed, and through another door, opened by a tall doorman, also modernistically trimmed.

"Good evening, Mr. Dobin," the doorman said. It sounded very deferential, to Irene, as did the greetings of the hat-check girl and the headwaiter. She glanced sidewise at Louie. He was taking it all in his stride. They were shown to a table near the bandstand. Irene stared. Louie's band, augmented to twelve men, were seated there, looking very much at home.

Someone made an announcement: "At this time we take great pleasure in presenting Mr. Louie Dobin and his grand concert organ." There was a round of applause. A tiny portable organ, on a little platform, was pushed in front of the bandstand and a spotlight was aimed at it.

"Pardon me," Louie said to Irene.

He walked grandly to the organ, bowed and seated himself. The tails of his coat, dropped over the back of the stool, reached the floor. He began pumping at the pedals with his feet and running over the keys with his nimble fingers in a new version, funnier than ever, of his old piano act. That over, he hopped upon the bandstand, picked up a baton, and launched the band into a swing number. Irene, in bewilderment, was listening to him singing a solo chorus into a microphone when a waiter handed her a menu. She glanced at it and her eyes opened wide in thrilled surprise. Embossed in purple on a light green background appeared the words, "Club Louie."

AT THE end of the dance, Louie bowed and rejoined Irene. He had to bow again from his seat to the insistent applause before he sat down.

"How did all this happen?" Irene asked.

"We better order first," Louie said. He kept Irene in suspense while he deliberatingly gave the waiter an order.

"Talk!" she impatiently commanded.

"Well, it all happened so fast," Louie began, "that I hardly know where to start. . . . It's all your fault."

"I don't understand."

"I had to see you, so I went to your show, one evening. Remember the night-club scene near the end? That's where I got the idea. 'That's my speed,' I said to myself, and then I got busy. I had a little dough saved up, the boys had some, and Vogel had a lot more. He's backing me—we couldn't have had the place done up like this without some real cash. And it looks like a good investment."

"It certainly does," Irene said, looking around her at the crowded tables. "Say! A lot of those people look familiar."

"Now you're catching on," said Louie. "They're Luna Lodgers—half of 'em, anyway. There's quite a few thousand people get to camp during the season and they all know me. I figured it was all we needed for a starter. This place was all set, Christmas Eve, and there was a big mob at the reunion. I made an announcement about this club opening up and then we covered the rest of the Luna crowd with letters to all the people on the camp mailing list."

Irene looked at him with happy admiration. Louie had, after all, made the best of his potentialities.

"Gee, I've been pretty rotten, haven't I?" she said.

"No, no," Louie protested. "Remember last summer, agreeing with that guy who said I needed a swift kick? Well, I did."

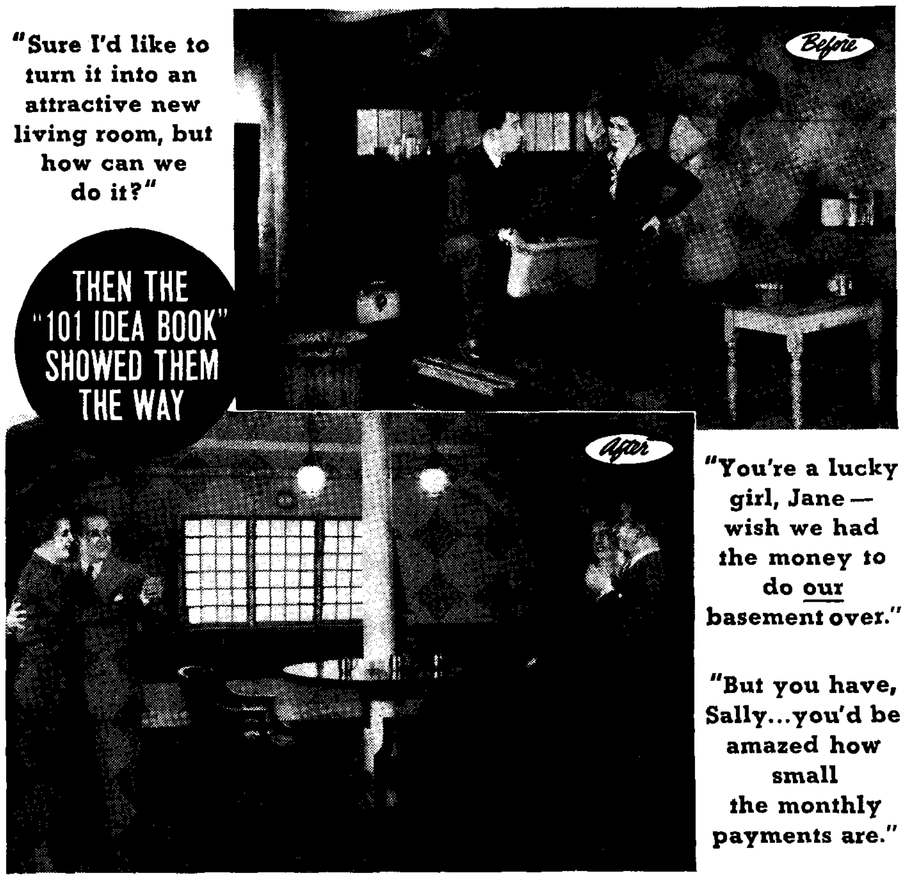
"You forgive too easily."

"Forget it. But lemme tell you some more. We began broadcasting the other night, and you know, it's a funny thing, I can walk up to a mike and look it right in the eye, even though I know there's maybe a million people hooked on to it. Looks like I'm catching on. We been turning 'em away at the door for over a week now, and these last coupla days there's been quite a sprinkling of newcomers. The beauty of it is that there's always enough faces I know to make me feel cozy."

"A week? You kept me waiting a week?" Irene said indignantly.

"Oh, I was dying to have you here on opening night," Louie said. "But opening nights always go over big and I had to make sure it wasn't just a flash in the pan. Because I was hoping that maybe you and me—well, you know, darling. . . . Can I call you 'Darling'?"

"You'd better!" Irene said. "It's very conducive."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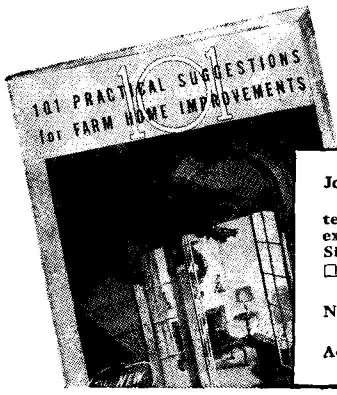

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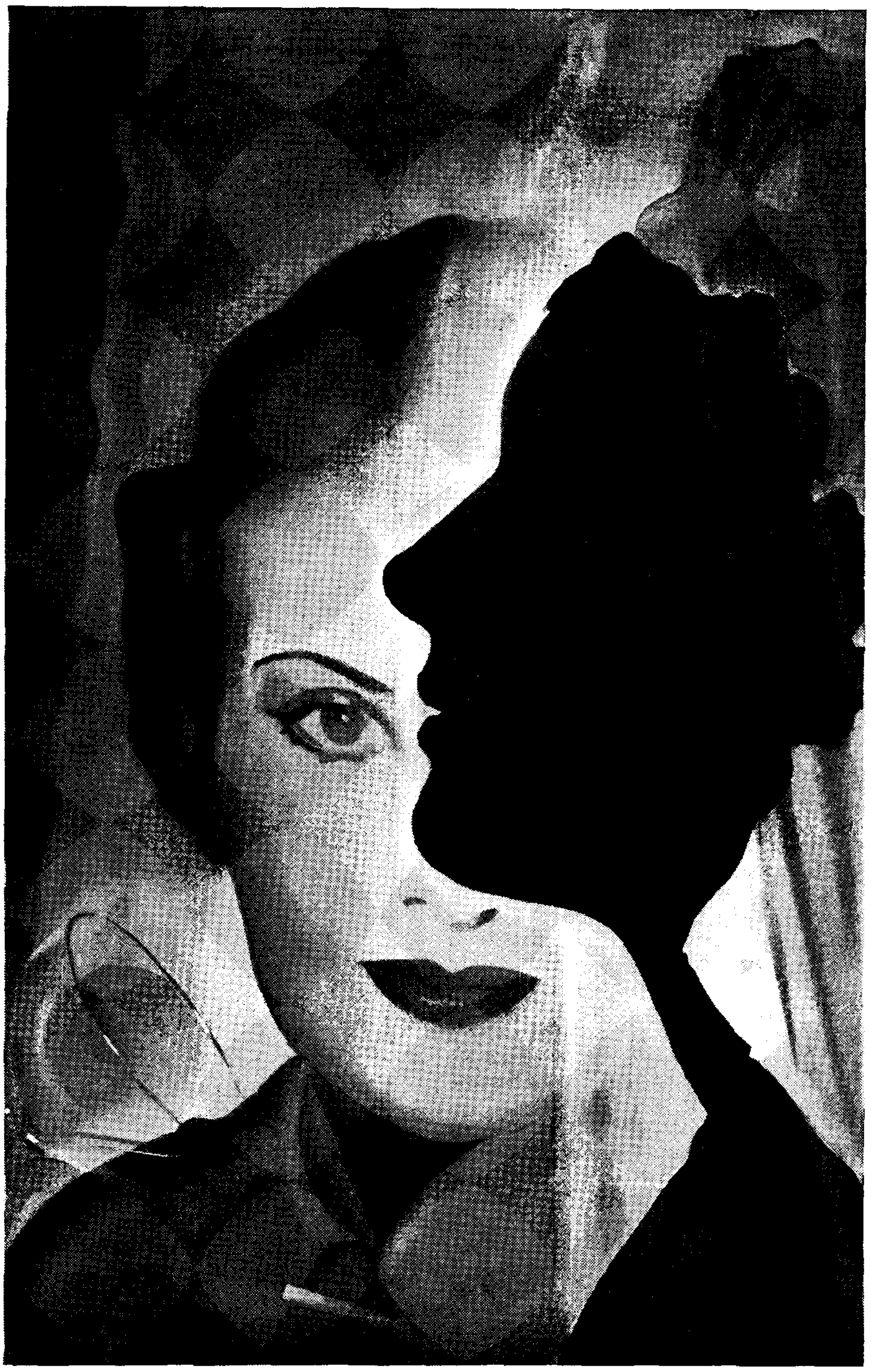


In Vino Veritas

By David Partridge

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

WELL, I don't know. Veritas is a big word—the biggest word, perhaps—in any language. And as to the miracles performed by alcohol—those moments of drunken, let me say, inspiration. Are they flashes of rare and uncanny insight? Or, merely feverish, distorted—in short, passages of madness, more or less?

Frankly, the doctor said, I don't know.

But I'll cheerfully admit that I do entertain an opinion on the subject. A strictly private, unprofessional opinion. A suspicion, rather.

FOR, you see, there's the case—among others—of my friend Addison.

A case, I say. Even if that night was the first time—the very first time, he assured me—that he'd ever had too much to drink. And I shouldn't be surprised if he'd been strictly sober ever since, all these many years. Because he was always very careful, my good friend Addison. Considerate of his family. And of what people might say, and so on. Above all, his family. They didn't appear to be unduly wealthy. But the name, you understand. And it was before the war. And Boston. Brookline, to be exact.

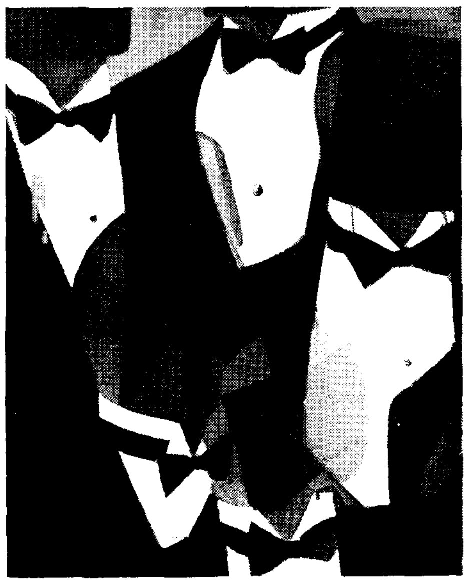
And so, as an undergraduate, Addison was always correct and careful. He never really distinguished himself in any way. Jayvee was the best he could do at football. He wasn't quite good enough to make the tennis team, either. But in the fall and winter he wore his high collar and club tie to the manner born, as the saying goes. And in the spring he wore his club colors on his hatband. They didn't go around without hats, those days. And Addison always wore his straw hat set squarely on the middle of his head.

Now, all this may sound as though—but don't misunderstand me. I liked him. As I look back, I can see that we were all very important young gentlemen, in those days. We were all—well, conservative. Some of us raised more hell than others, that was all.

And—that night, at any rate, that one night, Addison got properly drunk. With good reason, too. For one thing, he'd just gotten his degree; and a B. A. did mean something, then. But never mind that. The real reason—the real occasion to celebrate—was that Addison was getting married. And it was the night of his bachelor dinner.

The dinner, of course, was very correct. In a private room at the Touraine. Oak wainscoting and a beamed ceiling. Strictly stag. And all of us—eleven of us, including Addison—in dinner jackets.

And, strangely enough, it seems that those dinner jackets— As he told me later, he looked up, he looked around the table, and all he could see were those white shirt fronts and the neat little black bow ties. Ten of them. He couldn't see any faces, he said. Only those stiff, white shirt fronts and the little black ties.



He must have been pretty far gone by this time. But he didn't look it. Because of his sunburn, perhaps. He used to go sailing off Cape Cod, week ends. And, as I remember it now—his long, rather narrow face, and his well-shaped head—he never for a moment stopped looking fit and clean.

But he'd had a lot to drink. So much so that the sight of those ten stiff shirts got him mad. Mad in the sense of crazy, he explained. Because all of a sudden he started thinking that they formed a sort of chain around him. Like a line of policemen, he said, or soldiers, all wearing the same uniform. And he was going to be married—day after tomorrow. And her brother was there, at the table. Square shoulders; and strong hands on the table. He was on the crew. And his father—her father—had been on the crew, in his day. Stroke and captain. And her grandfather too. And it seemed to Addison—it was difficult to explain, he said—but it seemed to him as though he were before a court, now. Not policemen and not soldiers. Judges. Condemning him to—to what? He didn't know.

But, he said, suddenly he started thinking of this other girl. He hadn't seen her, he hadn't heard from her, and he hadn't even thought of her, he said, in—well, months, anyway. And now—he couldn't understand it—but he started remembering her now, more and more clearly.

Remembering. And especially that one night, after the show—she was one of the Gertrude Hoffman dancers; a little thing, he said, like a kid—and he remembered clearly now that night, after the show, when he had taken her out to Cambridge. He had shown her the yard. The trees and the old buildings. Weld, Matthews, Sever, and so on. And then they had walked down the quiet streets, over the bridge, to the stadium. She had wanted to see the stadium; and there it was, dark and quiet. Amazingly quiet, Addison said. And then they had walked slowly back to the square, and part of the way toward Fresh Pond. He remembered that walk clearly. Her arm in his. And very little talk. She was like a kid, really, he said. Not at all Broadway. Like a kid you see on the beach, running around in a bathing suit, and you wonder if she's a child or a—or a girl, he said. And he remembered that dress she used to wear—sort of brown, not much of an outfit—but just right, he said, for her. And—yes, she'd written once or twice. Twice. He had never answered. Better not, he had told himself.

But now—sitting there, at that table—the idea took hold of him. The one thought. That he must find this girl. That he must go to her—now, at once—wherever she was. It was so clear, he said. That he must go to her, and tell her. Now—quickly—before it was too late.

HE GOT up from the table. Without a word to anyone. Without making any excuses. He didn't even stop for his hat, he said. He went downstairs.

And he wasn't staggering or stumbling. No. Nothing like that. In fact, he said, as he remembered it, he seemed to come floating down those stairs. Slowly. Much too slowly.

Everything seemed to be taking so long now. Every step and every word was miles behind his thoughts, he said.

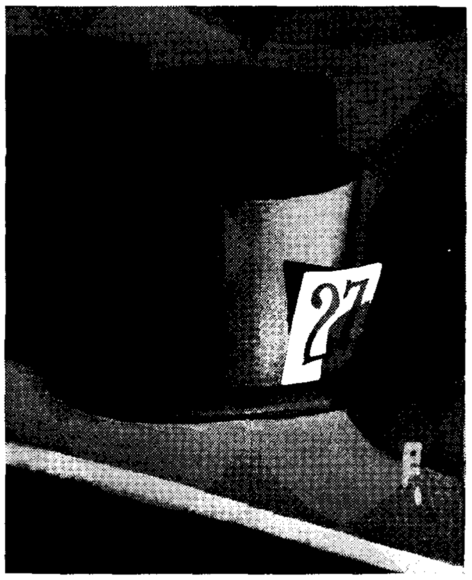
He went to the telephone. Long distance. She lived in New York—uptown, she had said, with her mother—uptown, he didn't know the address. But Information wanted to know more.

To hell with the phone. What use was a phone call, anyway? He wanted to see her. New York. That was easy enough. A few hours. And there were no classes tomorrow. Classes? And then he remembered that there wouldn't be any more classes.

And, just as he was—in his dinner jacket and without a hat—he ran out into the street. There was a taxi. South Station, he told the driver. And to hurry, hurry.

But at the station Addison was informed that he'd just missed the one o'clock. The last train. There wasn't another before morning.

And, next morning—well, my good friend Addison was relatively sober, next morning. And through the fog of his hangover, as he told me, he started wondering where he could have left his hat.



The dangerous belief

A DANGEROUS belief fills the heart of many a young father—oddly enough *it is his belief in himself*.

The belief that he will earn more money tomorrow than he earns today—*"then I'll start tucking some away,"* he thinks. The belief that he will someday, by ways of his own designing, set aside sufficient money to educate his children, to provide for his own old age—*"no hurry about that,"* he believes.

Too often it is a too-great belief. A man's faith in his ability to accumulate money can be so strong that it blinds him to the need of *doing* anything about it.

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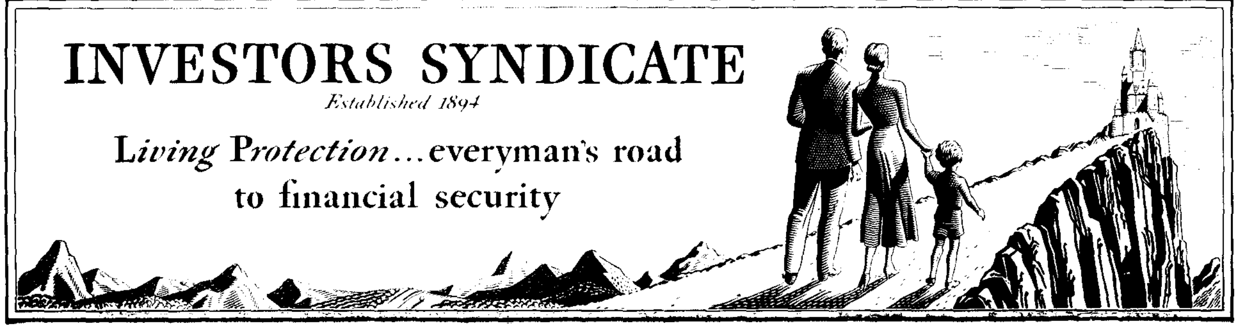

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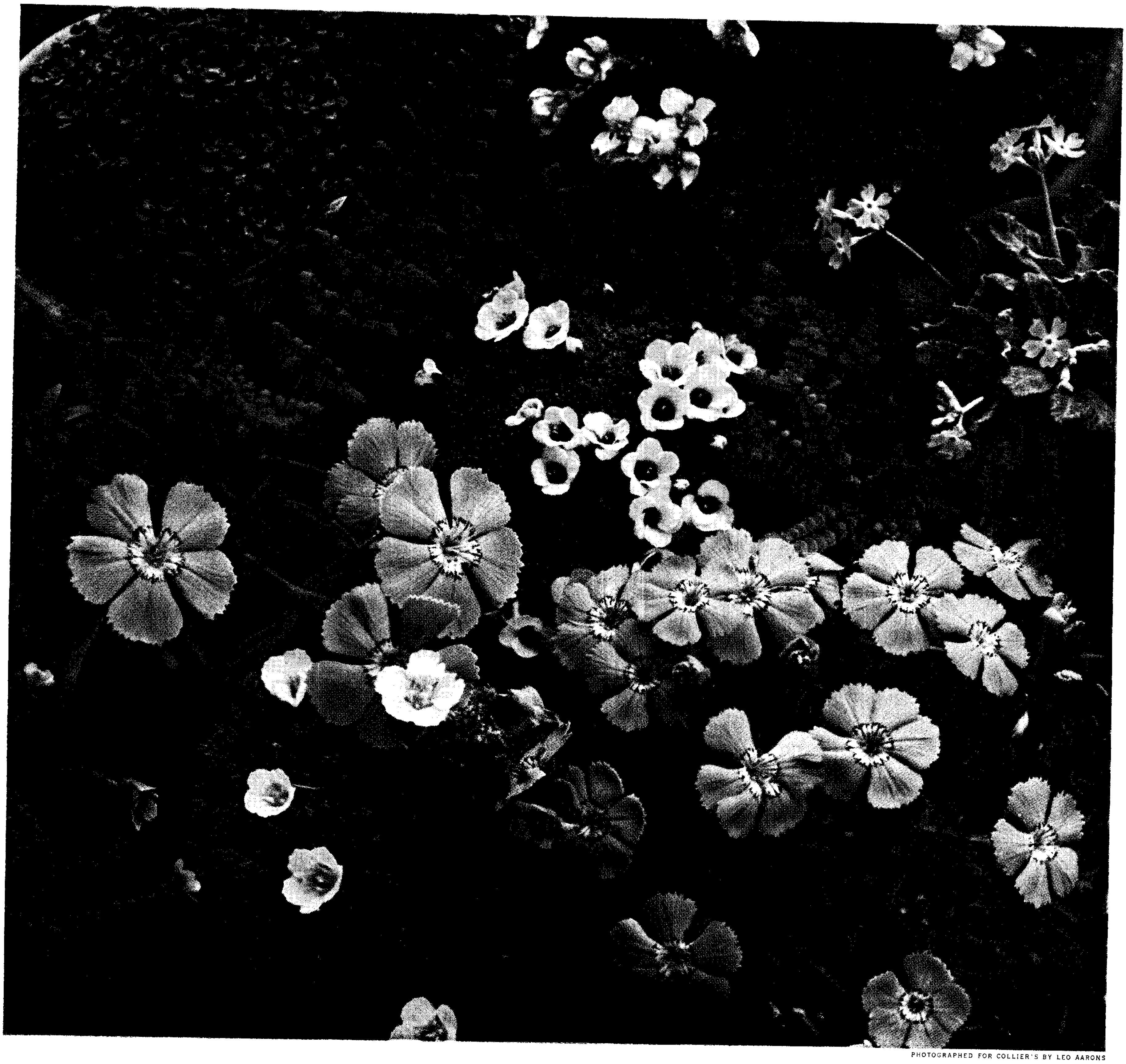

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO AARONS

Delicate blooms against rich green thrive in rocky beds. Shown by courtesy of Frederick Leubuscher

BED ROCKS

By Betty Thornley Stuart

Rock gardening is modest in its requirements and prodigal in its returns. Perhaps that's why it is spreading like spring across the country. It has reached such a point of perfection that now you can have a rock garden without rocks

SOME people meet Destiny because they walk down a certain street at twelve noon, or take the second right-hand table in a restaurant at midnight instead of the one in the corner. But Florens DeBevoise had her life's direction changed because she motored over to a friend's house when they were about to put in a modest rock garden on a hillside.

"What's that?" she asked idly, pointing to a plant with blue-gray leaves.

"Why—let's see the list. Here it is—Sedum Ewersii. They say it has rose-colored flowers in late summer. It comes from the Himalayas."

Now Mrs. DeBevoise had always been interested in horticulture so far as trees and shrubs were concerned. She'd always been attracted by faraway places, had done a fair bit of traveling, but never to any spot right off the map. So she looked more carefully at the little plant that had come so far from its wild habitat. Rose-colored flowers would show up like dawn on the roof of the world, against those cool blue-gray leaves.

"Here, take a bit of it," said her friend, "we won't miss it. Stick it in your garden and see if it grows."

All the way home, Mrs. DeBevoise kept thinking about Sedum Ewersii and where she'd put it. When she got out of the car, her eyes swung to the left. Next to the house sitting so decorously in its grounds on the Connecticut shore was a vacant field, flat as your hand, covered with miscellaneous grass and weeds. The soil was undoubtedly good, since it had once been used to grow onions. Why not take the bit of Sedum and start a rock garden on the onion field?

Mrs. DeBevoise didn't know any more about rock plants then than you or I do at this minute. But today she's one of America's best-known rock gardeners—which just goes to show what Destiny can do with you, if you don't thwart her. As for the wisdom acquired in the process, it's ours to command.

Rock plants, says Mrs. DeBevoise, take less space, give more bloom and present fewer difficulties in the way of cultivation per dollar invested than any other class of plants. There's no reason why every suburban lot and every city back yard shouldn't have a rock garden, even if the future enthusiast has no more to spend on plants to start with than five dollars—or even less in a pinch. As to what you get back—well, sir, it's color and romance and such a demonstration of the will to live and bloom as it would be hard to match. Also, in planning the setting for your treasures you have a little construction problem that may well interest the man of the house, even if it's the lady who first wants the garden.

Romance is a constant, on account of the back-

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ground of these sturdy immigrants from far climes. Color is most gorgeous in spring, but the garden sparkles with cool white and blue all summer, spaced out with sunshine yellows, while autumn brings a crescendo of vivid reds, mingled with lavenders, pinks and blues.

The construction part can be as elaborate or as simple as you wish, in case nature hasn't laid down the rocks. If you have to buy stones or pick them up gradually in the car on week ends, you'll want those of irregular shape and about a foot to two feet across for your major units, choosing rock neither so soft that it goes to pieces in rain and frost, nor so hard that its surface won't weather at all.

When you have your pile, you'll arrange the result so that it looks like the high spots on a minute scale—hills and valleys, gentle slopes and steep inclines, all as though you viewed the Rockies through the wrong end of a telescope. From the practical angle, each stone should be partly embedded in the soil, tipping slightly backward so that moisture may get to the roots of the plants at its base, with outer layers laid so as to provide soil-pockets for the plants to grow in.

For drainage, add stone chips to the compost. First remove top soil from sections to be raised, then fill with broken brick, stones, chips of cement, anything that will provide drainage. Fill the beds with soil mixed according to the needs of the plants, and shaped into irregular outlines. Top with rocks put firmly into place, leaving pockets large or small according to the number of plants desired. Earth rammed into the lower passages can be unreconstructed soil from the site, though it's a wise precaution to sift it first so as to remove any weed roots. Plant-pockets, on the contrary, must be filled with the sort of soil that rock plants like.

There are two ways of going about this. The first is to "assemble" your soil as you did your stones. While the 33d-degree fan has as many recipes for soils as a chef has for cake icings—each based on a particular client's appetite—the general rule is good enough for us beginners and is as follows: Use one-third sharp sand, one-third vegetable fiber and one-third garden loam. The sand should be rather coarse. The vegetable fiber can be old sod, leaf mold, turf from the woods or prepared peat fiber which can be bought from any gardener's supply house. The garden loam should be screened through a sieve to take out weed roots. No fertilizer is needed—and manure, so good for gardens of other types, is like feeding filet mignon to the baby.

Down to Earth

But suppose you don't want to assemble special soil. Then what you do is send a sample of the soil on your property to your kind-hearted government for free analysis—or take it to the nearest agricultural college or botanical garden. If word comes back that you've got clay, you must lighten it with sand and peat. If authority says your sample is gravelly, add peat and leaf soil. If it's garden loam, you'll need stone chips in addition to peat and sand. Whatever the soil and whatever you do to it, it's safe to plan a small expenditure for a light salt-hay blanket to put over your rock garden in winter, if the locality is given to frosty winds without protecting snowfalls.

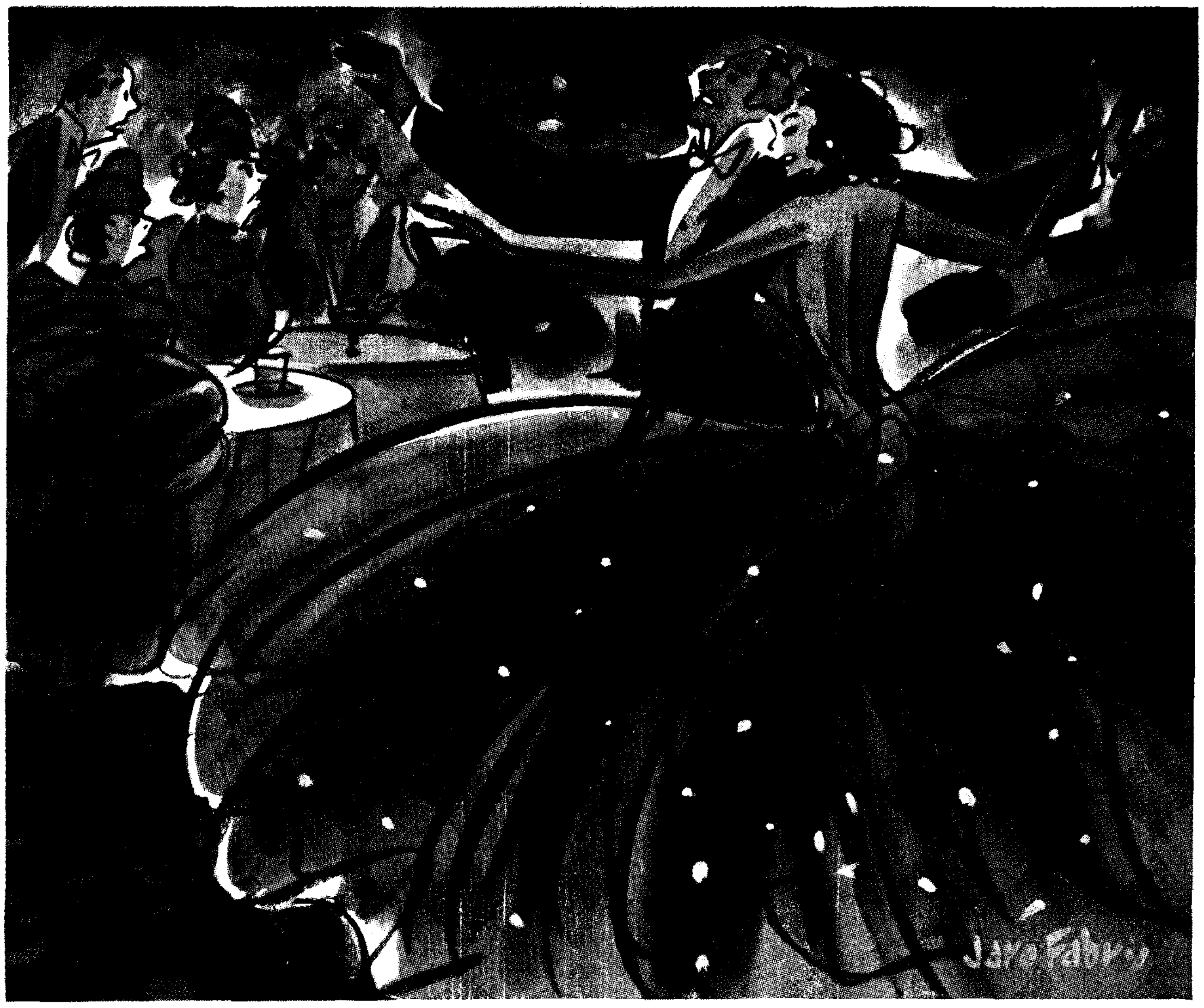
Mrs. DeBevoise herself started rock gardening much after the fashion outlined. But the original casual stage didn't last long—as, she warns, it may not with you. For you're quite apt to get so keen on your hobby that you'll want to study plants as well as grow them. Maybe your reading will take a practical turn—soils, potting, propagation and seeds—which may lead you to a career instead of just a pastime.

That first little plot was just a starter for Mrs. DeBevoise. The more she knew, from books and observation, the more ground she wanted for experiment. The onion field was bitten off in chunks. Pools, planted stone walls, trees, sunken paths and raised beds made their appearance. Then, one day, she realized that she was up against a momentous decision. Nobody could keep on expanding indefinitely and giving away surplus plants like unwanted kittens. So early in 1929, she decided to go into the alpine nursery business—just at the time when so many other businesses were about to fold up.

Today, people come from far and near to Cronamere, lured by three considerations. They know that here will be found one of the finest rock gardens in the country and the largest collection of rock plants in America—about 3,000 species and varieties. They know that Mrs. DeBevoise's exhibit won the Gold Medal given by the Garden Club of America for the finest garden of any type at the New York Flower Show in 1936. But perhaps the third reason has the greatest drawing power. For you don't need passwords and grips to get in. The public is always welcome to come as often as it likes and stay as long as it wants—and this year's bit of construction is a garden house for the exclusive use of visitors.

Mrs. DeBevoise is now working successfully with a rock garden minus rocks! Experiment has proved at Cronamere that many rock and alpine plants will grow on the flat, since situation in shade or sun is the really important factor. This, of course, opens up a brand-new field, because it cuts out the expense and trouble of building the theater before you put on the play.

And now, let's think about what to plant, and, because most of us know



"But I can't throw them out, ladies. That's our floor show!"

JARO FABRY

comparatively little about varieties, Collier's asked Mrs. DeBevoise to make a list of those to start on—easy to take care of, adaptable to almost any part of the country, lovely to look at, giving continuous bloom in the garden, the whole lot purchasable at around five dollars. So here you are. And Mrs. DeBevoise's last word of advice is to put in each soil-pocket plants of only one variety, three, five or seven of a kind.

VARIETIES THAT GROW IN SUN

Achillea tomentosa—with mats of soft green foliage and large glistening golden flowers over a long season.

Alyssum rostratum—a plant which drapes large rocks, having yellow flowers in late summer and autumn.

Alyssum saxatile compactum—a sun-lover that covers its gray foliage in early spring with brilliant yellow flowers.

Calamintha alpina—has procumbent foliage and a mass of soft purple flowers in midsummer.

To add to these, there is a very large selection of Asters to choose from. Two for spring are *A. alpinus* and *A. alpinus Dark Beauty*—one a pale lavender with gold centers and the other darker lavender. *A. Mauve Cushion* for early autumn produces masses of mauve flowers and in two years will spread into quite a large-sized plant. There are also many forms of *Dianthus plumarius,* with their silvery mats and fragrant flowers in rose, lavender and white. They make a good showing in early summer.

VARIETIES FOR SHADY SPOTS

Aquilegia canadensis—a well-known dwarf Columbine with bright yellow sepals and red spurs. Another choice little Columbine is *A. flabellata nana alba,* with white blossoms on six-inch stems.

Arabis procurrens—with close-cut glistening foliage that is attractive all year, and myriads of dainty white flowers in spring.

Dicentra formosa—has lovely fern-like foliage and graceful red stems that bear drooping pink flowers through the entire season until hard frost.

Campanula carpatica—a variety that likes half-shade, with luscious blue cups opening in early July and carrying through most of the summer.

FOR EITHER SUN OR SHADE

Ajuga reptans variegata—which has rosettes of palest green and white, topped by blue spikes of flowers that make an attractive spring display.

Armeria laucheana—producing pink flowers all season through.

The dwarf Delphiniums are always effective. Little *D. chinensis* blooms off and on all summer and autumn, in the typical delphinium blue. Mixed *Sedums* and *Sempervivums* are most attractive among the rocks and cost as little as a dollar a dozen.

If you care to go into some of the more expensive and choicer varieties, Mrs. DeBevoise recommends *Aethionema armenum,* with blue-gray prostrate foliage and a profusion of soft pink flowers in spring, on six-inch stems—a really worth-while investment. If you feel quite romantic, you should have at least one plant of the beautiful blue Gentian of the Alps—*Gentiana acaulis.* Its large sapphire-blue trumpets, appearing in spring and very often again in the fall, will always be recognized by the traveler who has seen Switzerland.

Emergency Wife

Continued from page 26

bluffing. By implication—loud and boisterous—he always asserted his claim to those things which, by hook or by crook, he wanted to win. His voice now cried out in deep astonishment at her audacity for asking to her dinner table—and such a table with its gala air—those two men who had gone out; without first apprising himself. He wanted to put her in the wrong, to make her excuse herself and to coax him. His mind was full of such ingenuities. But she was too wise for him. Her challenging look replied: "Why are *you* here, uninvited? You might have spoiled my party."

She echoed aloud: "Well? *Well?* . . . What do you mean by 'well'?"

HIS bluster faltered, as it always did when she checked him, though in his stubborn mind and hot heart he registered a vow that the day should come when he would command and she should not check him. And this was not so much an attempt happily to deceive himself, but a conviction that opportunity must come if he only seized it and knew how to play his game.

And he loved her! His eyes, rushing over her slimness, in that gown, which, like Kenneth, he had never seen before, told her so recklessly. What a girl! What a prize for a man like himself, who needed some lovely female thing beside him, coaxing, flattering, heartening him, furthering his confused and intricate plans which he could seldom quite complete successfully himself!

"Just badinage, my dear," he said easily.

"I wish you wouldn't rush in unexpectedly like this! And so late!" she said, coldly.

"Why, haven't I the right?"

There he was again, trying to force his wish and conviction upon her as her own conviction!

"Certainly not," she answered. "Please don't ever imagine that you have the right."

He shifted. "You've had a party."

"A small one."

"What for?"

"Why does one ever have a party?"

"Your parties are mostly business, Linnet, and we know it. Those Sunday evenings aren't all for fun. Though fun they are, I'll admit, with such a good hostess."

"This is not Sunday evening."

"No. It is evidently very special. Do I know the dark fellow?"

"You didn't give me the impression that you had met before."

"Who is he?"

"Is that your business, Hero?"

"No, but I always ask straight out for anything I want to know, don't I? And I usually get answers. Come on, dear. Who is he?"

"Mr. Faverel of Porter and Bradley's Ltd."

"What? The engineering firm? Kenneth's?"

"Yes."

"You're putting up something for Kenneth, then?"

"If I choose to do so," she answered evenly.

He began to wheedle then.

"Don't be angry, please, because everything you do is important to me—I'm just a poor chap who's crazy about you, and wants to protect you."

"*You* protect *me!*" She laughed, intentionally careless of his hurt vanity. "You're looking for someone to protect you, Hero, for all your size and noise.

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FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN Feen-a-mint THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

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Not like Kenneth, who is so proud that he hates being helped at all."

"So you're helping him, eh?"

She considered Hero dispassionately for a moment. "Didn't Kenneth say anything when you were alone with him just now?"

"Nothing much."

The car drove away below to the accompaniment of cheerful voices calling: "Good night."

"He will tell you what he wants you to know," she said disdainfully.

DISDAIN, coldness, hauteur, frank feminine brutality—it all turned against Hero's tough hide as a slender weapon's point turns against impenetrable armor. Against such a man it was difficult for a woman to fend. It came to her in a queer way now that were a woman obliged to live with him, she would be almost dreadfully defenseless against his inexhaustible bluster, blarney, machinations, passions, stupidities, egotism. A small shudder ran over her.

"Cold, Linnet?"

"No. Thinking."

"What of?"

"You."

His face was slowly swept by a dark heavy flush, though he managed a smile.

"Sorry I make you shiver. . . . I like those sleeves of yours. Lovely. Parisian? Must be Parisian, I'm sure."

Again proprietary, his eyes rested on the large, graceful, vividly embroidered sleeves of her gown; and just as he had a trick of making her feel that she was his woman, so now the gown was his gown, the sleeves his property, bestowed upon her by his munificence. He who achieved so little, yet radiated the lie that the world was his. With a deliberate gesture she folded the wide sleeves round her arms away from his outstretched fingers. And Kenneth strode in.

"Sorry I interrupted the party," Hero said instantly.

"Oh, you didn't. We were just leaving anyway."

"And now you've come back." Hero's grin accented: "Because I'm still here."

"I've left my hat."

"Oh. Your hat? Well, when you've got it, old man, we can walk part way home together."

"Not tonight, Winter. I've something more to say to Linnet."

"And I've something more to say to you, too," Linnet agreed coolly.

WINTER was nonplussed and angry but did not mean to leave without hearing more.

"You look as if you had some good news, Kenneth."

"I've had a stroke of luck."

"Glad to hear it. Congratulations. What is it?"

"Porter's are sending me to Roumania on a job."

"To Roumania!"

Now his displeasure evaporated. He beamed like the sun. "Oh, good egg! Promotion, I suppose?"

"Decidedly."

"You going for long?"

"The Roumanian job mayn't take long, but it's a preliminary canter. I'm going to be put up to second consultant if it all goes off well."

"Oh, fine! Fine! Isn't it fine, Linnet?"

"Fine."

"You'll be kept on the move, old chap. Sent to the ends of the earth . . . oh, grand! I envy you the life." He turned to Linnet: "We'll miss him, won't we, dear?"

"We shall miss him, Hero," she said scornfully.

The scorn was for Hero and his impudent encroachments, his irresistible implications, but he did not come to know it. He preferred to think it was for Kenneth, arrogant stick of a fellow with no understanding of women, no aptitude for guessing what this dinner party effort, made for him by such a girl, might be made to mean by a more worldly lover; by a man who knew his way about.

Still, he wants to stay behind, Hero thought. And he thought, too, as scornfully as Linnet had spoken: I'll let him. He's not going to take much away from me. Roumania! He's going to Roumania!

This was the moment at which the hired waitress looked in, hatted and coated, to say good night; and she was smiling.

"Good night, Mrs. Basil. Thank you."

While she withdrew her head and closed the sitting-room door, and till the front door had clicked behind her, there was silence between the three. Then Hero spoke:

" 'Mrs. Basil,' did she say?"

"A joke of hers," said Linnet calmly.

"A joke. Well, but . . . what is this? Are you two married?"

His voice was quieter; it was strangely quiet for him; but it seemed to the other two to be fraught with very definite danger.

"We are not," Kenneth answered, quiet too, emphatic and bitter. "And we are never likely to be."

"Never likely to be," Linnet echoed, modern, clipped, cheerful. Not a regret!

"Oh, well, I'm glad you tell me so. I wouldn't like to miss a friend's wedding." He took out his bright silk handkerchief and wiped his brow on which a bead of perspiration had actually started. "I see it's a joke. Ha! ha! Linnet, I'll ring you at the office tomorrow as Mrs. Basil."

His look interrogated her smartly.

"Please don't," she said in a level voice.

"Your little Clare Lent *will* be surprised!"

"Please don't, Hero."

"Pelham and Penley wouldn't take it as a joke," Kenneth said quietly. "Linnet has signed a fine contract which bans marriage."

"Oh, has she? Great! Magnifico! Well, then I won't give anybody a shock. I promise you. I'm safe. All right, Linnet, my dear. . . . Well, this dinner party tonight must have been a double celebration."

"It was."

Winter rapped out:

"And what did Mr. Faverel call you, Linnet?"

Because she hesitated the fraction of a second, he pounced. Sometimes he was a quick guesser, and he hazarded a guess now. "Perhaps old Porter likes his men to be married? Not like Pelham and Penley and their women, eh?"

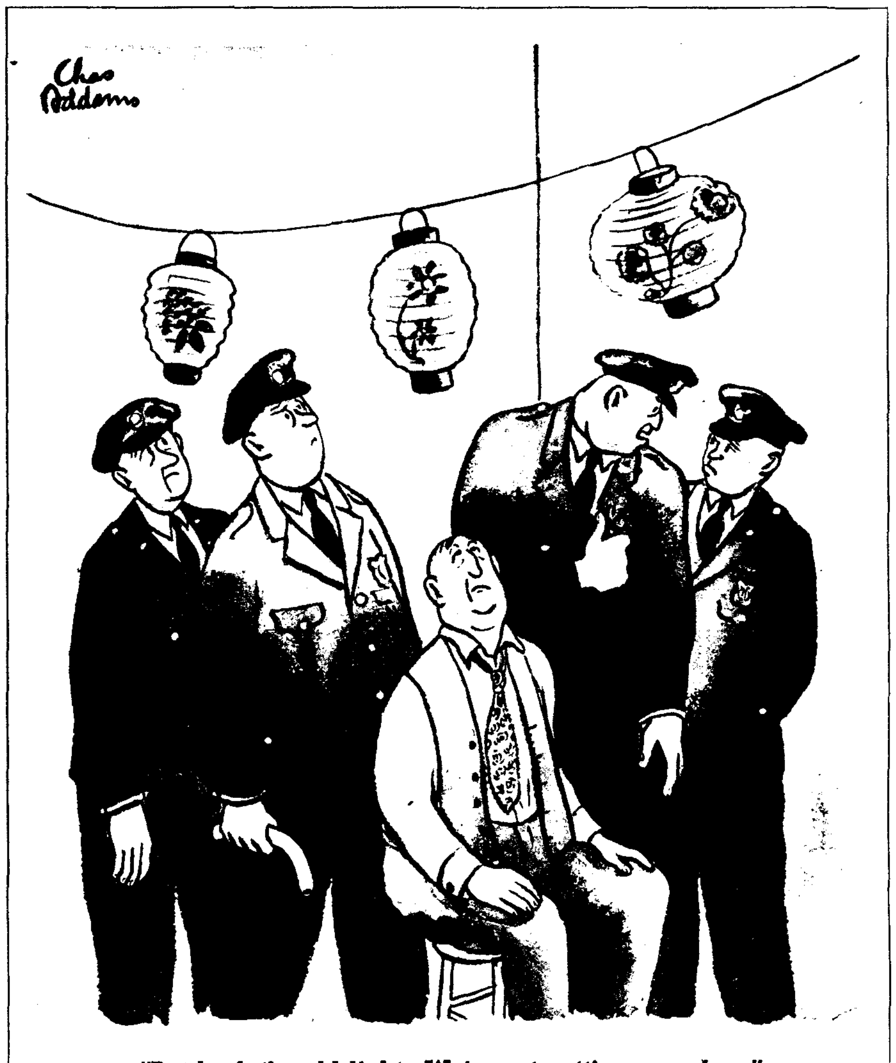
"You're not far wrong," Kenneth said grimly.

"What a game! I wouldn't have thought it of either of you!"

Now we're in his hands, Linnet thought; in his beastly great red paws.

SHE was not prepared for the queer satisfaction in his face; his amenableness; and friendly wish to help the conspiracy; and when he made it evident, she feared him more. He promised them, jovially, all his support, averred his intention—and could not be refused—of being "in" on any stunts; sketched his plausible participation as mutual friend —"just to help you, Kenneth old boy. And isn't Linnet a grand girl to help you too?"

He turned and his reassured look raked the table. "I'll clear away, dear." He advanced on the coffee cups and finger bowls and glasses as one intimately at home here—his usual attitude confirmed and intensified. "You didn't keep that girl—awkward when fellows will sit so long over their powwow. You shouldn't have let Faverel sit so long, Kenneth old boy. Can't you see Linnet's tired? A day in the office is enough for a woman without organ-



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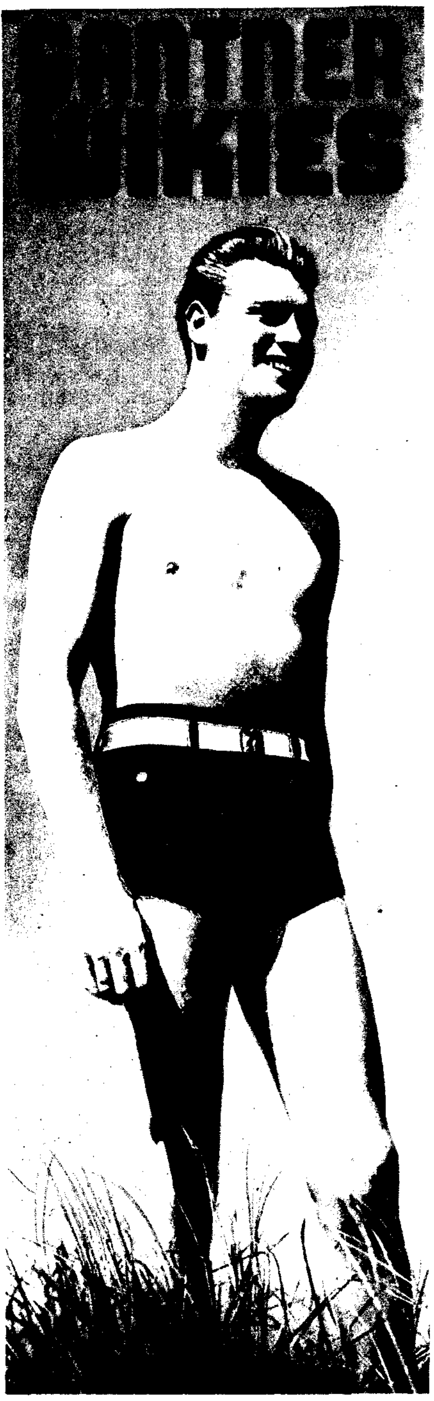
CHAS. ADDAMS



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izing all this jamboree. You're a good friend, Linnet dear; a damn' good friend. Hand me that tray, Kenneth."

The flat was his. Her glasses, her silver, she herself—all his! Oh, and she *was* tired! Nervous and ready to weep and Hero knew it. He had a dreadful facility for knowing these things about a woman, and of using the knowledge for all it was worth.

Kenneth — the adorable, pigheaded proud young man—he knew nothing.

Nothing! Nothing!

It was clear to her that not one iota of all this did Kenneth understand. He did not know the divers ways of men with women; only his own stubborn, singlehearted way. He saw here a burly handsome figure of a man making himself very much at home, annexing the initiative, taking possession. And he stood aside, he stood back, his eyes on fire but his mouth set, long and grim as she too often saw it; irreconcilable.

Hero began, with the mental deftness that he had at his command, to outline the next week for the three of them. "You'll have to be here at Linnet's place often, I suppose, old boy, if you're to keep up the role. I'll be here often too, family friend knowing all about things. Tell you what! I was best man! Yes. That's good. I was best man at the wedding! It all helps. I want to help—"

"I'd rather you let it be," Kenneth replied.

"I assure you, old boy, it'll help no end if I'm here when that fellow Faverel comes."

"Why should Faverel come here again?"

Winter had taken off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, stood over the sink. "Well, he will come," he prophesied deliberately.

Linnet said: "There won't be very long, because Kenneth goes in a week."

Luck comes my way in full measure at last, Hero thought.

"Well, then," he said, "that makes it easier for the three of us, doesn't it?"

Linnet took a towel and dried the cups, Kenneth lounging back against the dresser, looking at them both. Strange thoughts came to him: Damned if I won't have a go at little Clare Lent. If she'll marry me, I believe I'll go all out to make her happy. I can't stand this!

THEN he knew that he was committed too far and that Linnet was committed too far, for any such solution now. And at the back of his mind, repudiated, refused, discredited violently by all the logic in him, yet overcoming pride and bitterness, stood implacably that male belief that somehow, someday, Linnet would be given to him. Might not all this strange play that they were acting ultimately turn out to be a slice of real life? When he came back, thousand-a-year-and-expenses man. . . .

No! No! Still there was her staggeringly superior contract with Pelham and Penley.

He said: "I'm going to walk back with Winter after all, Linnet. There isn't really any more for us to say, is there?" She turned away, flung the towel over the rack, and agreed too readily.

"Nothing at all. Do go. Go! Go, both of you!" She pressed her hands to her face, sighing. "I'm tired," she explained herself when Kenneth softened, and Hero turned caressingly. She walked back into her sitting room and stood on the hearth alone, leaving them amid the crockery. They went out soon, saying good night to her, each loath to go, but each determined to take the other away.

When the telephone rang early next morning, as Linnet was drinking her tea preparatory to hurrying off to the office, she knew who was at the other end of the line; not Kenneth; not Hero. Max Faverel would be there.

Taking up the receiver, she heard his melodious voice.

"Mrs. Basil? Good morning. I wanted to thank you for my charming evening before business claims you for the day. Also, I wanted to know if you and your husband will dine with me at the Ritz this evening at eight-thirty. I hope you can make it. Sir Andrew and Lady Porter will be there, so you'll understand it might be a good thing."

I understand it is important, she thought. She replied: "I'll accept provisionally for us both with great pleasure; but if, when I've got in touch with my husband this morning, I find that he is engaged, you'll please allow me to call you, with our regrets?"

"You must come," said the other voice over the wire.

She delayed departure to telephone Kenneth.

You must come.

She knew perfectly well that this, as far as Faverel was personally concerned, referred explicitly to herself. She must come; he wanted to see her again. But for herself, she wanted quite desperately to be with Kenneth—the party might dance a little—she would be in his arms. He must come, therefore. Astonishingly, he was not difficult to persuade.

THEY must arrive together, in a taxicab, Linnet in her loveliest gown—more formal than the one last night—Kenneth in full array of tails and white tie, hired for the occasion. When he called for her, she saw at once that he was excited again, as he had been for a short while last night, till difficulties mounted, curdling sheer youthful good humor; till Hero Winter came. He stared at her, distracted with admiration, and kissed her hands. Why don't you kiss my mouth? she thought, though she ought to have been glad that he thus avoided danger. And he was grateful and humble about the previous night and apologized as if he had been churlish. "It's so *good,*" he said, in the taxicab, "so very *good,* all this—these parties with you, going out together as if we were really . . . It's too much to believe all at once. But I've been thinking; as it will so soon be over, daren't we—Linnet, daren't we—it's for you to say—enjoy it?"

"We're going to enjoy it."

"I expect I don't know how."

She slipped her hand in his as they drove, and in spite of all obstacles, in spite of Pelham and Penley, the same thought kept visiting both of them, that some day this would end by the folly becoming sensible reality. But he would not, and dared not, tell her his thought, lest he should estrange her, make her too prudent with him; and she did not tell him her thought lest they should both weaken. And what then?

She kept reminding herself of her sister and the children; and the very old lady who could not die. And Kenneth's young stepbrother too. . . .

They were people, both of them, with responsibilities already heavy on their shoulders; fetters prematurely forged.

But it was gorgeously emotional to sit thus, hand in hand, playing such parts as they had undertaken, even although he knew that she was a hard, ambitious, unloving young woman; and she knew him for the dunderhead he was.

She imagined Hero Winter fruitlessly ringing up her flat; and, in the dimness, smiled.

I really hate him, she thought. I'm afraid of him.

The Ritz; and lovely lighting, abundance of flowers, soft music, well-bred people; rest, charm.

Better than Kenneth had ever had opportunity to, she knew how to value

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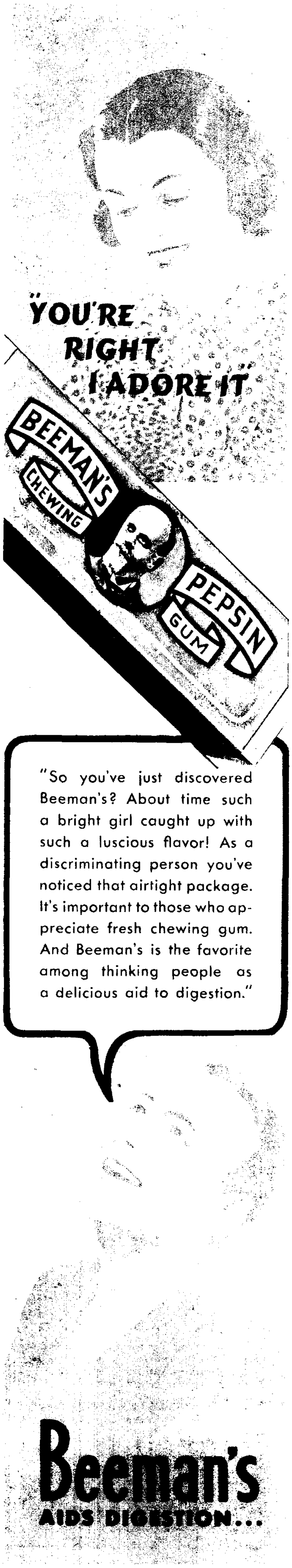


"So you've just discovered Beeman's? About time such a bright girl caught up with such a luscious flavor! As a discriminating person you've noticed that airtight package. It's important to those who appreciate fresh chewing gum. And Beeman's is the favorite among thinking people as a delicious aid to digestion."

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

all such agreeable things. She had learned and he had not. His first hard boyish simplicities were still a crown of thorns upon his head. He had never been able to compare them with the insidious, the cunning, desirable sophistications of life.

And they were meeting Sir Andrew and Lady Porter. There was a younger woman too, to make the party even, to dance by and by with Kenneth, while Linnet herself danced with Faverel.

For that was how it would mostly be. A jewel of an evening—except that she must dance too often with Faverel; too seldom with Kenneth. But when at length she was in his arms, her vibrating hand in his vibrating hand, she looked over his shoulder and, gliding with him over the perfect floor, saw the old couple watching them with soft eyes. Lady Porter smiled to Sir Andrew and Sir Andrew smiled back.

"We're carrying it off, Kenneth."

He whispered, heartfelt: "It's heaven."

THE last time she danced with Faverel he asked her to lunch with him the next day.

She accepted because she preferred all the cards laid on the table.

In words he had not yet said to her: "I have guessed you both. This is just a play. You're deceiving us. If Sir Andrew knew. . . ." But his look and his smile, and his leisurely hesitation as he talked to her of Kenneth and her approaching grass widowhood, told her as plainly as she needed to be told.

She wore an extremely slender gown of pale gold tissue, orchids on her shoulder; and she looked an exotic wife for a young and struggling engineer. "You look beautiful and rich," Faverel said in her ear. She told him how cleverly she could buy her clothes . . . trade price . . . bargains . . . little dressmakers . . . renovations at home.

She saw that he did not believe her.

She succeeded too well in her aim at beauty.

Yet much of it was true. Only, men like this one never suspected the little nephews and nieces, or old women who could not die.

The exquisite dinner was over. It had taken a long time, and she knew that Kenneth had savored raptly every moment of it. The old people made a homeward move early—before eleven o'clock—and Faverel did not try to persuade Linnet and Kenneth to stay. He was escorting the rather colorless other woman home, and readily said a cordial good night.

"Two taxicabs in an evening. Gosh!" said Kenneth, taking Linnet's hand again.

She asked him: "Well, what did you think of it all?"

"There's only one thing I can think of it!"

"You liked it, then?"

"Naturally."

"It's nice to be rich, Kenneth?"

"Yes," he said. Adding: "You know more about it than I."

YES, she thought, I know so much more about it than you do. Aloud she spoke in a voice of common sense: "You see—we ought to be wise. . . . We've both got plenty of time."

"There's that," he said eagerly, staring at her through the dimness. "I'll try to remember that we *have* got plenty of time."

"We can't afford big mistakes."

"Can anyone?"

"Yes," she said in her voice of common sense, "if they're rich."

"I see."

And indeed he began to see new things glimmering at him out of darkness. The evening had taught him much. Yet subtly it mixed its new lessons in with his old beliefs. "These old people, Sir Andrew and Lady Porter, I've heard they started poor; boy and girl."

"We're not boy and girl, dear," she said gently.

So he said only: "When I come back. . . ."

And laughing easily, she reiterated: "When you come back . . ."

"We'll see then?"

"There's one thing," she said, not answering, looking from him out of the window, speaking casually. "A latchkey. You must have one."

"Latchkey! To your flat!"

"Supposing Mr. Faverel came—"

"To see you? Why should he?"

"Why, dear! Don't be childish! If he did, and if you happened along—to ring at my—our—door—wouldn't that look funny?"

Her hand was in and out of her bag, and into his hand again. He felt the cold metal of the key.

"An extra one. I keep it for visitors—my sister stays sometimes. Don't fuss. Use it always till you go. I brought it tonight to give you," she said.

"You think of *everything*."

"Someone must," she said lightly.

He said good night to her down in the street, outside her flat. "It feels all wrong for a husband to have to do this; to be sent away," he said.

Linnet's heart shouted: "It *is* all wrong!" But he did not hear it; and she vanished from him smiling, golden and cool, unattainable and impossible, saying to herself: "Thank God, it's only for a week!"

Two letters lay on the floor of her hall, from her two sisters. They were both coming up to town on cheap excursion trains, coincidentally—"and so luckily" they wrote—on the same day—next Saturday. They had planned carefully and anxiously, as they always did; for shopping for an hour before the shops closed, then a matinee, with luncheon at the flat sandwiched in—"if you can have us, darling." Still standing in the hall, Linnet picked up her telephone, and sent two telegrams, west to Gwennie the wife and mother; north to Dorothy the schoolteacher.

Of course she would feast and fete them! And though their imminent visit added to her cares, she was glad of their letters, arriving sanely and practically to find her in a gold dress with orchids after an incredible evening. The children's clothes, the Dorset parish, Gwennie's financial problems, and Dorothy's arguments about plans for next holiday's improving travel, would be everyday topics and bring her back to a normal aspect of things.

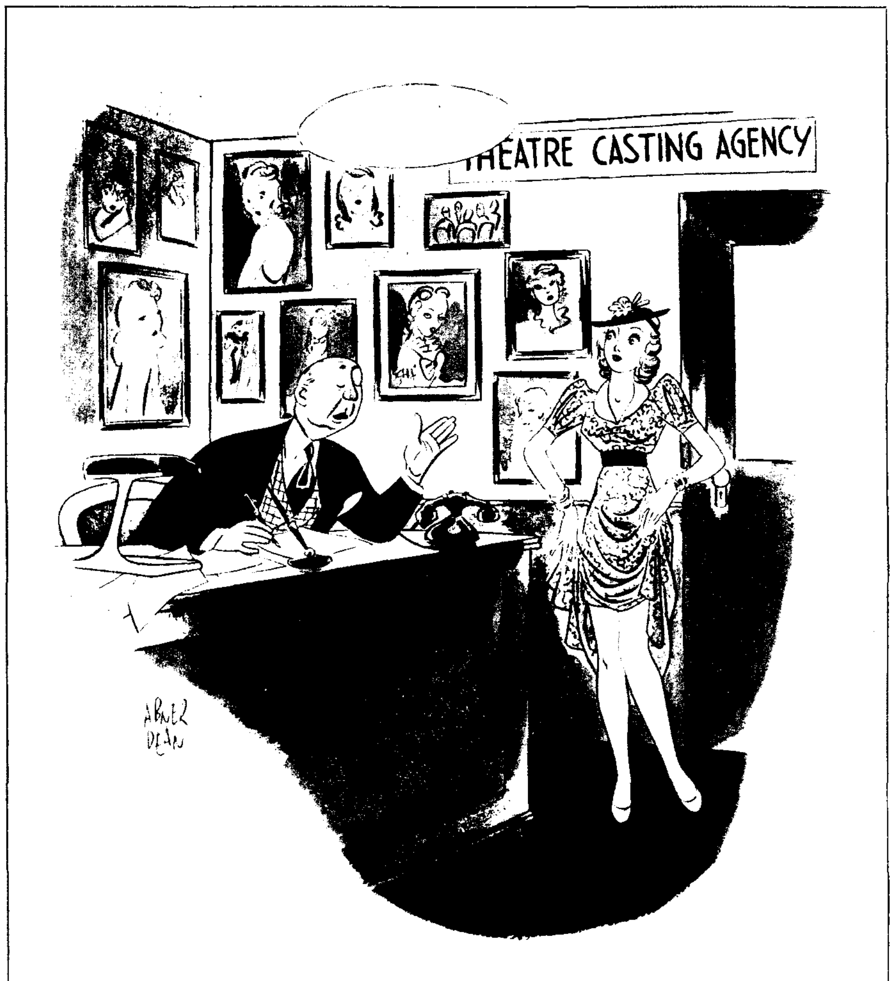
It was Thursday night.

CLARE LENT noticed that Miss March wore her smart black suit when she arrived at the office the next morning, and carried her good furs over her arm. Lunch party again; no doubt! Miss March had been pleasant, but cool and distant, all yesterday; and the subject of Kenneth Basil and his future was banished between them, tacitly, but with emphasis that was no less pointed because it was silent.

Clare had not ventured to call Kenneth over the telephone. At luncheon yesterday she had gone again to the little restaurant where, only the previous day, they had had their memorable talk, but had not found him there. And all the afternoon she had wondered if he would call her to say: "I've thought over what you said to me. At the time I was slow. . . . But can you meet me tonight? It's so urgent, please!" No call like this, nor any other call, had come from him. At night, therefore, she had sat in her bed sitting room and composed a letter, sweet and friendly.

". . . so awfully important for you to seize this opportunity, and I'm quite furious to think that someone who deserves it far less may get it instead, simply because he's married! I wish you did not take marriage so terribly seriously. . . . If you feel I can help you in any way, even if only by just a little talk, do rely on me."

All the morning mail opened, ready to lay before Miss March as soon as she emerged from the dainty cloakroom of her personal use, Clare wondered, till she felt sick and thwarted with wonder,



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what had happened since the day before yesterday.

Linnet emerged.

She was not her usual self this morning. There were at once a storm and a radiance about her; an emotional uncertainty—overlaid as it was by her veneer of cool business woman — to which Clare sprang as to the sound of a clanged fiddle string. This mood of Linnet's sent vibrations between the two of them, and was not to be misunderstood.

Something's happened!

I will know, Clare thought, rising, trim and soft, from her desk, and approaching the big table where the red roses now flaunted, overblown.

She laid the letters down.

"Cyclamen Silks have written urgently, Miss March."

"Thank you. Let me see."

I wonder if she's going out with Penley or Pelham; or with *him*, Clare considered savagely.

She returned to her desk, and began meticulous unnecessary sharpening of her pencils.

How quietly and coolly the other girl sat there in her place of authority, reading the morning's mail as if nothing could disturb her poise! And soon she was to have a better office, more fuss made of her, more privacy, more perquisites, more money, more everything! Ah, but she was not so cool as she looked! She was disturbed, tremulous, excited. She was just ordinary woman under that fair pale skin, behind those clear big eyes!

"WILL you call Cyclamen, Miss Lent, and say I'll see their manager this afternoon at three-thirty?"

"Certainly, Miss March."

Do this, Miss Lent. Do that, Miss Lent. Fetch and carry. Obey my orders, Miss Lent! Clare telephoned the message in her soft and gentle voice, purring.

Their office boy came in with red roses.

Not a mere half dozen this time, but a great sheaf; an armful they were, which scented the whole room.

"For Miss March."

And still coolly, Linnet, glancing from her letters, requested: "Will you take them, Miss Lent?"

Clare rose to receive the fragrant armful, laying the card that came with them on the table.

"From Mr. Basil," she said tremblingly. Then with her eyes staring at the other's face, she saw the flush sweep over it, the flash of light. . . . "Oh, are they, Miss Lent?" "Oh, excuse me. It just says: 'To Linnet.' But I knew his writing. Do excuse me, Miss March." "I'll put them in water myself, thank you; bring all the vases you can, boy, please."

Then Linnet stood up with her roses, smelling them, touching their dark velvet softness with her finger tips.

I believe she was with him last evening!

"Excuse me, Miss March, but has your friend Mr. Basil decided to go to Roumania?"

They looked at each other across the flowers.

"Yes. He is going next week."

He was going next week. . . .

"Then is he getting married?" Clare asked involuntarily in her anxiety and anger.

Linnet paused.

"Will you kindly get me the new Cyclamen copy from the copy room, Miss Lent, if it is ready?"

Clare slipped out.

Making up her mind that Linnet was to meet Kenneth Basil for luncheon—though there was no revealing entry in the engagement book to be read for today—she was surprised when a stranger was shown in at one o'clock; a dark, sleek, nice-looking stranger, saying: "Good morning. I've called for Miss March, and was told I might come up. My name is Faverel."

Another of them!

"Miss March is putting her things on; I'm sure she won't be a moment. Won't you sit down, please? I'll tell her at once."

He was admiring the roses.

"So sweet they smell, don't they?" said Clare Lent, obligingly. "They've just been sent in by a friend of Miss March's—Mr. Basil."

She was sure that somehow this registered, and hoped that it might, at least, spoil the luncheon.

"I REMEMBERED that I mustn't use your married name in your office," Faverel said, when he had ushered Linnet into his waiting car, and they were driving away.

"I rather feared, just for a moment, that—"

"I know you did. I saw your face! You must learn to trust me more!"

"It's very nice of you to fetch me."

"We'll go to Duke's, shall we? Do you like it?"

"Very much."

"Last night didn't tire you, I see," he said. "It was a nice evening, wasn't it? Quiet. And Sir Andrew and Lady Porter fell in love with you, like other people do."

She made a quick, laughing deprecation.

"They want you to stay with them at their country house in Dorset, the first week end after your husband leaves. I hope you will. Lady Porter is going to write to you."

"How good of them. Dorset? I've a married sister in Dorset."

"Let me say repetitively that it's a small world. Sir Andrew bought a rather lovely place there about twenty years ago, when he really began to be rich. I haven't seen it; but I might—the week end after next."

Over the lunch table, he said: "You will go to the Porters', won't you?"

More lies! I shall have to tell more lies! she thought. And I don't want to go on lying to those sweet old people—or anyone else.

If Kenneth's story and mine were only real, how smoothly all this would go!

"I shall love to come."

"I'M WATCHING you with increasing admiration," Faverel said. "You're a real business woman with your lunch of one lean cutlet and salad; and iced water. But when we've cut out the business, that leaves you just a real woman, doesn't it? A very real woman indeed. Will you consent to be friends with me? I want your friendship."

"Friendship is difficult and precious and has to be earned."

"I like to hear you say so. But please don't doubt that I will try to earn your friendship. I'll begin now. Will you trust me?"

"With what?"

"First, your little secret. I've got that already."

"My secret from Pelham and Penley's?"

"Ah, that's another. Your business entirely. Though . . . have you really transgressed against their rule? I think not; but that's the other secret—the one I'll keep for you, although I ought to do no such thing. If I agreed personally with Sir Andrew about the special advisability of married men for our purpose, I wouldn't keep it. But as things are now, I'm with you, Miss Linnet March."

"I thought—I was afraid—when you dined with us—that you had your doubts."

HOOT MON!
Williams

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"Yes. I knew then. You hadn't been quite careful enough."

"Everything was done in such a hurry," she said in a low voice, thinking of that hectic evening.

"Very nicely done, though. Your flat, I take it? Your dinner; your wines; your servant. Everything, it seems to me, was perfect."

She set about explaining with absolute frankness all that had happened. The only factor that she did not include in her explanations was love.

Love did not color anything she said.

"So," Faverel mused, his eyes on her, "it was just a piece of business—cool, considered, slickly planned and brilliantly carried out? I don't like that so much."

"What do you want to hear, then?" she protested, coloring hotly.

With a quiet laugh he said: "I was only baiting you. I saw at once that Basil is in love with you. And you—are you in love with him?"

"I don't ask myself awkward questions," she said slowly, not meeting Faverel's eyes.

"Afraid of the answer?" Then he went on: "But you are wise to wait. Wait and see what is going to happen. Let him come back with his laurels—it's no end of a chance Sir Andrew is putting in his way; more than Basil has been allowed to think as yet; though I'll tell *you*. He may be a washout or he may be a winner. We also are going to wait and see. But as for you—so prudent that you won't let a man even claim friendship till he's earned it—you are most splendidly doing the absolutely right thing."

"If I were *sure*—"

"Be sure. The right thing, for yourself; and for him. Tell me—you are thinking mostly of him?" Before she could reply, he exclaimed: "You are! I know it. You would do anything for young Basil. So, in spite of your caution, you are more than a little in love, my dear. You are *very much* in love. I'm sorry about that."

She was too wise in the ways of men to give him the opening of asking him why. So he made the opening himself: "I'm sorry, because I'm going to be rather in love with you myself, my dear child."

Inevitably, from the start, that had been coming. But it was going to be difficult, if only because she liked Faverel so well.

"You should give me a chance, at least, of friendship," he said. And then he sketched slightly for her an outline of certain key situations in his life. A wife—always abroad; a separation mutually agreed upon, and now of old standing. A story which, in essentials, she had, in her dealings with men, often heard before, though not from such a man.

THOUGH it would be foolish to think that his heart was already deeply involved, or that as yet she really attracted more than admiration from him, she knew that she had roused him powerfully, that he saw her as most desirable.

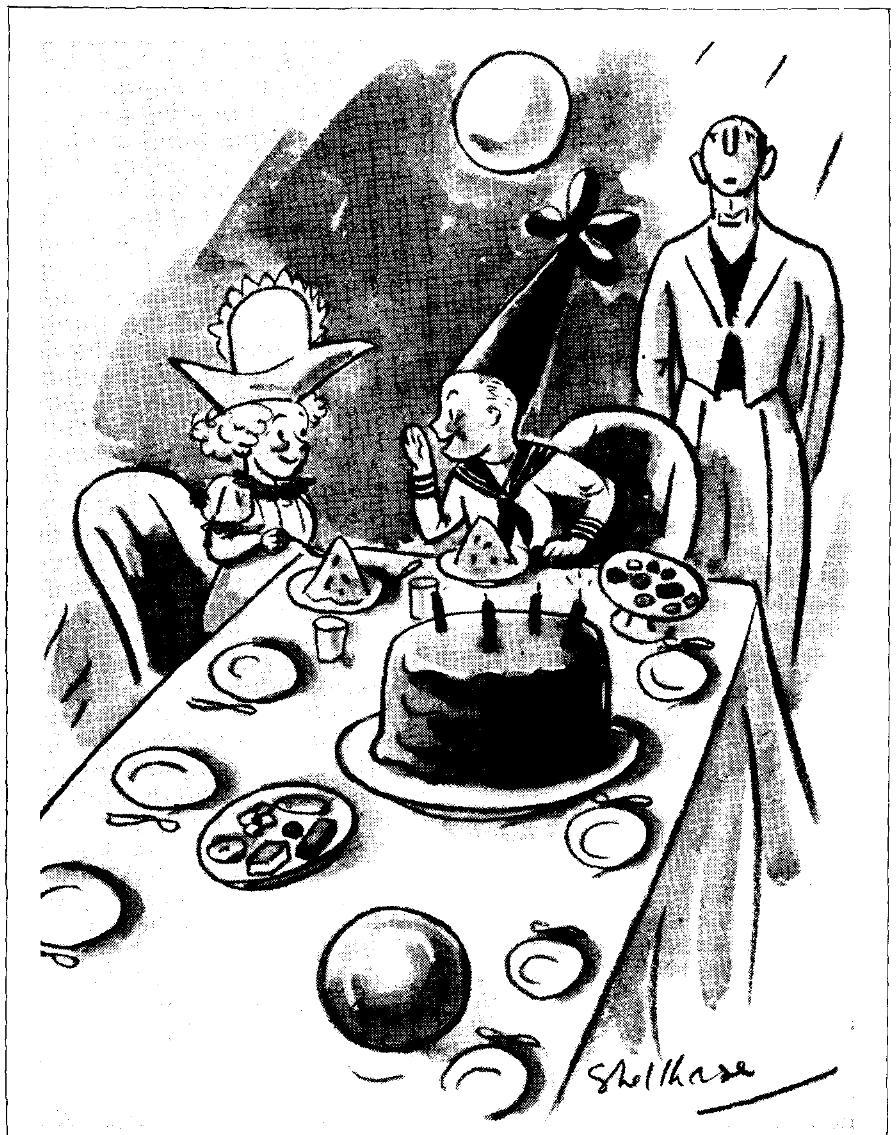
She had no friend in her life remotely like him; or of his particular worth.

She said: "You know, I am blessed—or cursed—with ideals; whichever way you like to look at it."

He answered: "I should never try to steal such treasures; until you let them go."

Also he surmised, reasonably and indulgently, that until Kenneth Basil went away her time would belong to him. "But the week end after. . . . I—yes—I shall be at the Porters' too."

(*To be continued next week*)



"I changed the date on the invitations!"

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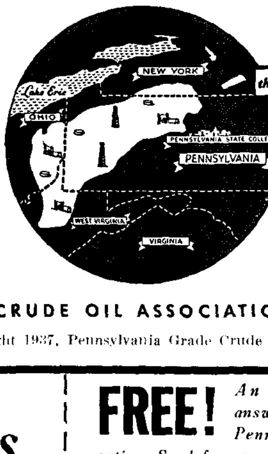

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Boys in the Woods

Continued from page 13

Guy Tugwell. But more than a million youths who had never had a chance to flex their muscles with anything heavier than a pair of dice had learned what the word work meant and had given every indication of liking it.

You will find radicals who would abolish the CCC because, they'll tell you, it is the foundation of Fascism. And there are conservatives who will tell you (as they did us) that there should be some way of knowing what the young men talk about in their spare moments. One more than slightly fearful gentleman-of-the-old-school wrote to headquarters that he had it on excellent authority that the CCC reeked of communism. We were fortunate in that we ran into a desperate situation of this sort. The camp was commanded by a stout little major who had just read his weekly letter from a lady who signed herself Plymouth Rock. This was the seventh he had received and he was getting a little tired of it. Anyway she had uncovered a nasty conspiracy against America.

They Told Her Plenty

Agents of Moscow, their pockets bulging with Russian gold, had sifted into the camps. With lies and bribes they had corrupted the lads. And now, at the roots of every one of the trees the boys had planted, lay tons of dynamite. Every bridge was a cunningly concealed gun emplacement. Every swimming pool was easily convertible into a machine-gun strong point. At the headwaters of every stream lay caches of poison which, at the signal, were to be loosed. When the Russian trumpet sounded hundreds of thousands of young men, now wearing the denim of the CCC and living on the fat of an indulgent, unwary land, would descend upon our cities, towns and peaceful villages armed to the eyes, under the Hammer and Sickle, singing the Internationale.

So the stout little major, a reserve officer in the United States Army, sent for Muldoon. This Muldoon was a *Lem*. When a CCC camp is set up it is necessary that a few local wise men be hired to acquaint the lads with the woods and fields. More than fifty per cent of the enrollees are from the cities. A large proportion of these would be seeing trees and grass in large, growing lots for the first time. And they were to learn that it was just as easy to get lost in a forest and the hills as in Boston, Brooklyn, San Francisco or St. Louis. So they hire *Lems*, who are combinations of guides, foremen and good-will agents. A capable *Lem* knows everything the camp and the surrounding countryside are talking about and who started it.

"Pay no attention to her," counseled Mr. Muldoon. "The lady is alive with ants. I've known her ever since she was threatening to jail everybody who didn't bell his cat. She was county agent for the bird society. All cats had to wear sleigh bells to warn the birds. That sorta died out."

"But where does she get this communist stuff?" insisted the major.

"Listen, Major," said Mr. Muldoon, "there are guys in this outfit who'd tell you anything. It musta been when the boys were in the woods back of her place hunting this Dutch elm disease. She's county agent for some new patriotic racket. Five dollars a year. She asked them if they knew of any communists. They told her plenty. As far as I hear they told her everybody in camp was a secret communist but not to say anything. They serenaded her next night—Shinsy took his accordion. They told her it was communist songs they were singing and she give them cake and apple pie to quit being communists and they said okay. These guys would tell you anything. Last week they told everybody we struck oil down the creek. Another time they sent the word around that we found an old trunk with five thousand dollars in gold in it. And remember that farmer who came looking for a cow he'd lost? Well, somebody told him you roped it and sent it to your folks for a souvenir. They didn't know he'd found it the night before. Maybe you ought to say something to these guys. They got the whole place worked up."

Had the round-table knights of the freshman days of the New Deal had their way about it, the CCC would have become merely another experiment in sociology. But the Honorable James A. Farley, who frequently didn't know what the knights were talking about and who devoted considerable time to hoping that the country wouldn't take them too seriously between elections, blocked that calamity.

Among Mr. Farley's multitude of friends were numerous leaders of union labor. What they wanted to know was whether the training of these CCC lads was going to result in large numbers of young mechanics who would presently be seeking jobs. There were, they said, enough bricklayers, machinists, carpenters and other skilled workers out of jobs. And they were right. If the CCC began to turn out more, several undesirable situations might arise. A couple of million young mechanics, eager for jobs, might shut the doors of employment forever to old union men. The CCC might become the recruiting station for open-shop employers.

It was largely due to Mr. Farley, then, that the directorship of the CCC was not given to one of the knights who in his simple zeal would have made a hellish mess of the political aspects. To reassure union labor and to make certain that the CCC would not menace the peace of mind of labor's leaders, one of these very gentlemen was chosen for director—Mr. Robert Fechner.

His Philosophy is Simple

Mr. Fechner is an exceedingly practical gentleman. He had to be to become, as he is, General Vice President and member of the Executive Council of the International Association of Machinists. He fitted into the precious soarings of the early Rooseveltian round table just as comfortably as Patrolman Francis Xavier O'Hooley might in the secretariat of the League of Nations. There was a lot of down-the-nose lorgnetting of Mr. Fechner in the early days of his directorate. But he has managed to turn in an excellent job. He is sixty-one years old, lean, taciturn, shrewd. A native of Chattanooga, Tennessee, he learned his trade in the shops of the Georgia Railroad, starting at the nimble age of sixteen. His apprenticeship there consumed the next four years. Then he took to the road, his hammer and chisel under his arm, a boomer machinist. A boomer machinist follows industry, lopping from place to place, working at each stop while the boom lasts. Thus he worked the United States, Mexico, Central and South America. He had joined the union the moment his apprenticeship was done. After nine years of booming he settled down in Savannah, Georgia, where he made a successful debut into labor politics as secretary of

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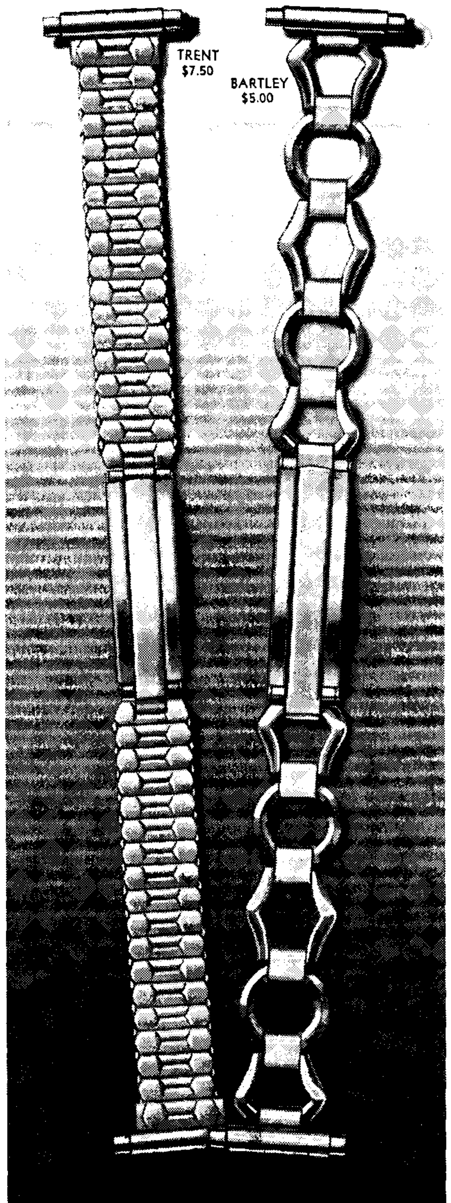

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his local union. Since 1914, when he was elected a member of the General Executive Board of the International Association of Machinists, he had made Boston his home. And it was from Boston that the President, urged by the practical Mr. Farley, drafted him.

With this earthy gentleman directing it, you may assume—and correctly—that there has been but very little of the Fancy Dan about the CCC. The lads are enrolled for six months and may reenroll provided the camp authorities consider them sufficiently valuable. Mr. Fechner took what the Department of Labor, the enrolling agency, presented him with and let nature, the United States Army, a few thousand *Lems*, instructors and camp advisers take their course. His philosophy is as simple as a pane of glass—don't get scientific or otherwise fresh with a success.

The objectives of the CCC are exceedingly difficult to misunderstand. It aims to eliminate illiteracy. Between ten and and fifteen thousand young fellows have been taught to read and write. A few of the unlettered had quite a time convincing themselves that reading and writing were necessary to happiness; some of them, after having mastered the written word, continuing to protest that education had added nothing to their ability to enjoy life. However, various means of urging the more stiff-necked to take up writing were resorted to. One of them was that you couldn't draw your pay unless you signed the pay roll—and a mere X wouldn't do either.

The other objectives aim at teaching the lads the fundamentals of those things they have greatest aptitude for, vocational training, public health and sanitation, physical education and, as Mr. Fechner so adroitly puts it, that it's a great waste of time to look for any dependable substitute for plenty of hard work. And the public seems to have caught the idea. Many cities and towns which once shuddered and bought new locks for their doors when they heard that CCC camps were arising on their flanks have now opened their schools and colleges to the lads.

About ten thousand boys are attending classes in town and village schools. Fifteen colleges have granted scholarships and other financial aid to qualified enrollees and more have opened their libraries, laboratories, classrooms and gymnasiums to the CCC. More than thirty-five thousand of the lads are taking correspondence courses offered by colleges. And hundreds of students in schools of education are getting practical experience—pre-graduation field work—by devoting their spare time, and sometimes definitely assigned days, to teaching in CCC camps.

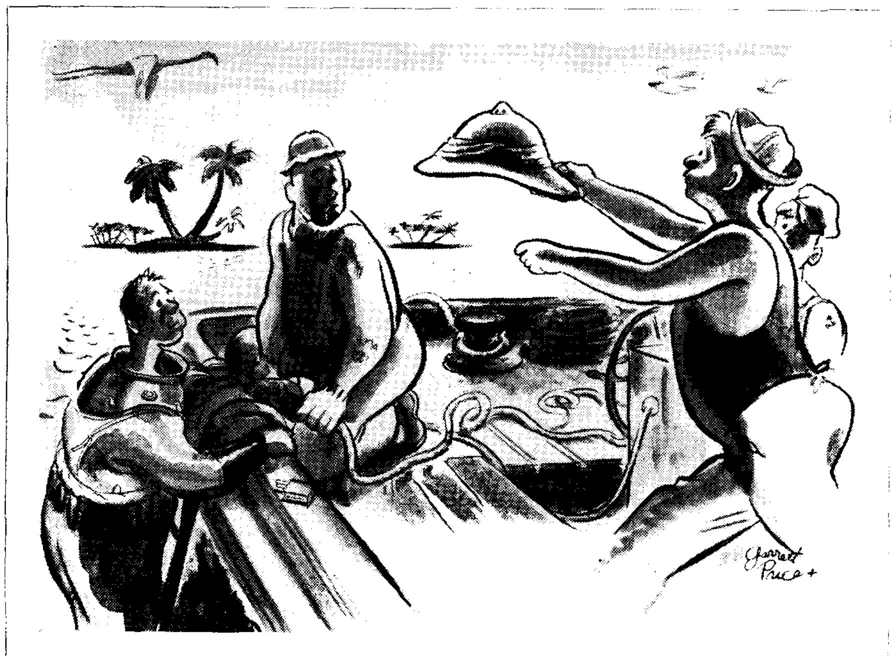
More than fifty per cent of the enrollees have been taken from city streets. One of the *Lems* told us that "most of these guys thought that apples grew on vines and couldn't sleep at nights because there wasn't enough noise."

But they got over that. Guided by the United States Forest Service, they have checked and controlled blister rust in the Northwest, Dutch elm disease in the Northeast, twig blight in the Southwest and are giving terrific battle to the pine beetle in the western forests and gypsy moth in the east. From seeds they collected they have grown billions of young forest trees in nurseries of their own making and have set them out on bare lands. Actually fifteen hundred of the twenty-one hundred camps became a laboratory wherein were carried out investigation and research into the character of eroded soils, why different soils eroded in widely differing physical circumstances, and what to do about it.

A Profitable Investment

They put their discoveries into practical operation in forty-three states. And while it is doubtless true that more economical means of doing this inestimably valuable work might have been adopted, the unpleasant fact is that they weren't, and there is no reason to believe that they would have been. Besides the soil conservation work the boys did on public lands, the example they set moved private owners of land to adopt similar measures.

It will never be possible accurately to estimate the monetary value of the work the CCC has done in wild-life conservation—big game refuges in Nebraska, Montana, Nevada and Oklahoma, on migratory waterfowl refuges and so on. Neither is it going to be possible to put a price on the work the camps have done in revegetating range lands, constructing fire guards, truck trails, boundary markers and dams and fighting fire and flood. It costs about sixty dollars a month to maintain a young man in the CCC. In addition to that he gets his thirty dollars a month, all but a few dollars of which he contributes to his family. It is not demonstrable that the two million young men individually returned to the government the material value of ninety dollars a month. But neither can you prove that the CCC hasn't been one of America's greatest investments when you add to the physical work done by the lads the benefits of individual health and morale.



"This one?"

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Naturally you can't deal in two million young men without getting a few shocks. If anyone had told one Mr. Wickley, a wheat farmer, that the day would come when a city tenement child named Izzy would be telling him how to save his land from further erosion, what to do to his hardwood trees and how to get rid of termites, Mr. Wickley would have run for his shotgun. If anyone had told the Reverend Mr. McLeod, whose congregation was too poor to finance a new roof, that a group of strange boys whose foreman was named Di Silvestro would cover his church in their spare time with shingles made by themselves, he'd have suggested a sanity commission.

That Dreadful Disease, Veteranitis

Out of the CCC have come students of divinity, medicine, law, engineering and education in addition to vast numbers of automotive experts, bridge designers, foresters and road builders. Of only one class of the enrollment have the CCC authorities any doubt. The World War Veterans don't seem to fit in. And that's quite understandable.

The average age of the war veteran is now forty-three. He is a disillusioned man. He was a great man in 1918, whether filled with German shrapnel or a mere unscorched rookie of the last draft. We are writing, of course, of the unhappy fellow whom the depression made a candidate for relief. He is no longer a hero—and we shan't go into the reasons why. He has suffered the usual fate of yesterday's hero. At first it was not thought unwise to throw him in with the youngsters—the kids to whom war reminiscences are just grandpa stuff. But he was not a good influence—too much grousing and too little enthusiasm for hard work.

"Listen, you guys, this ain't the Army. What's it get you to break your back for these guys. They can't do anything but tell you to get the hell out. And they pay your carfare back home. If they get tough with me, I write to my congressman. They don't like letters to your congressman. Take it easy—the government's rich. The government owes you a living. In the Army we—"

So, although the war veteran didn't swing much influence with the kids, they decided to keep him apart. There still are some of the veterans who make good job foremen, who have no other wish than to contribute more than their memories to the general welfare. But they are not in the majority among those 28,000 whom the Veterans Administration have allotted to the CCC.

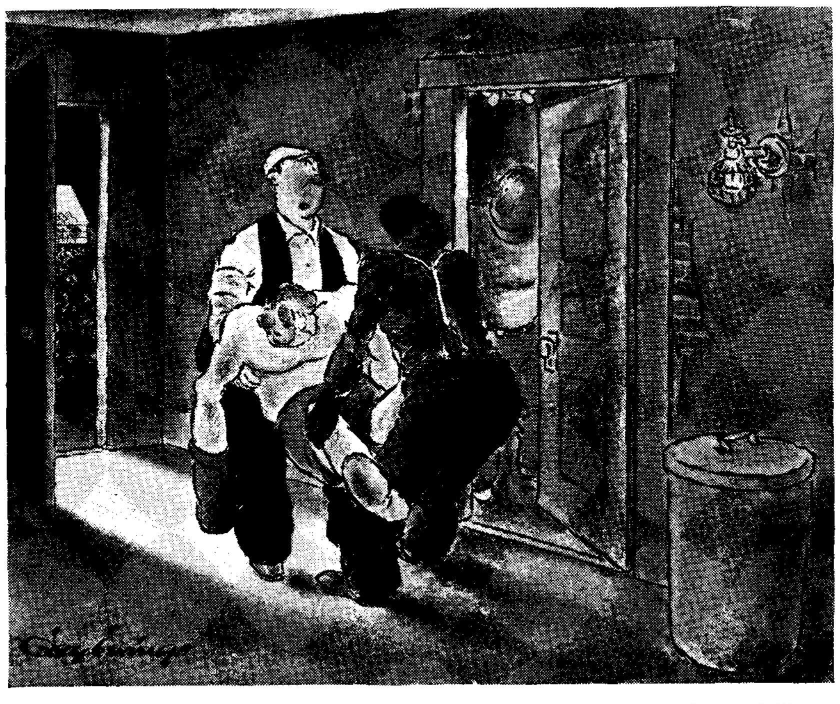
Anyway it's a young man's chance, the CCC, and not a veterans' revival.

One of the members of the A. E. F. marched off in 1917 to help make the world safe for democracy—or something like that. He was married, was the father of a five-year-old boy and the husband of a capable young woman who was doing well as a teacher in a private school. He emerged from the war physically intact—hadn't left the States. But almost any veteran can tell you in one way and another that war service on the line or three thousand miles back of it isn't the best thing that can happen to a man. It can do queer things to you which even you won't suspect until long after.

Anyway this veteran never was quite the same after the war. The old spark had died and the dreadful disease, veteranitis, had supplanted it. The principal manifestation of veteranitis is that today and the future is not nearly so important as the past. This veteran had it so bad that it broke up his family. He disappeared. His wife continued teaching until the depression took her job. Presently she and her son were on relief. Later on he was enrolled in the CCC.

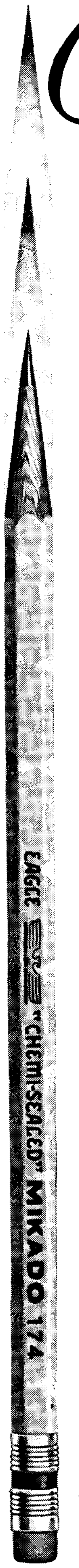
The tale is pretty obvious but we can't help that. One night the kid found himself listening to a middle-aged enrollee who was regaling a bored audience with stale tales of the great and gallant days of 1918. We don't know just how it came about that he found out that the tiresome gaffer was his old man. And we aren't sure that the discovery gave him any sensation more pleasant than a pain in the neck. And it doesn't matter.

The CCC's contribution has been largely to the future. It has saved hundreds of thousands of kids from early, hopeless demoralization. One city kid was trying to explain what had happened to him. He said: "It's a lot cleaner to be busted in the woods." And apparently plenty of his buddies think that too. Thousands of the boys are refusing to go back to the street corners. Their periods of enrollment over, they are working for farmers for their bed and board and an occasional dollar. They're working for roadside filling stations. They've set up hot-dog stands on rural roads. Anything. The only thing is that the rural recruits are flocking to the cities.



"'Sic transit gloria mundi!' In other woids, th' bum is through!"

JAY IRVING



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The First Mrs. Baker

Continued from page 19

theater. "We'll stay on a while," he'd mumbled. "When Helen and I were married we didn't know where to go and we went to Atlantic City," he'd said. "She wore that color, that gold color, down to dinner. It had crystal and pearl beads on it." Ritchie had rested her hand on his arm.

HELEN took one drink after another in the club and the cathedral glow strengthened and brightened suddenly as though someone had put his finger to a light button. Now and then a couple got up to dance. At first Helen and Porta danced once in a while and then they danced almost continuously. Bart asked Helen to dance with him and she refused.

"I love funny plays," Eve Atkin kept gurgling. "When are you going to do a funny one for us, George?"

"He's rude to me when I ask him to do a play," Ritchie contributed.

"What does he say, Rick?"

"Shut up, all of you," George said.

He danced with Ritchie once.

"Why don't we go home?" she asked him again.

"We'll go in a little while," he said. "Bart's a fool," he said. "I never let her drink that much. She can't drink."

"How did you stop her?"

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another."

"Why don't you go hunting or places, with this Porta?" she suggested. "Just now—"

"What about just now?"

"Just now you aren't working. You're drinking more than you ever did and now perhaps you're going to start hanging around where Helen and Bart are and it will make a fool of you."

"Thanks."

Porta and Helen danced close to them and Ritchie caught that scent again.

"I'm going with Porta," George said sulkily. "We start in three days."

"Let's go home now, shall we?"

"In a little while."

"IT'S like a cathedral with its chapels." Eve Atkin rocked hilariously on a medieval sort of prayer bench that was drawn up in front of what seemed to be a gold shrine in the wall and was a dressing table. "Can you imagine powdering your nose in a cathedral chapel, Rick? Did you hear he has three boats of his own, and is it a diamond or an emerald mine? Perhaps it's one boat and a string of mines.

"When a man has that much money and lives in South America you can't tell what is true and what isn't," Ritchie said. "He has one boat, at least."

"What can you do with a woman who acts like Helen?" Eve inquired eagerly. "You can't do a thing with her, can you?" She gurgled. "You can't say, look at your first husband biting his fingernails, can you? You can't say, look at your second husband with his jaw dropped. She's shameless, isn't she? I wish I could be shameless. What is this stuff, Ritchie?"

Ritchie sniffed at one of the black bottles on the gold altar. There was a design in pearl on its gold stopper. "I don't know it," she said.

"Where are they now?" Eve asked interestedly.

"Who?"

"Helen and Porta."

"On the balcony. He's showing her the organ."

"Is Bart still drinking?"

"I suppose so. Yes."

"Is George?"

"I suppose so. Some."

"Do you suppose anything will happen?" Eve's eyes were bright, intent.

"We'll all go home is what will happen."

"Look. I'm going to take this bottle. It won't be missed. It's divine. I never smelled anything like it. Don't you think anybody will do anything?" She was disappointed.

"No, I don't," Ritchie said.

She went out and talked to Bart.

"I don't know what to do," Bart said, caressing his small blond mustache worriedly. "Three times on our honeymoon she got—I mean, you can't imagine the way she got, drinking, three times on our honeymoon. Helen, I mean. My wife. I lost a lot of money the week after we were married. I lost too much and all in a week. It was funny the way it happened, I mean right away like that after the wedding. We got it over the radio on the boat. I'm not going to say anything about it, only Helen—I'm afraid she can't drink. I wish she wouldn't."

"LET her have a good time," Ritchie advised. "Everybody has a good time." Everybody didn't, of course, not like Helen, fresh home from a honeymoon with Porta.

"Three times on our trip—I wish I could stop her. I can't. I make her worse. I'm going home," he announced suddenly. "I'm sick of this party."

"It's after two," Ritchie said smoothly. "We'll all go. I'll get them started."

"You won't get Helen started."

"You go up and get her. That'll be best."

"I'd look a fool, wouldn't I? I'll go home. Three times. This is four."

"Go get her." Ritchie pushed him.

He came down without Helen and got his things and went out.

"What happened?" Eve came up. "Did Bart go home? Where did he go? Wait till I tell you what I've got, Rick. I've got that bottle put safe away in my bag. It's priceless. Where's George? Oh, here he is. What are you going to do, George?"

George didn't answer.

"I wonder how it feels to lose as much money as Bart lost," Eve wondered. "Mark, look. Porta wants you. He wants you to go up there. Watch the stairs, Mark." She laughed immoderately. "They're medieval. What do you suppose Porta wants with him?"

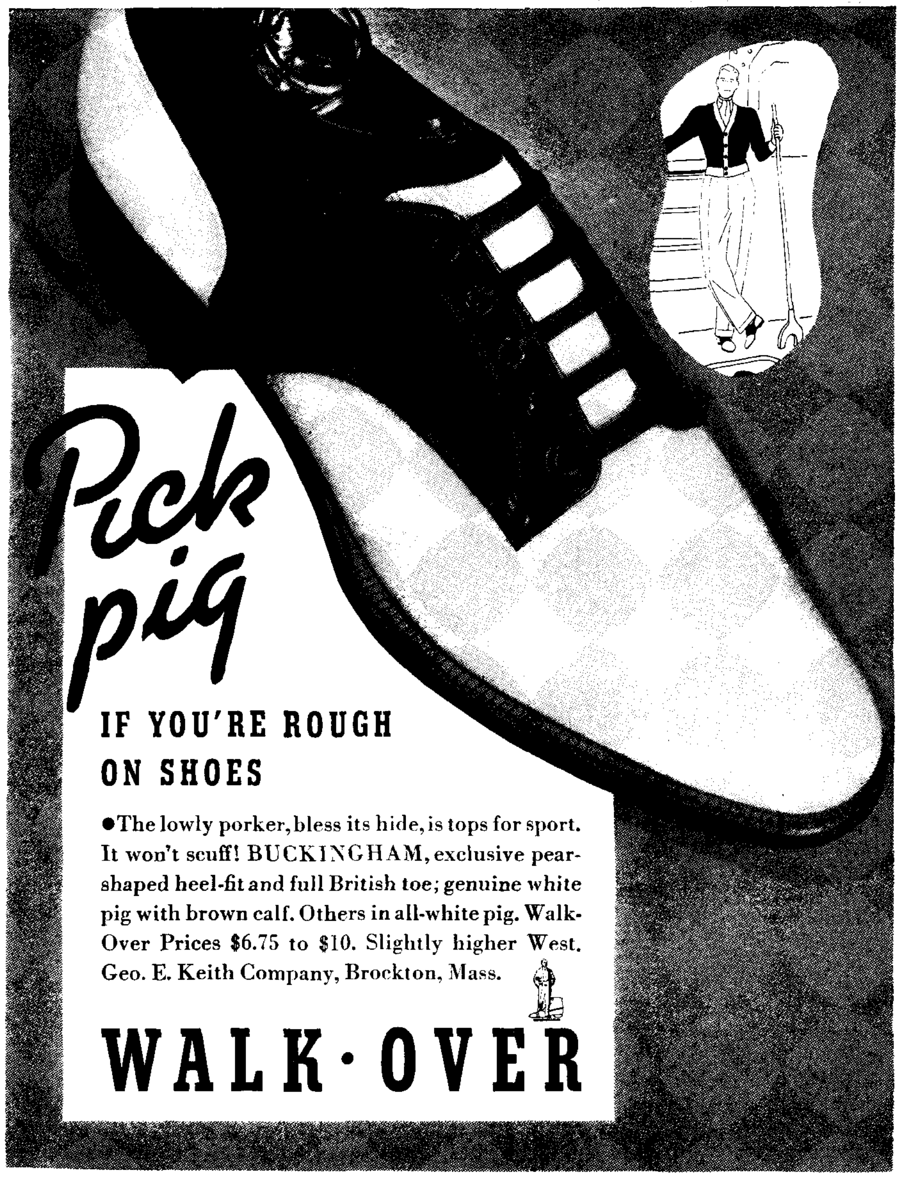
Mark came down again and gave George an apologetic look. "Porta's bothered because Bart left," he explained. "He's only in New York a few weeks each year and he doesn't know about things. I mean, the way Helen is—"

"Mark, do you mean this place is empty all but two weeks of the year?" Eve caught Mark's arm and supported herself and laughed. "This cathedral and these chapels empty, no candles lighted and no organ music and no—"

"Be still, Eve," Mark said sharply. "It's this way, George," he went on, and frowned. "Porta can't come down because Helen won't. The way she is, I mean she isn't so good. The balcony railing's low and she has all that velvet around her feet. Porta can't leave her up there but he's bothered because Bart left. I mean he'd like to come down."

"I'll bring her down," George said. Ritchie looked at him and he seemed to be perfectly sober and looked now only tired and sleepy. "Get your things," he directed. "We'll all go."

George came down again with Helen and Porta following them. "I know a new club," George was saying. He took Helen's gold wrap from a sleepy maid and put her into it. "It's Russian. We'll



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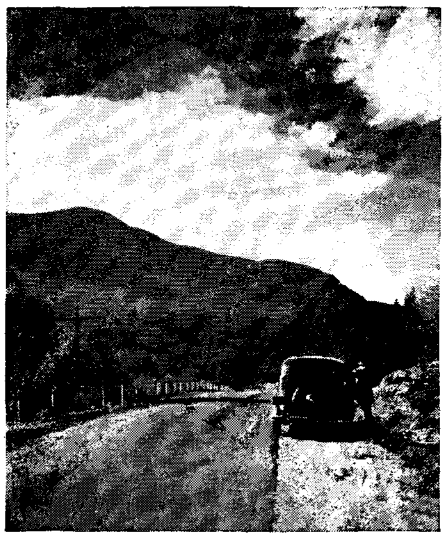

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all go there. Porta, too. You come, too, Porta."

When they got downstairs he put Helen and Ritchie into one cab and got in after them and Porta stood at the door and kissed first Ritchie's hand and then, for a longer time, Helen's.

"Look, Ritchie—" Eve raised her voice. She opened her bag beside Porta on the sidewalk and the gleam of her black bottle showed. Porta kissed her hand, too, punctiliously.

Their cab began to move and Ritchie settled down in her corner and looked out the window. When Helen discovered that Porta wasn't coming with them she began to struggle on her side of the cab and George had to hold her quiet. He talked to her in a quiet voice but it didn't do any good. "Put the window down, Ritchie," he said at length and they rode for a long time up and down quiet streets. Sometimes Helen moaned and at other times she whimpered and cried but most of the time she struggled with George and berated him in a voice which was sometimes low and self-pitying and at other times high and shrill. The driver stopped the car once and looked back. "Go on," Ritchie directed him.

"You could have introduced me to him as easily as to Bart," Helen accused George over and over again. "You've known him for years and you never told me. You did it purposely! He has two yachts and I don't know what all kinds of mines and a chateau and—"

"I'm sorry, Helen," George kept saying. "Shall we drop you off, Ritchie?"

"I'll stay," Ritchie decided. "Never mind, Helen," she encouraged. "You're all right."

"He's got a Paris place and a country place abroad and this New York apartment and millions of dollars," Helen shrilled. "You knew him years ago and he likes you. He'd have come up here any time. You did it to be mean. You introduced me to Bart when you could just as easily—"

"Be still, Helen," George said patiently. He made an awkward move at fastening her hair. "Are you cold?"

"Let me alone!" she screamed. "Don't touch me. You could have had *me* meet him as easily as Bart. He was in Paris when we were and he has millions. You knew he was there and you kept me from seeing him—"

"I was in Paris with you and I didn't want to see anyone," George explained. "Here, hold this up around your throat, Helen."

"You dragged me away from there tonight, too! He's got only three days here and you—"

SHE began to weep stormily and there was quiet until the spell subsided.

"Bart has lost everything," she moaned. "He's lost all he has, at least half of it, and it was the important half he lost because now we've got to cut down. I was fooled with you and I was fooled with Bart. Cut down! If he says it to me any more I'll go mad. It was *while we were on the boat it happened* and only three days after we were married."

George reached over and closed the window. "You're all right now, Helen, aren't you?" He looked at her anxiously. "We've got to get you home."

"He's going to sell his South Carolina place and it's been in the family for more than a hundred years. Who wants a South Carolina place, anyway?" Her voice rose again. "This Porta has millions. He has a shooting place in Scotland and a chateau in France and I don't know how many boats. How much has he, George?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me how much he has! You do know. Tell me."

"He has millions."

"He was here in New York two years ago for a week and you kept him away from me. He told me he was here in New York."

"You were in the hospital," George told her. "It was when you had your appendix out, Helen. You don't need to worry, Helen. Bart will make as much money as he lost, and more. Straighten up now. We're home."

"You don't need to think you're going to take him away!" Her voice rose and George shut the car door again and waited. "You think you can have your way all the time but you can't! You—"

"Hush, Helen—"

"You keep me from meeting him and when I do meet him you plan to rush him away in three days. You can't do it!" She became hysterical again. "You can't," she sobbed at length. "Don't let him, Ritchie. Listen, George." She clung to his arm and besought him feverishly. "See that he stays here a week, can't you? Two weeks. Tell him you can't get ready. Tell him you have to see a producer coming from Hollywood. Anything. Will you, George? It takes time to buy hunting things."

"Pin your hair, Helen," George urged. He adjusted her wrap. "I'm not going on the trip," he said, "but I can't promise about Manuel. He'll probably leave in three days."

"You can make him stay, George, if you will. Please," she pleaded. "How do I look?" She pinned her hair. Her vanity slipped into a fold of her wrap and Ritchie recovered it. "Please do, George? For me?" She pressed his arm. "For me, George, will you?"

"I'll do the best I can," George promised.

HE CAME down and sat back in the cab and they went on their way. "Bart was worried," he said, after a moment. "He's crazy about her, poor devil. I guess he always will be.

"Helen's all right," he went on, after a time. "She can't drink, is all. I told Bart what to do. She drinks only mixed things and after the first two she doesn't know whether there's anything in it or not. I told Bart what to do. She doesn't know. *It's all the same to her.*"

His voice was level and expressionless. Ritchie hadn't dared to look at him but now she looked. He was tired and sleepy, that was all.

"I want a cigarette, Georgie," she said sleepily.

He lighted it for her.

"You aren't going with Porta?" She looked at him again.

"No. Listen, Rick—" He leaned forward and his face was excited and his voice came to life. "I've got an idea for a play. It's a peach. I'm going to hang around here and work. No, wait—I'll go out home, that's what I'll do. Nebraska's fine for work in the wintertime. I know a farm out there. My Uncle Ben's—" They'd stopped in front of Ritchie's place but George didn't know it. "Why don't you go out there with me, Rick?" he said. "You need a rest. *Get married is what I mean.* I know I'm crazy, but listen—I'm all over being a fool. Perhaps I've been over it for a long time and wouldn't let go. Rick, are you crying?"

"No," Ritchie said. "I don't cry." She wiped her tears on his sleeve. "We'll walk in Nebraska winter mornings," she said.

"We'll thaw our feet at Uncle Ben's stove and eat apples."

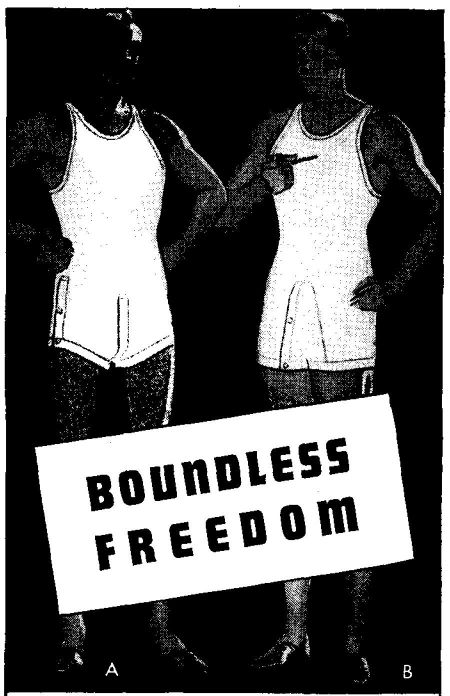
"We'll have flapjacks cooked by a Norwegian cook, and sausage for breakfast."

"Aunt Esther will knock at our door at night and ask us if our feet are warm."

"It sounds swell, Georgie. We'll have a swell time."

"You won't cry any more?"

"All night is all."



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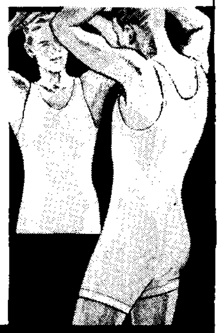

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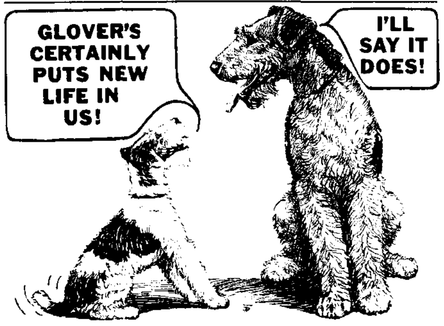
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Time to Kill

Continued from page 48

"Yeah? Why?" O'Malley asked her.

"Because she was ruining my brother. He'd been in love with her ever since they were kids. They got married while he was still in college. I don't know whether she loved him or not. The only thing she ever thought about was money. Well, we had money then. She spent it, and she drove my brother pretty nearly crazy and he began to drink. So she left him, and then he was all right, and he began to do well, and so she came back to him and spent all he made and he became no good again. It happened three times. A person can't keep on doing that—going down to the bottom and then climbing up again. If she'd come back to him this time, I think it would have been his end. So now we're glad she can't come back!"

"I guess you didn't like that lady," O'Malley said.

"I hated her."

"We'll check that alibi," O'Malley said.

THE name Ellinger had given us was Covingham. We found the man in his office and O'Malley told him what we wanted.

"The newspapers say the murder took place at five o'clock," Covingham remarked.

"That's right. The doc says five o'clock and that's what time the shots was heard."

"At five o'clock Ellinger and I were at the club. We left there shortly after. I can give you the names of a dozen men who saw him there."

"You know this Ellinger pretty well?"

"Yes; I've known him for years."

"Got any idea who might knock off his wife?"

"I haven't."

"How about it, O'Malley?" I said, when we had got outside. "You said the way to solve this case was to go around and talk with the people and then figure it out. Have you figured it out?"

"It looks like I ain't learned much."

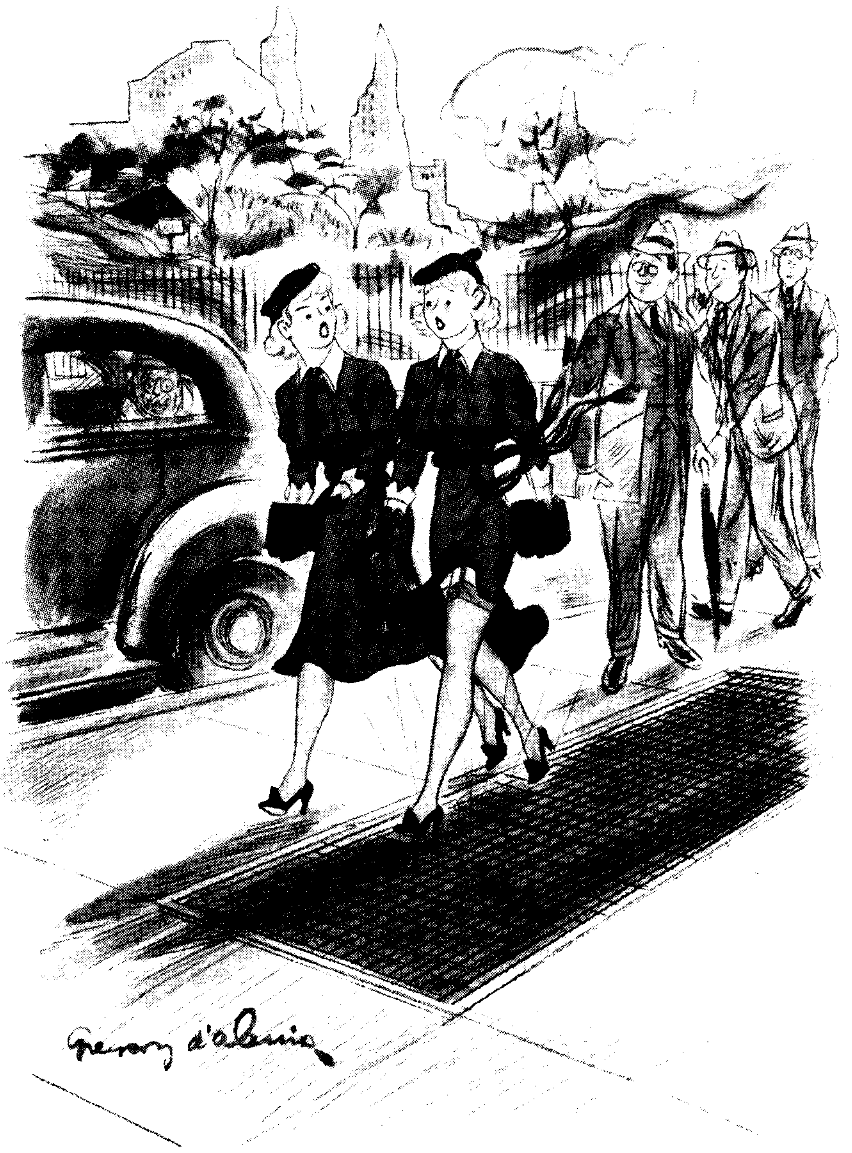
"Well, I can tell you how it was," I declared. "Ellinger killed her. He wanted her to come back and live with him and she had too much sense to do it. A woman can't ruin a man who hasn't got the seeds of ruin already in him, and Ellinger has them. He's emotionally unstable. He was probably jealous and imagined her doing all kinds of things when he wasn't with her. When she refused to live with him again that confirmed his suspicions and he shot her. Who else would know she was going to his apartment? Who else would know where he kept the gun? I'll bet you find his alibi will not stand up. . . . I suppose you'll say I'm wrong again, as usual."

"Why, no. This time you might be right. But I can't prove it. Well, I'll keep on asking questions."

He was going to the station house and I didn't go along, but I met him the next afternoon.

"Getting any answers yet?" I asked.

"Yeah, some. You was right about



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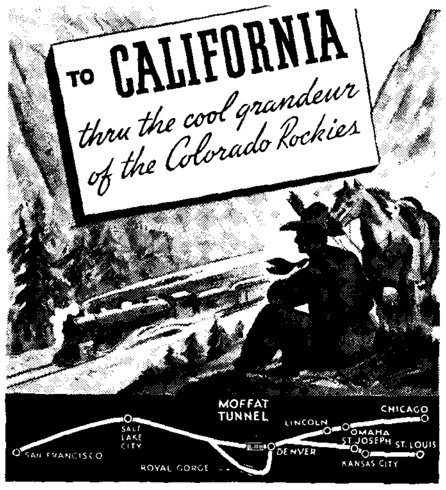

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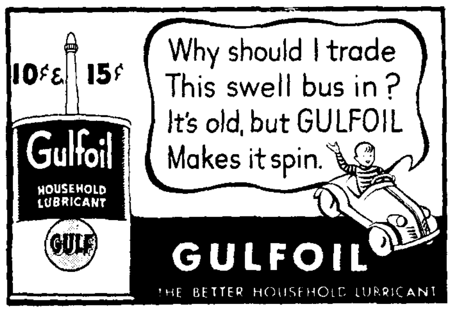

that alibi. We can't find nobody that was at Ellinger's club that's sure they seen him there after four-thirty. They say the clock in the entrance of the club *that day was fast*, but some of those guys had appointments and was looking at their watches. That Mrs. Ellinger didn't let herself get lonesome when she wasn't living with her husband. She had other men about and took the things they give her, but she covered up who she went with pretty smart. I got some other answers, too."

"What are they?"

"I figured I'd tell the rest to Ellinger."

Ellinger had taken a room at a hotel. He didn't seem surprised to see us.

"I got some news to tell you," O'Malley informed him. "We found a fingerprint on the trigger of that gun. Well, that don't get us nothing unless we can find what finger made it. It's a small print and the laboratory says it is probably a woman but it wasn't made by Mrs. Ellinger. The gloves we found at your place don't fit that dead lady. Besides, her gloves was in the pocket of her coat. There's a cleaning mark in the gloves and we found the name of who owns 'em in the cleaner's records."

He had the gloves and he gave them to Ellinger. Ellinger examined them. For about a minute he didn't say anything. He had turned white.

"They're my sister's gloves," he said finally. "She must have left them sometime when she was at my apartment. If there's any fingerprint except mine on the gun, it must have got there by accident. I killed my wife."

I felt triumphant.

"Okay," O'Malley said. "I thought you killed her. We'll go over to your place and you show us how you done it."

We went to Ellinger's apartment. Two plain-clothes men, for whom O'Malley had telephoned, were awaiting us. The strings had been taken down and the chalk marks washed from the rug and the handbag and other things had been taken away, but otherwise the place was as I last had seen it. O'Malley made me take the part of Mrs. Ellinger. I sat in the chair that Ellinger pointed out to me and he asked me to come back and live with him and, following his instructions, I said I wouldn't do it. Then he walked up and down and argued with me. Then he went to the table drawer and got the pistol. Then he argued with his wife once more, and I still said I wouldn't, and he pretended to shoot me.

"That's how it was," he said.

"Fair enough!" O'Malley told him.

THE plain-clothes men took Ellinger to the station house and O'Malley looked unhappy.

"What's wrong?" I asked him.

"That guy didn't do that murder."

"Why, he confessed, you idiot!"

"Yeah, he seen reasons."

I thought it over. Then I felt unhappy too.

"Do you mean Miss Ellinger killed her?" I inquired.

"Why, sure. Anyway, I guess so. I'm kind of sorry. She looked to me like a swell kid. I don't like this police business. Well, a cop can't let no killer go."

I thought we would go to the East Side and pick up Miss Ellinger, but O'Malley said he was going to headquarters to talk with the inspector. There wasn't anything in next morning's paper about Miss Ellinger being arrested, and later O'Malley came in to see me. He had a phone number and some writing scrawled on a piece of paper.

"If some guy told you what it says on this paper," he asked me, "what would you think?"

I read it.

"I'd think he was a cop."

"Yeah, I was afraid it was like that. Could you write it out so it would sound different?"

I took a scrap of paper and rewrote it.

"You fixed it fine," he complimented me. "Now listen: I want you should call that phone number. If a man's voice answers, you tell him what is on the paper. Before he can answer anything, you hang up."

I called the number and a man's voice answered. I said:

"You don't know me, but I think it will interest you that I have some evidence on the Ellinger murder. I'm a poor man and all my life I've wanted to own an orange grove in California. If I can't own one now, I shall tell what I saw to the police. An hour from now I shall be sitting in the lobby of the Hartover Hotel. I am wearing a brown suit and a gray soft hat and I shall be holding a rolled-up newspaper."

Then I hung up.

WE WENT to the Hartover Hotel. A little man *in a brown suit was sitting* in the lobby, holding a newspaper. He didn't look at us and we went into the office. I couldn't see the lobby very well. Some man in a light gray suit came in and went out, and then he came in again and stood about, and finally he went and sat down beside the little man and spoke to him. Then we ran out into the lobby and O'Malley grabbed the man in the gray suit and I saw that it was Covingham.

The little man turned out to be a cop and we took Covingham to the station house.

"Was it Covingham killed her, O'Malley?" I demanded.

"Sure, he's the guy."

"But how about the girl's fingerprint on the gun?"

"Ain't you no smarter than that? There wasn't no print on the gun—I just told Ellinger there was. It was his sister's gloves, though."

"I confess I don't see through it."

"Well, there ain't nothing wonderful in that. The last time Ellinger and his wife was living together, Covingham met her—he had known Ellinger before but hadn't met his wife. Covingham fell in love with her, and when Mrs. Ellinger left her husband that time she took up with Covingham, but Ellinger didn't know that. Him and Covingham was at the club and Ellinger told Covingham that he was going to meet his wife at his apartment and he hoped she was coming back to him. Well, Mrs. Ellinger hadn't told Covingham nothing about that. Covingham and Ellinger left the club and Covingham went to Ellinger's place ahead of him. Covingham knew Ellinger's place well—he'd been there plenty times and knew where Ellinger kept the gun. He argued with Mrs. Ellinger not to go back to her husband, and when he found she was going to, he shot her."

"It doesn't fit together," I objected. "Ellinger and Covingham left the club together, and Ellinger would have got to his apartment as soon as Covingham did."

"Yeah, I thought that too. *It looked* to me like Ellinger was the one that killed his wife. Nobody but Mrs. Ellinger knew what she had decided about coming back to him, and I figured she'd decided against it and he knocked her off. His alibi didn't stand up and we found Mrs. Ellinger had went with other men, but that wasn't proof. It was just routine I tried the gloves that was there onto that dead dame and found they didn't fit her, and then afterward I found her own gloves in her coat.

"Well, there ain't anybody so dumb as cops. I asked around, and it turned out that one of the first cops at that place had found them gloves in the drawer of a little table in the hall and after he'd looked at 'em he put 'em down beside the handbag. Can you imagine that? We checked the cleaning mark and found the gloves belonged to El-

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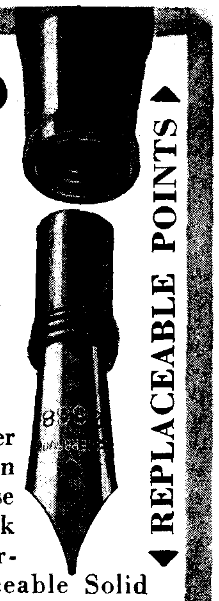

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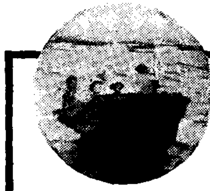

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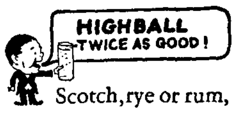

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linger's sister. She'd probably left 'em there sometime. But they give me the idea to try a little game on Ellinger. He thought a lot of his kid sister. I figured, if he had done the killing and I made him believe that us dumb cops was trying to pin the murder on his sister, the guy would confess.

"I showed him the gloves and told him that lie about a woman's fingerprint on the gun. Well, he confessed and I felt good because I'd trapped the guy. We took him out to show us how he done it, and he showed he didn't know nothing about that killing. He only knew there had been several shots. He didn't know where the killer stood, or where the shots had went, or how it had been done. A guy that does a murder don't forget all them things, no matter what his lawyer makes him say afterward. So then I seen he'd confessed because he believed his sister done it. Well, maybe he knew more about that than we did. It looked like I had stumbled onto the solution of the case without knowing I was doing it. Would a guy that knew about guns have missed so many times? But a girl might. Miss Ellinger hated her brother's wife and she probably knew where Ellinger kept the gun. She could have went there and found Mrs. Ellinger, and Mrs. Ellinger told her she was coming back to live with him. So the girl knocked her off."

"Yes; I saw that," I said.

"Sure. The inspector thought, too, it was the girl. I felt kind of bad about it. But we didn't have nobody else. We'd checked up what men Mrs. Ellinger was known to go with and there wasn't nothing pointed to them. I was thinking about that when all at once it come to me that I'd missed the point about the case."

"How?" I inquired.

"Listen: If a guy gives another guy a fake alibi for five o'clock, that's an alibi for the second guy too. If Covingham said Ellinger couldn't have done the murder because he was with Covingham at the club at five o'clock, that meant Covingham couldn't have done it neither. I am that dumb I hadn't thought of that. The chief thing in this business was the time, and Covingham lying about the time pointed to him like it was a sore finger.

"We had Ellinger locked up at the station house and I went and talked with him. The guy didn't know nothing about the time—not what time he got home and found his wife, or what time the squeal about the murder was sent to the station house; all he knew was he believed he'd left the club at five o'clock. He said him and Covingham was leaving the club and they looked up at the clock and was surprised to find it was as late as five o'clock. They didn't look at no watches to check up. Ellinger told Covingham he was troubled it was so late, because he had to go to the office before he met his wife. Covingham hopped in a cab and hustled out to Ellinger's place and Mrs. Ellinger told him she was going back to her husband.

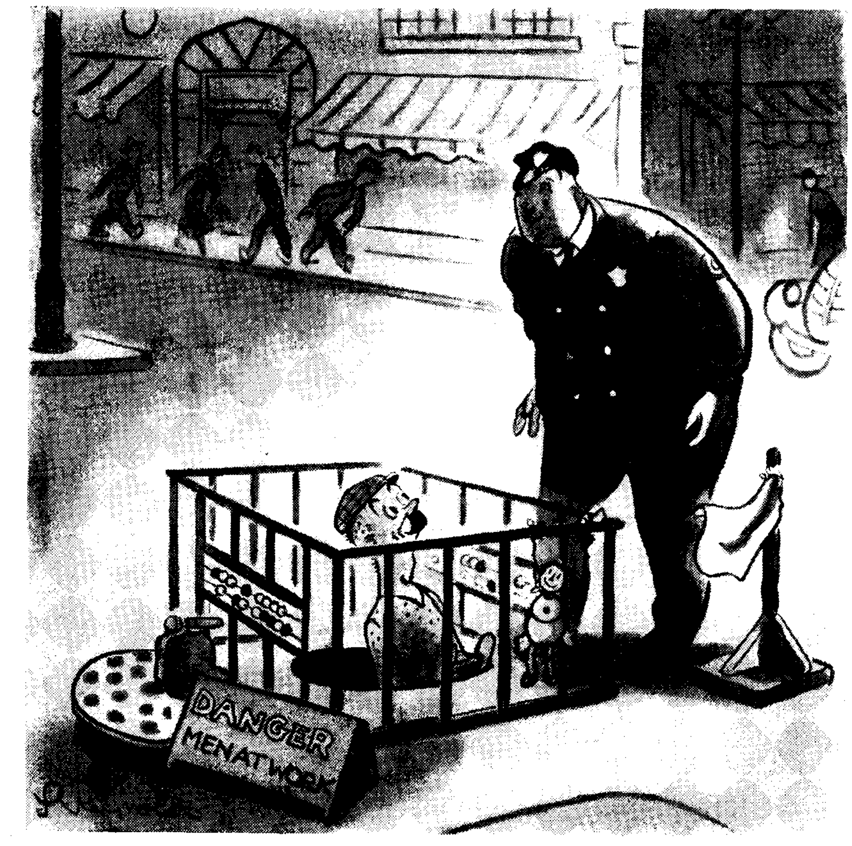
"Well, then he shot her. After he got away from there he looked at his watch. It was still only just after five o'clock. He hadn't figured no such alibi, but he seen that he could use it. If it stood up, it would prove he hadn't done the murder, and if we found out after that the clock was fast, it would look like he'd made an honest mistake. Well, I wondered could I prove it had been done like that.

"So then I figured out that little game about an orange grove to test if I was right about it being Covingham. If it was him, he was worrying whether somebody had seen him come or go at that apartment. A smart guy always worries, and a guy that worries has to do something. I had you phone him, and Covingham couldn't keep from going to the hotel to see who it was that claimed they had something on him. He knows now he acted like a sap, and when you can make a smart guy feel he is a sap, he usually gives you a confession. I got no doubt Covingham will do that."

WE WENT in where they had Covingham. He had just admitted that he killed Mrs. Ellinger.

"Smart work, all around!" I told O'Malley.

"Sure. One time in this case I didn't like being a cop. If I went looking for some other job, Covingham had ought to give me a recommendation, but I guess he wouldn't."



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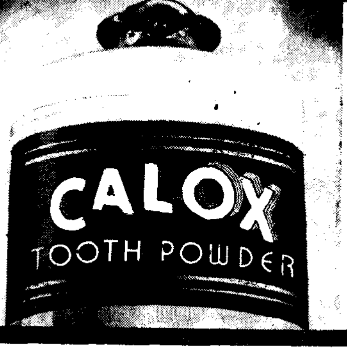

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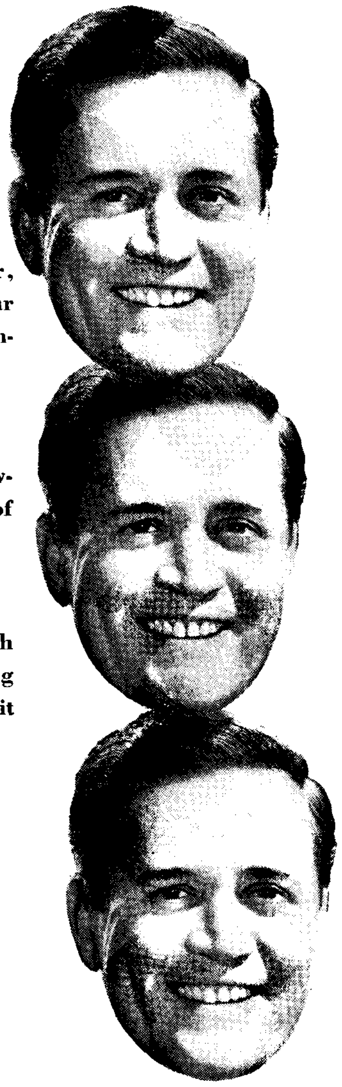

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Get 'em There Alive

By Frank J. Taylor

It was something of a shock to the forest rangers to be appointed foster mothers of a few million young trout. They're used to it now and take great pride in getting their charges safely planted. Watch them stock the mile-high lakes of the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada

EVERY time he came to a stream, Mr. Bill Reyman halted his truck, lifted the lids off the milk cans and poked his flashlight into each of them to see if his brood was still alive and kicking. Mr. John Waggoner on the truck behind did likewise. Mr. Dan Miller, the third ranger, hustled fresh water and shared the anxiety. After all, 80,000 lives are a responsibility, even if they are only baby rainbow.

Just as the sun's first rays slid over the Sierra Nevada, Ranger Waggoner's truck lurched over an embankment and poised perilously on two wheels against a lodgepole pine. By the time Bill Reyman and Dan Miller reached the wreck, little streams of water were trickling from the twenty cans lashed to the truck and Waggoner was crawling from his hazardous roost behind the wheel.

Forty thousand frightened trout darted frantically about in the remaining water. Working fast, the three rangers unlashed the cans and righted them on the ground. Miller grabbed a bucket and scrambled down the slope in search of water. Waggoner seized a dipper and started scooping water from first one can and then another and sloshing it back to give the hapless trout more air.

"Bill, why don't you hightail up to Tenaya Lake, empty your cans, then come back for these," he said. "The two of us can keep 'em alive."

So Reyman climbed on his truck and chugged off.

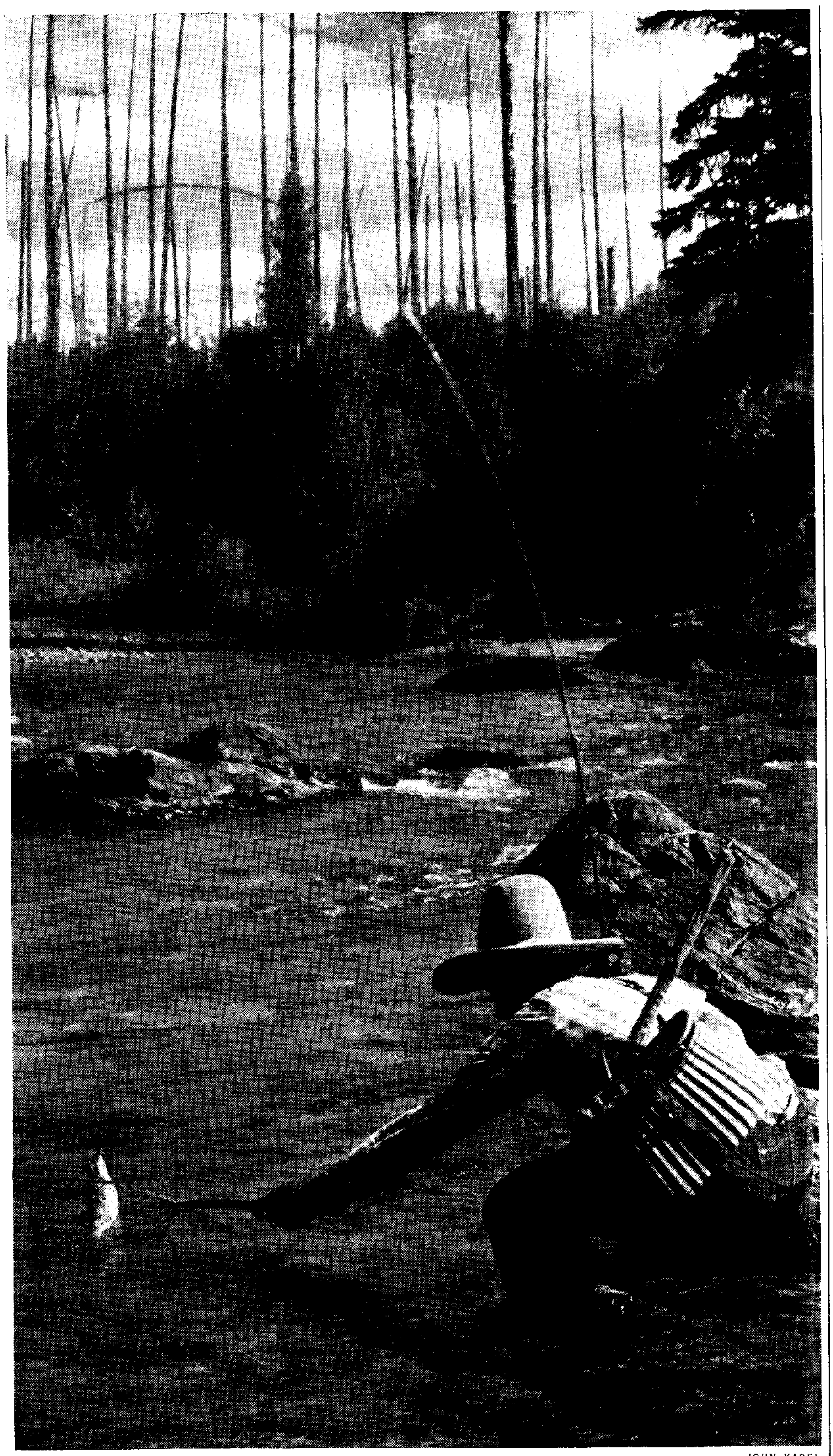
"Let's set these cans in a circle," Waggoner proposed to Ranger Miller when he came back up the hill with a bucket of water from a spring he had found an eighth of a mile away.

They carried the cans to a level spot under some trees and set them up in a ring. Then for seven hours on end the two men worked methodically, toting fresh water and keeping it aerated. When Bill Reyman returned, the rainbow were still alive. By sundown they were frisking about in Tenaya, to be some day an angler's pride and joy.

"Well, we got 'em there alive," said John Waggoner, wiping his brow.

It's all in the day's work for the rangers in the national parks and forests who are singled out for the strenuous task of planting trout in the high-country lakes and streams so that when you come along with your little fly or spinner there'll be a fish there to nab it.

Maybe it means hauling fish from the hatcheries over the rough mountain roads to the sky-high lakes. Often it means packing cans of fish on muleback and threading the winding trails to remote waters. Sometimes it means loading on your back a thirty-pound can of water teeming with frightened fry, and scrambling up cliffs too steep even for mules, to reach the glacial lakes hidden behind the topmost crests of the Sierras and the Rockies. No matter how remote the water, no matter what obstacles are in the way of scrambling up to it, the one idea in a fish planter's mind is to nurture his fish and get 'em there alive.



JOHN KABEL

Mr. Angler is generally so absorbed in the strategy of pulling out the trout that he gives small thought to the troubles of putting them in. In fact, most fishermen take it for granted that the trout just naturally grew in the mountain lakes and streams. Trout did in some, but over half of the several thousand fine fishing waters of the Western parks and forests were originally barren, being above waterfalls too high for any fish to jump. And even the well-stocked waters would be fished out in a year or two were it not for the comprehensive planting program carried on by federal authorities and state fisheries bureaus jointly.

Not until you have trailed around with fellows like Bill Reyman, who is the ranger assigned to fish planting in Yosemite National Park, or his boss, Dave Madsen, who is supervisor of fish resources for all the national parks, or Fred Foster, who hatches and plants sixteen million fry in Yellowstone Park every year, do you get any idea of the job it is to see that there is good fishing in the high mountain waters of the Rockies, the Sierra Nevada and the Cascades year after year.

Take Bill Reyman's routine from early April until the snowfall stops high-country planting about the end of October.

The first of April finds him up at Lake Eleanor in the far north of Yosemite Park, overseeing the egg take. They have a series of fish traps in the streams above the lake where thousands of rainbow are trapped as they work upstream to spawn. The watershed draining into Lake Eleanor is an ideal source for eggs for the reason that no roads reach it and no exotic species have been planted above the lake.

Taking two million eggs from some three thousand ripe female rainbow trout and fertilizing them artificially with the milt from a thousand male rainbow is a big job, and Bill Reyman

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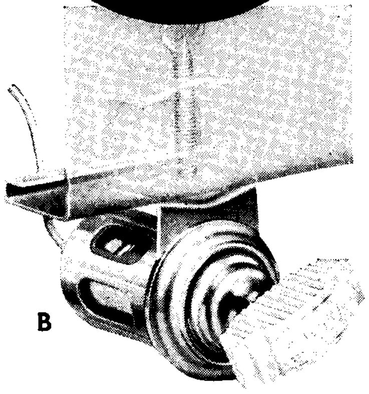

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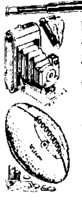

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needs all the help he can round up from the ranger service, the CCC camps, and the state fish hatchery staff. Raising trout in California is a joint operation. The park furnishes the eggs, the state hatches them and the rangers plant the fry.

The egg take comes on so fast and is such a rush job as the traps fill with darting rainbow, frantic with the urge to get upstream and spawn, that everybody who goes up to Lake Eleanor pulls on his boots and rubber apron and wades in. The first job is to separate the males and females in the shallow wading pools. This is a fairly easy job, the females being fat and heavy with eggs. Each day, the female trout in the traps are lifted out and tested to see if they are ready to drop their eggs. Those that are not ripe are tossed back into the pools again. The ripe ones are held over a shallow pan with a little water in it and held firmly near the head with one hand while the egg-taker gently slides his other hand down the trout's belly. A good yield is seven hundred eggs per fish.

Even Fish Get Seasick

It's all over in a minute and the egg-taker or his assistant grabs for a slippery male to give him the same treatment and squeeze the milk-like milt over the eggs and stir it around. Fertilization has to take place within two or three minutes after the eggs are taken. Otherwise they form a protective shell and are useless.

After an hour in the pans the eggs have hardened and are poured into cans to be transported to the Happy Isles Hatchery in the floor of the valley. There they become the particular worry of Archie Thompson, one of the most skillful trout hatchers in the country. Archie counts them, and if you want to know how many rainbow he godfathered last year, he can look in the book and give you the exact number.

"Let's see," says Archie, thumbing his little black book, "we received 1,583,636 eggs and out of that bunch 162,431 were infertile. That makes 1,421,205 trout we hatched here last year."

It's not as hard as you might expect. Archie Thompson has a board with a lot of little holes in it. It looks something like a punchboard. Hold the board on a slant, roll some fish eggs over it, and one lodges in each hole. You count out a thousand eggs and weigh them. After that you go by weight. But you have to make a count from each take because the eggs vary in size and weight from run to run.

Archie Thompson weighs out 30,000 eggs and drops them into a metal basket suspended in one of the long white troughs filled with running mountain water. Every two or three days he jiggles the baskets a little. The eggs that come to the top are skimmed off, counted and discarded as infertile.

From a basket of 30,000 eggs, Archie figures to get 27,000 trout. That's a lot of fish to crowd into a space thirty feet long, eighteen inches wide and ten inches deep. As they dart about, always in a school, the tiny trout look like clouds moving up and down the snow-white trough.

"What do they eat?" is your next question.

Little fish are like little babies. They get the colic, chills, heat rash, and skin eruptions. And so their diet has to be checked very carefully, as well as the temperature of the water. Archie Thompson feeds his broods beef liver ground so fine that it is almost like paste. Ninety per cent of the eggs that are brought down to his hatchery are returned to the mountain waters as healthy, voracious trout.

That is about ten thousand per cent better than Mamma Rainbow can do. In fact, the reason Mr. Archie Thompson, Mr. Bill Reyman and the other fish men hold their jobs is that Mrs. Trout is a very careless mamma. She scrapes out a little hollow in the gravel with her tail, deposits her eggs and races off after May flies. Papa Trout is no better. He deposits the milt and hightails downstream.

When Archie Thompson's charges are about three months old, the really tough part of Bill Reyman's work begins. There are some 200 lakes and as many streams to be stocked in Yosemite National Park. Some are reached by road, but those in the remote high country, at elevations ranging from 7,000 to 10,000 feet, can be reached only by pack train. The trout are counted out, 2,000 to a ten-gallon can whose top is perforated to let in the air. Around each can, Bill Reyman packs moss and sometimes snow and ice, if it is available, to keep the water cold. Each mule carries two cans. At every stream the pack train halts for fresh water. Sometimes they are en route two or three days to a distant lake. If the days are hot, they stop and place the cans, half out of water, in a stream and do their traveling at night when it is cooler.

Arriving at the lake or stream where the trout are to be planted, Bill faces the most delicate job of all, tempering the water in the cans until it reaches that in which the fish are to be loosed. Novices at the game, after toting their fish to the destination successfully, lose half of them the minute they hit the free water. Sudden change in temperature is a fish's worst enemy. The way to beat this hazard is to dip water slowly from the stream or lake into the cans. After the water has reached the same temperature, the cans are laid on their sides and the brood darts out into the stream.

The only other serious trouble a fish planter encounters en route is seasickness.

"A bunch of trout can sure get seasick on you," Bill says. "They up-chuck in the water and sour it. Then you do have trouble on your hands."

Archie Thompson beats that ailment by starving the baby fish a day or two before they leave the hatchery. It's not as cruel as it sounds. The fry arrive at the end of the trip chipper and ravenous. They dart out of the cans and start snapping for flies.

Graylings Are Scrappers

One of Yellowstone's fascinating fish incubators is that on Grebe Lake, devoted entirely to grayling. The grayling is a scrappy lake fish, in no way related to the native trout in the Yellowstone waters. He isn't much to eat, compared with trout, but for his weight he has more fight than any fish that swims. At the Grebe Lake hatchery some six million grayling eggs are taken every June. They are very businesslike eggs, and burst into finny wigglers in a few days.

Grayling have been transplanted to other parks, much to the anglers' delight, but over the dead bodies of the conservation purists who want to keep everything native. These small plantings are thriving and the grayling may soon be an angling item in many lakes, in spite of the new rigid federal restrictions against exotics. Once you plant an exotic, it is hard to get rid of him. That the various parks have learned to their sorrow. Listen to Dave Madsen, czar of fish propagation in the parks, if you want to know what the exotic does to the native fish. Yellowstone's Madison River watershed is a case in hand.

In the early days, this stream teemed with native cutthroat, so plentiful that the old-timers could hardly find words to describe the excellence of the angling. Then, before the national parks were

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The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

formed, someone, for no particular reason, introduced rainbows from the Pacific Coast and Loch Levens from the East. The cutthroats first crossed with the newcomers, then died out. Today, the Madison is a rainbow and Loch Leven stream.

These tragedies to the native stock are duplicated in every park and it is Dave Madsen's task to see that they don't occur any more.

One of Mr. Madsen's first tasks was to make a survey of the trout waters of all the parks to determine how many fish each could support.

"A stream or a lake is like a meadow," he explains. "There's only so much feed and in the waters where there are too many fish you have to catch some of them or they'll all remain skinny and undersized."

A Fisherman's Paradise

About that time you burst into flame with an idea and ask, "Where are some of these overstocked waters where there are too many fish?"

"Come on up to Crater Lake with me," invites Mr. Madsen. "Our problem up there is to get more fishermen to pull out more fish. It's the best-stocked water in the United States today. Last summer three of us went out in a boat and caught with one outfit in one afternoon thirty-nine fish weighing one to six pounds."

"What kind of fish?"

"Rainbow trout and silver salmon. Beauties!"

"Wait a minute," you interrupt, "if this gets into the story, you'll have a flood of anglers out there."

"Bring them on," says Mr. Madsen. "The more the merrier."

And he is serious about it—just as serious as he is when he gravely lowers buckets with trapdoors on them to take samples of waters from the Grand Teton lakes or those of Glacier Park to determine how much food there is at the various depths. So far the surveys have indicated that Grand Teton's lakes will support half a million trout, Glacier's ten million. On the strength of these findings, Glacier is to have a new hatchery, comparable to Yellowstone's.

The best thing that Madsen has done so far is to sell the whole ranger service on the idea of careful planting and protection of the plants until the trout have a chance to establish themselves.

"With so many good roads into the mountains, we simply can't supply enough fish for people to take home," he says. "Anglers will have to be satisfied with what they can eat in camp. Also, there'll have to be a season limit. Why, one man reported in Yosemite that he'd caught 1,600 fish, and I've seen anglers salting down trout in barrels at Fishing Bridge in Yellowstone."

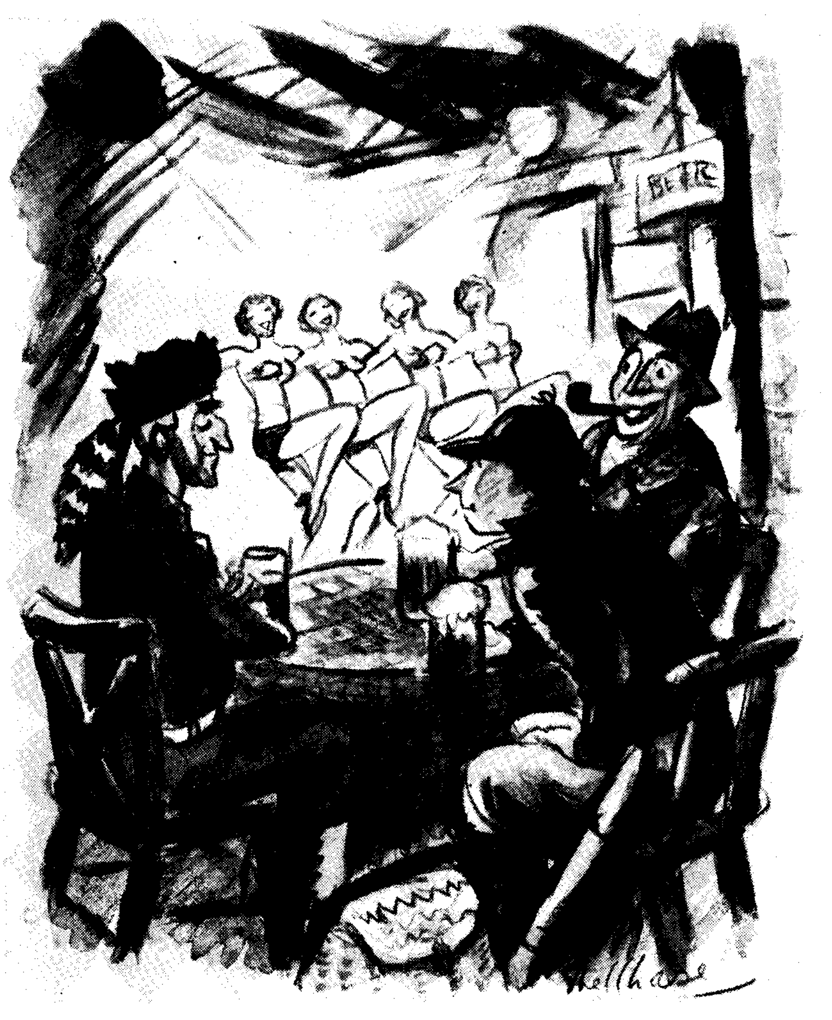
All of which recalls Bill Reyman's experience up at May Lake last summer. He had scrambled up there with a heavy load of fry on his back. Just as the can was tilted into the lake, two big trout and a water snake showed up with mouths wide open, swallowing the little fellows right and left. Bill stood it for a little while, and then unlimbered his rod. He caught one of the big trout and found thirty-nine fry in his stomach. Later, he managed to snag the water snake and opened his stomach. There were seventy-one fry in it.

En route back from the lake, he overtook a fisherman staggering to his car with a heavy creel. The ranger decided to investigate. In the creel and the car he found 156 trout, over six times the generous state limit.

"That's kind of discouraging, after all the work of getting them there alive," I said.

Bill Reyman turned his gray eyes on me and said:

"I didn't mind the big trout. I didn't mind the snake. All either of them took was what he wanted to eat."



"That's what I like about this guide. He can find other things besides fishing spots"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

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Lopsided Law

LABOR historians will write down 1937 as a big year, but not merely because John L. Lewis' C. I. O. imported the French notion of sit-down strikes and for a time got away with it. Labor may soon want to forget the sit-down strikes. The tactics will be remembered chiefly as a symptom of the madness epidemic this year. Religious hysteria in earlier times swept through masses of people. Fashions change even in lunacy.

The advanced status of labor organization is the important change. If we remain a democratic people this will last. Only in Communist and Fascist countries have labor unions lost governmental recognition once attained.

Labor unions have developed in this country up to Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration without any special encouragement or stimulation from the government. The late Samuel Gompers and the American Federation of Labor opposed governmental aid as dangerous interference.

Mr. Gompers fought for laws which would exempt labor unions from the restraints of other general laws. Labor unions were made immune to some of the anti-trust laws. They also sought freedom from court injunctions. Not help, but the removal of restraints was the gist of labor's earlier messages to Congress.

Given freedom from governmental interference, friendly or hostile, the old labor union leaders thought they could do their work most effectively. Some exceptions were made. The government began, even before Woodrow Wilson's presidency, to pass laws recognizing and circumscribing unions of railroad workers. It was apparent that transportation strikes would be intolerable nuisances. So Congress provided means of mediating and arbitrating differences between the brotherhoods and the railroads.

The new policy of the Roosevelt administration toward labor was first clearly expressed in the National Recovery Act. In 1933 the unions were very weak and did not oppose governmental help. When the NRA law was declared unconstitutional by a unanimous Supreme Court, Congress re-enacted the labor sections of the statute. This became the Wagner-Connery law.

There is not much doubt concerning the bias of the Wagner Act. Congress, during various administrations, had shown increasing willingness to recognize labor unions. It is improbable, however, that the partisanship so strongly expressed in the present act will be left indefinitely in the law. After a while some Congress will begin to take second thought.

As affairs now stand, the national government is committed to a policy of stimulating labor organization. Old Samuel Gompers would not have liked that. Perhaps the more conservative leaders in the A. F. of L. would still like to do their own organizing. John L. Lewis and his associates in the C. I. O., however, have prospered greatly because of this governmental support. Sit-down strikes tacitly supported by state and national governments produce results. Sit-down strikes opposed by governments have elsewhere and at other times had quite different results.

It is now the stated policy of the federal government to encourage collective bargaining and to assure workers full freedom of association, self-organization and the designation of representatives of their own choosing for the purpose of negotiating terms and conditions of employment.

The Wagner Act is partisan because its penalties are directed only against employers. The law describes unfair labor practices on the part of an employer. It is silent concerning any wrongs which might be committed by employees or by unions representing them. The Wagner Act suggests both by what it says and what it omits that the employee can do no wrong while the employer must prove himself innocent.

Obviously, it is not human experience that one group is always right and another group always wrong. Disputes inevitably will arise between groups of workers. The A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. represent workers whose opinions and policies are in sharp conflict. The law is very weak in its provisions for adjusting disputes between rival groups of workers. It is wholly silent concerning any penalties against any unfair practice by any labor organization.

The law is detailed in its provisions aimed at preventing the development of any employee organizations dominated by employers. It very carefully safeguards the rights of workers to strike. In a word, many privileges and no obligations are accorded employees. Many obligations are laid upon employers and no privileges are extended to them. It is not conceivable that legislation so one-sided will long escape amendment.

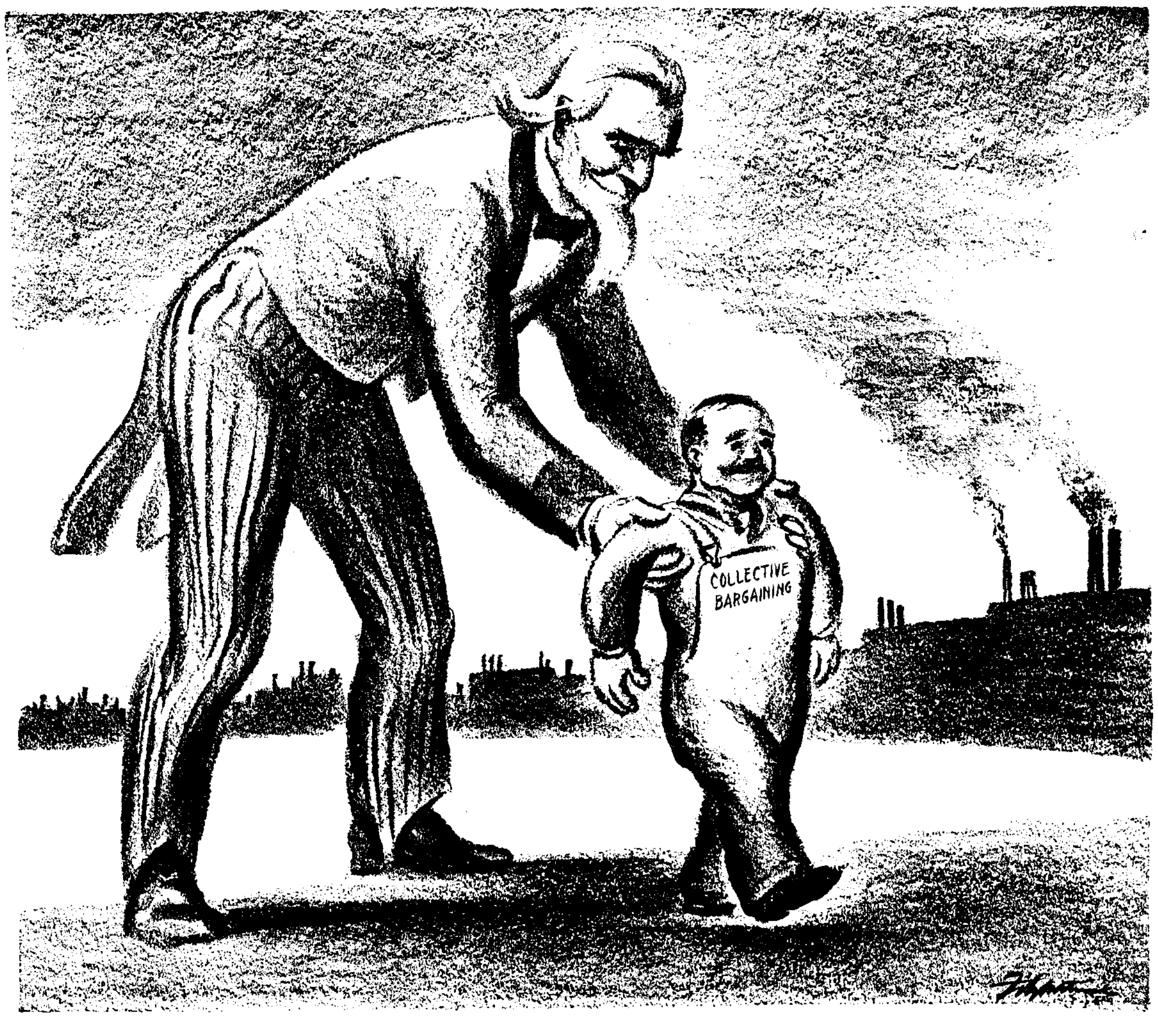
For the present an immense stimulus is being given to the growth of labor unions. Long ago Great Britain, by law, recognized collective bargaining. When the British established statutory rights for labor, they exacted the acceptance of responsibilities. Sooner or later we shall have to proceed along that road. Power without responsibility cannot be permanent.

As matters now stand an employer engaged in interstate commerce may not discharge a worker for any reason connected with collective bargaining. If a worker can prove that he is the object of discrimination because of his union activity he may call on the federal government for help.

On the other hand, the Wagner Act does not interfere with the normal exercise of the right of an employer to select employees and to discharge them for other reasons.

Beyond all question, however, the industrial organization of the United States from this year forward will be different from anything we have known in the past. Hitherto unions have represented a minority of workers. With the support of the federal government the opportunity for immense expansion is at hand.

The vastness of the opportunity offered the union leaders creates a tremendous responsibility. A frankly partisan law imposes little restraint. The leaders of labor need all the wisdom and all the self-discipline they can muster to avoid extravagances. Public opinion can give and public opinion can take away. Long-headed men regard the future.



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